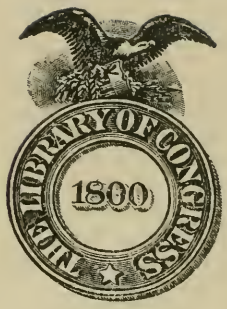
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MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

BY

W. H. H. GREER.

IN ADDITION TO WHICH ARE

FOUR PROSE POEMS,

ENTITLED

"MAN," "EVENING MEDITATIONS," "HONOR" AND "UNIVERSAL LOVE."

The Muse hath my companion been
At morning, noon, and night,
While Nature spread her varied scene
Before my youthful sight;
And while my heart hath felt the powers of Love,—
That angel from the realms of light above,—
Despair, at times, with horrible control,
Hath flung his garb infernal round my soul.

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PREFACE.

It has been with considerable hesitation that we have consented to give the present volume of Miscellaneous Poems to the public; for we have always thought our compositions so mutilated by imperfections, that they were unworthy of public perusal. But, being ardently solicited by numerous individuals of both sexes, we have, at last, agreed to have them published in their present form, hoping that they may meet with a cordial welcome from those into whose hands they may fall. Our country is literally flooded with books; and when we think that so many authors, far superior to ourself in wisdom, have gone before us, we feel like retiring into the shade of our own insignificance, and yielding our claim to public attention. Though, notwithstanding the vast number and variety of books scattered throughout christendom, there are thousands living in absolute ignorance, principally on account of not being encouraged in the acquisition of that knowledge which alone can render them happy, and make them useful citizens. We have, generally, selected such subjects as cannot fail to interest and instruct.

We expect criticism; and we shall feel truly thankful to any person who may advance a criticism with a view to enlighten. Many, who undertake to criticise authors, instead of giving an impartial exposition of their effusions,

and of setting forth their merits in their true light, indulge in the most ridiculous language, and endeavor to destroy their reputation by pouring upon them torrents of bombastical animadversion. But we have resolved, that in our career as an author, we will go forward feeling unintimidated by censure, and unexalted by panegyrics or flattery; though we shall throw our heart open to receive instruction, from whatever source it may come.

Dr. Spring makes the beautiful remark, that "poetry is a fire that is enkindled at the living lamp of nature, and glows only on a few favored altars." Whether our flickering taper has been lit at the "lamp of nature" or "enkindled" at the torch of art, we have not the presumption to assert; but this much we know, that our heart has long been warmed by some mysterious influence, and song has been our chief delight.

While the critic scans these humble emanations of our mind, let him take into consideration our youthful age; and further, that he is unacquainted with the circumstances which gave rise to the thoughts herein contained. Some of our effusions have been written on the mountain top, and some in their sequestered vales: others have been penned in the silent hours of night, as we rambled, all alone, through the fields, while the moon was sailing in her silent grandeur over the world: some have been sketched amid the bustle and confusion of a jostling multitude, and others while the midnight storm went thundering in its anger across the earth. The shortness of life, the certainty of death, and the fearful realities of eternity, have ever been before our eyes, whether moving in the circles of society, or alone in solitude and meditation: frequent men-

tion of the above will be found throughout the volume. Most of the songs, also found among the poems, were written at the request of different individuals: they are all of a moral caste.

Being brought up among the wild old hills of Jacob's Creek, in Westmoreland county, Pa. where the scenery, continually presented to our view, was of such a character as to breathe into our mind a peculiar inspiration, at a very early age, many of the ideas embraced in the following pages—perhaps some of the best—were conceived and began to live. Though then in embryo, they have been swelling towards maturity with each succeeding year. We loved to ramble alone through the solitary woods, look upon the beauties of nature, and study the disposition and inclinations of our own heart, while others thought we were wasting our "golden moments" in idle dreams. Children should never be discouraged from meditating—never! Parents, never reprove them for inclining to be alone.

We have frequently been charged with plagiarism; but it has invariably come from the ignorant and the envious. We have defied such persons to refer us to a single instance wherein we had quoted from other authors without due credit, and they have totally failed to render satisfaction; while they persisted in the declaration that they had read many of our effusions long before we were born. And now, we throw this permanent challenge into the face of the world, to point us to a single sentence quoted from the pen of another, uncredited. We *may* be guilty, but if so, we are unconscious of the fact. By reading the productions of others, and meditating upon their ideas advanced, it is an easy matter to imbibe them into our minds, and finally

endorse them as our own. When we hear or read the doctrine of others, which harmonizes with our own sentiments, how naturally they seem to flow into, and become a part, of our mental structure. It has been said by some, that there is nothing original at the present age of the world; that we gather all our knowledge from those who have lived before us. Be this as it may, we are not afraid to venture the assertion, that there are many ideas embraced in this volume, which no other brain ever did, or ever would have conceived. We have aimed at *originality*, both in style and thought; how far we have accomplished our design, our readers are left to decide.

The treasures of classical lore have been almost totally hidden from our grasp, and improvidence has thrown many a frowning barrier in our way; we have caught occasional glimpses of the hill of science, and sometimes fancied we could see a laurel wreath upon its summit for our brow; but alas! while struggling for the sublime ascent, and panting for the glories of its attainment, the clouds of misfortune have gloomed it from our vision, and the sands of a dreary wilderness were drifted in our face by the blasting winds of adversity!

Most of our poems are of a descriptive character. This course has been chosen in order that we might be original; and not follow the channel that so many have traversed, until their fruits have become insipid to the reader's taste, and the music of their harps dull and dissonant to his ear. Scenes, that thousands have witnessed with ourself, we have celebrated in verse, and give them to the public as true descriptions of what transpired: of course we have used our poetical license.

As a lengthy preface is generally considered unnecessary; and as we have, perhaps, protracted ours to a tedious length, we will cut it short, trusting that our pages may receive an impartial perusal, and that some good may be accomplished by our labors.

W. H. H. GREER.

BROWNSVILLE, PA. Aug. 10th, 1853.

GREER'S POEMS.

Stanzas.

COME, happy Muse! with glowing wand of fire,
And touch and warm my heart as with a beam
From Inspiration's altar; nor retire
Until I've sung my contemplated theme
That elevates my mind; 'tis not a dream
Of idle fancy, light, unreal, vain,
But one that asks of eloquence a stream
More lofty than my anxious thoughts can gain;
But pure emotions ask my harp's sublimest strain.

BRUSH RIDGE! I love thy pleasant vales and hills,
Thy slopes and lawns, and wild sequester'd bowers,
Thy verdant meadows, and thy crystal rills,
Along whose banks I've gambolled many hours,
There twining into wreaths the odory flowers;
And, charmed with sounds of vernal harmony,
I've shouted o'er thy lonely woodland towers,
As busy in my sportings as the bee,
As merry as the lark, and as the wind as free.

Among thy stately hills I had my birth,
And 'mong them was I reared: no wonder, then,
Thou art the dearest spot to me on earth,
Though I may never visit thee again
To roam about my former haunts; but when
I wander far away o'er sea or land
Alone, or mingle in the busy scenes of men,
Whilst I exist, affection's golden band
Shall link me to thee, and my warmest love demand.

Some, who were my companions then, are where?
Passed, in their childhood, to a brighter sphere,
Where pain nor trouble never come, nor care;
Some breathe the western air, and chase the deer
And buffalo o'er the prairies; others steer
Their course in different climes; but still a few
Remain, unchanged, to greet me back, and cheer
My melancholy heart, and stir anew
The love of youthful years,—the love forever true!

I feel a throb of melting tenderness,
At thinking of my faithful parents' love
That guided me, when in life's wilderness
I started forth a dangerous path to rove:
Nor time, nor change, nor age, can e'er remove
The love for them that burns within *my* breast:
It is a truth that must forever prove
A boundless source of pleasure and of rest,
To know that I have been with pious parents blest.

My mother taught my lips to speak the truth,
When I, a child, did prattle on her knee;
And when I grew to be a roving youth,
Her kind instructions still directed me
In safety over slippery paths: to flee
The wiles of wickedness, and turn away
From rude companions and their vanity,
My father warned me oft; which, every day,
Shall be a pilot to my feet where'er I stray.

It seems as if I cannot cease to sing
Of childhood and its pleasures; but, alas!
I'm forward borne on time's electric wing
Toward the tomb, and shortly shall I pass
Into oblivion, noteless as the grass.
Each breeze that flutters o'er me seems to tell,
In mournful whispers, that among the mass
Of lifeless human clay I soon must dwell
Inanimate—my spirit live in heaven or hell!

The immaterial and immortal part
Of what I am, at death, I trust, shall blend
Its joyous theme with angels, and athwart
The blooming fields of bliss its wings extend
In beatific, curbless flights, and spend
Eternity in contemplating God
And all his wondrous works; and still ascend,
With rapture, up Perfection's shining road,
Accompanied by the saints who throng the blest abode.

There is a special beauty in the thought
That man may live forever if he will,
Though in the grave, for centuries, may rot
His "earthly tabernacle," till the shrill,
Terriffic voice of Gabriel shall thrill
The dead and living worlds, and bid them rise.
How few do strive to save their souls until
The clutch of death, in grim and wild surprise,
Fastens upon their frames and dims their starting eyes!

There is a horror in the thought, and, oh!
How pressing, too, that if men disobey
The laws of God through life, that they must go,
At death, to dwell 'mong devils damned, and stray
Through everlasting fires, where not a ray
Of hope can ever reach them. O, may I
Be charmed by love divine along the way
That leads to heaven; and when I come to die,
Be borne by angels up, to live with God on high.

Solemn Truths.

What is Time? an ocean wide—
A dark and stormy sea,
That bears the world upon its tide,
To vast eternity.

What is Man? a wandering mite
Of animated clay,
Whose home must be eternal night,
Or everlasting day.

What is Life? a fleeting dream,
That soon is past and gone,—
A rolling, dashing, rugged stream,
That rushes on—right on.

What is Death? a monster pale,
With grim and dismal face,
That all mankind will soon impale
Within his cold embrace.

What is Hope? a cheering spark,
At which we fondly stare;
Without it, all were lone and dark,
And wrapped in deep despair.

What is Love? a holy balm,
Designed to make us blest;
A gentle, soft and soothing calm,
That lulls the soul to rest.

What is Peace? the spring of life,
That makes our journey even;
It casteth out contention, strife,
And points the soul to heaven.

What is Truth? an heir of light,
A child of heaven alone;
As God immutable and bright,
And lasting as His throne.

What is Faith? the Christian's eye,
By which he can behold
A crown for him beyond the sky,
And palms of glittering gold.

What is Pride? a luring thing
Enrobed in black deceit,
That pierces each with poison sting,
And snares unguarded feet.

What am I? ah, shocking truth!
A worm, a tear, a breath,—
Just left the flowery walks of youth,
And running swift to death!

What is Hell? Jehovah's ire—
The vengeful wrath of heaven;
The dark, sulphuric pit of fire,
Where burn the unforgiven.

What is Heaven? the home of God,
Of angels, love and light;
Oh, yes! it may be our abode,
If we but live aright!

One Lonely Hour.

There is more pleasure in one lonely hour
Spent in the shady wood, where melody
Floats on the breeze that fans the blooming flower,
Than in the gaudy halls of revelry.
Where songsters warble from each leafy tree
The sweetest strains of nature's praising song,
Or where the stars smile from the canopy,
Or where the crystal streamlet flows along,—
There is more real joy than with the busy throng.

The Brush Ridge Camp Meeting;

HELD AUGUST 10, 1851.

The tented grove! O, how my bosom swells
With feelings strange, yet marvellously grand,
While memory fondly lingers there, beneath
The airy umbrage of the spreading oaks,
Whose leafy branches hundreds canopied!
On one of old Brush Ridge's breezy hills,—
Most sacred to my heart from childhood's dawn,
For there my intellect tuition first
Received; and there I erst began to love
My little school companions, who, like me,
To riper years have grown, and scattered out

By Fate's unsparing cast, like chaff before
The ruthless hurricane, upon the sea
Of life, to toss athwart its surging deep,
And meet, alas! its maddening waves, and in
Its angry whirlpools often see dread Death's
Bleak visage coldly, grimly looking out;
And there I first began to draw from out
The pearly well of knowledge wholesome draught,
And nature's various beauties to admire;—
Though leagues away, my spirit now returns
To contemplate the scene of Israel's camp:—

'Tis Sabbath morn. All glorious rolls the sun,
In radiant grandeur, o'er the mountain tops,
That rise in gorgeous blueness far along
The bright, unvapored oriental sky.
All hail, thou flaming orb! there's not a cloud
In all the universe to dim thy light,
Or nubefy one single golden beam.
Throughout the azure "ocean hung on high,"
'Tis all a "waveless calm." Celestial morn!
That brings no scowl on all creation's deep!
The winds are motionless, and in the caves
Of other climes the jarring thunders sleep.
Victorious morn! thrice so, because last eve
The elements had horrid war, and drenched
This span of earth with gushing floods—of rain;
But thou, triumphant, hast emergéd forth
From starless, lowering night; and seemeth as

A full blown rose just opened from the mould.
Transporting hour! I stand among the tents,
And list, with rapture, to the hymns and prayers
Of morning worshippers ascending to
The Lord, and pouring out rich melody
Through the umbrageous woods, that melts upon
The fragrant air as notes from Zion's harp.

My ravished soul has joy too big for speech!
For O, behold! along the lanes and ways,
Where'er the eye, delighted, turns to see,
Long streams of living dust come pouring in,
Centripetal, to this alluring spot—
This rendezvous of the great Shepherd's flock
That herds among Brush Ridge's lovely hills,
And grazes on the living pasture fields,
Watered with showers of heaven's sweetest love.
Each heart is moved with reverential awe;
And every eye with admiration beams,
To see a living ocean fill the grove,
Wave rolling inward after mighty wave,
Until the lofty oaks seem rooted in
A swelling, dense and moving mass of life.

And still they come! This morning represents
The final day, when Gabriel's trump shall call
All nations to the judgment bar of God.
And yonder, now, within the pulpit, sit—
Behold them there—the messengers of peace,

Employed by God to stand on Zion's walls,
And preach salvation to a dying world:
How calm their brows, and yet what holy smiles
Are playing lightly o'er their reverend cheeks!
Blest organs of Almighty God! how grand,
Refreshing, and "how sweet your tidings are!"
A youthful minister arises, and,
With voice as charming as Apollo's harp,
He sends it swelling through the stilly air,
To an attentive and enchanted host.
He finishes. The congregation swells;
For still they come! Another, who has long
Proclaimed "good news" to wretched, sinful man,
Arises, and in deepest thunder-tones
His audience startles; and the woods resound.
'Tis o'er. The multitude begins to move.
A lapse of busy minutes intervenes;
And then, another at his post, calls in
The mingling throng, and plainly "sets" before
Them "life and death"—sets heaven and hell—and pleads
For all to "choose" for heaven. He finishes.

And then the shades of Summer's balmy eve,
In solemn silence, closed around the world.
That night I'll ne'er forget while memory lives;
And many, who that evening heard the voice
Of Zion's spirit-charming eloquence,
Proclaiming loud the everlasting Truth,

While sailing down the rugged stream of time,
Will hug it as a balsam to their hearts,
And love its richness through eternity!
Impress it, Lord, on every heart, that it
"Of life may prove a savor unto life."

'Mong mingling prayers, and songs, and shouts, I saw
The palsied stretch their withered hands to heaven,
And they were healed; the blind were made to see;
The dumb to speak; the lame to walk; and all
Who loved the Saviour and his glorious cause,
Whose hearts were 'lumed with heaven's cheering light,
Did roll a "hallelujah" up to God,
At which the very angels leaped above,
And answered back with shouts of higher love!

Oct. 24, 1851.

Musings

ON THE BRUSH RIDGE CAMP GROUND.

Almighty God! who hung the azure scroll
Of heaven betwixt thy lofty throne and earth,
And made yon silvery Queen to promenade
Its vast cerulean fields in mien sublime,
And spangled it with other moons, and stars,
And worlds, of beauty most mysterious;
And made the sunny day for man to toil,
The stilly eve for sweet reflection, and

The starry night for slumber, rest and dreams;—
In true devotion would I offer up
To Thee an anthem from this holy grove!

My harp! roll forth thy purest strains, while o'er
Thy tingling chords my eager fingers stray;
Melodious accents breathe, that many hearts
May thrill, in fond remembrance of the place—
The consecrated bower in which I sing.
My soul in tenderness and joy flows up
Toward the God of love, while here I sit
And muse at Zion's hallowed vestibule!
A pulseless silence broods profound in this
Fair woodland temple of the Lord, except
A soft, harmonious whispering among
The boughs of these tall, patriarchal oaks;
A mellow sighing of the fragrant breath
Of early Spring, forth stealing from the south.
Pale twilight lingers o'er the western hills,
Where Venus twinkles in her glorious sphere;
And Cynthia calmly sails the ether sea,
Watching, with virgin glance, my reverie.
How oft have angels spread their starry wings
Among these trees, and borne the tidings up
To listening, anxious multitudes on high,
Who throng forever round the pearly gates
Of Paradise, to catch the news from earth
That hell was being robbed of candidates,
And Satan loosing faithful pioneers!

I well remember, when a prattling boy,
How much I loved to leap from yonder walls,*
And gambol o'er these mouldering logs, and dance
About these agéd oaks, blending my voice,
Most blithely, with my little school-fellows.
Within that sacred wooden domicile
Were lessons of a priceless value stamped
Upon my intellect, irraseable.

'Twas in those gladsome days I witnessed here
The Holy Spirit operate on man,
Turning his soul from sin to righteousness;
Yes, here—just here—I saw the mourners pour
Their tears, and lift distressful cries to heaven,
Imploring pardon at the hands of God,
Through Christ, who died to save a guilty world;
And then I saw them leap from sin's foul grasp—
Spring from the yawning jaws of Tartarus—
And swell loud hallelujahs to the skies.
Thus stubborn man, sometimes, will bend his knee
Beneath the goading weight of conscious guilt,
And ask his God the burthen to remove
Ere it shall crush him into nether hell.

Oh, harp! thy happy numbers still prolong;
For now my spirit seems with pinions dressed,
That flutter with ecstatic joyousness
At what I view with retrospective eye:—

*An old log school-house, near the encampment.

When Summer last her golden opulence
Spread o'er these fertile hills, and in the vales
Her teeming treasures heaped, the mighty God
Of Sabbath among the people moved.
This "land of steady habits" felt his power;
And skepticism, in all its ugliness,
Then stood aghast and bowed its head—and wept.
Some old, hard-hearted moralists did stalk
Bewildered and confounded through the camp,
And muttering gruffly to themselves the while,
"These 'noisy Methodists' are crazy, all."

The voice of one,—on whom affliction since
Did lay a hectic hand, and bring him nigh
The dark and lonesome stream of death unawed,—
Proclaimed alarming thunders through the camp,
Lodging the arrows of conviction in
The sinners' hearts, which made them freely bleed.
To those old, inconsistent, stiff-necked, proud,
Self-righteous, vaunting, stupid moralists,
He was a special foe. He boldly stormed
Their battlements, and shook their sand-based faith.
Methinks I hear his mighty voice yet roll
Its thunder-peals of warning in mine ears—
"*Break off your sins by righteousness, and your Iniquities by turning to the Lord!*"
His language, like a sword two-edged and keen,
Swayed fearlessly by his stentorian voice,
Made awful havoc 'mong the Devil's ranks.

His warnings fell with most resistless weight
On many hearts, as did they fall on mine,
And stamped a deathless impress there—of love!
God grant *him* life and courage, health and strength,
And *all* who labor with him here for good,
To batter down the flimsy barricades
Of foul sectarianism, and 'mong the hills
Of old Brush Ridge do mighty works for God!

MARCH, 1852.

Lines to a Dove.

'Tis evening now,
And all is still,—
But see, the sun, with cloudless brow,
Is setting far behind the hill;
And here, upon this oaken height,
His golden beams are lingering bright
On every bough.

From this lone spot
I gaze around;—
List!—what is that my ear has caught?
What can it be, this mournful sound?
'Tis pleasant, yet a piteous strain,
And stirs within my musing brain
The richest thought.

Again the tone,
In solemn sound,
Floats through the trees that all have thrown
Their robe of "glories" to the ground;
And now their branches, long and bare,
Are reared among the frosty air
Where tempests moan.

Ah! yonder flits
A lonely dove,—
It lights; see how it shivering sits,
And mourns, perhaps, for its "true love."
Poor turtle! thou art sad, I see;
Hast thou no mate to comfort thee
In this cold grove?

Why thus, away
In this wild wood,
Dost thou at evening deign to stray,
And coo in such a plaintive mood?
Ah, yes! I understand it now,
Thy bosom mate is lost, and thou
Dost want for food.

Still wilt thou roam,
Or with me go?
I'll take thee in my bosom home,
And shelter thee from storm and snow;
For thou mayest perish here to-night,

And never see to-morrow's light—
Come, lone one, come.

Poor, hapless dove!
The day is past,
And here the winds begin to rove,
And drifts the snow, and wails the blast;
Oh, why not quit that leafless tree
Just now, and come? this night *may* be—
It *will*—thy last.

Thy mate is lost,
I heard thee say,
And thou are destined in the frost
To breathe thy fleeting life away:
Thy mourning here will not be long—
My bosom melts to know thy song
Must soon exhaust.

But, more than thine,
My gentle dove!
Would ache this throbbing heart of mine,
Were it to lose its "only love;"
'Twould live a while to mourn and sigh,
Then droop and faint, lay down and die—
To grief resign.

My day would be
A gloomy shade;

And, like yon setting sun, from me
Would every beam of pleasure fade:
I'd welcome then the "monster, Death,"
More chill than bleak Boreas' breath,
To set me free.

'Tis morning now.
Again I tread
Along the hill's majestic brow,
But drifting snows around me spread;—
Last evening here 'twas noiseless, still,
But now the storm wails o'er the hill;
And every bough
Shrieks in the blast that howls in dread
Commotion round and o'er my head.
See yonder, how
Those mighty oaken monarchs move;—
But where's my charming turtle dove?
Alas! it's dead!

The pelting storm
Has laid it low;
Yes, here's its little lifeless form
Enshrouded in the chilly snow.
So we awhile the storm must breast,
Then, at Jehovah's stern behest,
We'll be no more;
But lie enwrapt beneath the sod,
Our souls go up to meet their God

In endless rest;
Or sink, with fiends and ghosts to dwell
Among the damned in fires of hell,
Where lightnings flash,
And demons yell,
And thunders crash,
And billows swell,
And everlasting tempests roar!

The Lark.

Behold the lark, with soft, light wings
Bedipped in morning dew;
He soars aloft and sweetly sings
In realms of ether blue.

His pinions bear him high from earth—
How swift he mounts away!
And chimes his notes of vernal mirth
To greet the dawn of day.

Beneath he leaves the flowery sod,
As if it were too low,
And flies away, as though to God
With songs of praise he'd go.

Oh, happy bird! when skies are blue,
Of it thou seemest proud!
And thou canst bid the earth adieu,
And flutter in the cloud.

I've watched thy flight when morn's first rays
Had touched the eastern skies,
And listened to thy melting lays
On evening breezes rise.

The blossoms on the grassy plain,
So fragrant and so fair,
Thy happy wings could not restrain
From leaping in the air.

Thy mellow notes are sung in praise
Of Him who reigns above,
And teach mankind *their* hearts to raise
To heaven in songs of love.

The Soul.

In every human heart there is a spring,
A stream whose waters never dry, but sweep
Forever on, as if on lightning's wing
They were conveyed toward the boundless deep

Of dread eternity unknown; they leap
In living issues forth, from being's birth,
And flow through time,—tears, sighs, grief, sorrow, sleep;—
Enjoy its beauties,—smiles, flowers, music, mirth,—
And then are called from all the changing scenes of earth.

Man's soul is not created for a day,
But to survive the light of moon and sun,
And planted here in tenement of clay,
To bud, swell, blossom, bloom; and wisely shun
The blighting chills of sin which have undone
Uncounted millions of the fairest mould:
It cannot be extinguished, but shall run
Forever parallel with Him who rolled
The earth upon his palm, and all his works behold.

That is man's destiny, according to
The Word revealed to him, if he complies
With its divine injunctions, and will do
His Maker's will with purpose true and wise;—
But if he acts to the reverse, he dies
The deathless death of pain, remorse, grief, woe,
Shame, agony and torture; where the cries,
The yells, shrieks, howls, groans, oaths of demons flow
Through all hell's dark domains—there he is doomed to go!

The soul is but a vast, unbounded thought,
Invisible, eternal, spark of day!
A branch of Deity, most strangely wrought
To be unfettered—privileged to stray
At pleasure through the universe; a ray;
The image of its Maker; kin ally
Of angels—endless years can ne'er decay
Its immortality; a world, a sky
Oft gloomed with clouds of sorrow; an infinite eye!

Oh, soul! think what thy latter end may be,
And seek a happy home beyond this sphere;
From time thy flight is to eternity;
And that dread hour may be approaching near,
When at the judgment bar thou shalt appear!
Heaven woos thee up, earth holds thee down, and hell
Beneath thee yawns; there is no pausing here,
In idle dreams, between two worlds to dwell;
Another year—day—hour, thy destiny may tell.

What multitude of passions form the soul!
They, when unbridled, wage continual war;
And love o'er all should have complete control,
As Sol has influence upon each star:
Hope casts its anchor in the future far,
And looks expectant still for bliss; Despair
Takes mastery, sometimes, to cloud and mar
Our joys; and Avarice crowds upon us care;
Hatred and Anger to remorse our bosoms bare!

Written at the Grave of a Favorite Young Lady.

I bend me o'er thy mouldering clay,
Where thou for years hast calmly slept:
The tears of love must have their way—
I weep for thee as once I wept.

That time I never would forget,
If it to do I had the power,
For then I saw in vapors set
A brilliant star—ah! gloomy hour.

When thou wert borne to this lone spot,
I followed close behind thy bier;
I could but mourn—oh, cruel lot!—
My only language was a tear.

When thou upon the bed of pain,
In fever wrapped, didst fading lie,
I sat me there and saw thee wane,
But dreamed not thou so soon shouldst die.

I care not if the foolish sneer,
The giddy laugh, the thoughtless blame,—
My heart must vent its feelings here,
And stir anew affection's flame.

Alas! I quaffed a bitter cup
When death I saw had struck the blow;

But angels caught *thy* spirit up,
And left *mine* here to mourn below.

One thought I cherish, which revives
The spark of comfort in my heart,
That where thy happy spirit lives,
Death enters not with sword nor dart.

Another happy thought is mine,
That where thou art, I, too, can go,
And join again my soul with thine,
In love more pure than earth can know.

Another still—that thou dost come,
By day and night, to guard my way
Toward thy bright, celestial home,
From which my nature deigns to stray.

But still with grief my heart o'erflows,
My eyes are full of tears, my brain
Is burning—all the bitter woes
Of former days I feel again.

Thy flashing eyes are slumbering here,
Thy silken tresses moulder too,—
And yet I cannot check the tear
That fills my eye—I loved thee true!

Worms have consumed thy lily breast,
And rioted among thy brain;

But still thy dust shall sweetly rest
Till it is waked to life again.

Thine arms that once enfolded me,
Have turned to ashes, lifeless, cold;
Thine *image* yet I plainly see,
But still thy *form* cannot behold.

Here, as a tribute of my love,
I plant a rose-bush o'er thy head,
And turn to join the widowed dove
In mourning for the lovely dead!

Farewell to a False Young Lady.

Go, maiden! I will cease to sigh;
No more shall grieve this breast of mine,
Nor wish to know the reason why
I could not claim that heart of thine.

I saw thee weep the crystal tear—
Methought it was the tear of love;
And then I felt a mystic fear
That it was feigned my faith to prove.

And so it was;—true friendship weeps
A nobler, purer drop serene;

The heart that prompts it ever keeps
The memory of its object green.

Thy downy bosom, fair and soft—
The pillow of my youthful cheek—
Has charmed my pilgrim spirit oft
Its witching loveliness to seek.

No other joys were half so grand,
No other pleasures half so sweet,
As when I clasped thy tender hand,
And felt thy blooming bosom beat.

No moments seemed so full of bliss,
No other feelings so divine,
As when I pressed affection's kiss
Upon those honeyed lips of thine.

I caught the accents of thy tongue
That breathed a mild, a heavenly air,
As if an angel to me sung
To lure my thoughts away from care.

I was deceived—I had not learned
That woman's heart so vain could be,
Or from thee I had ne'er been spurned,
Nor ever thou been loved by me.

The leaf that's driven in the wind
Is pathless wheresoe'er 'tis borne;

So I've been pathless, wayward, blind,
Loving, unloved, despised, forlorn.

And when I thought I had a star
To cheer my path and curb my flight,
I found it was a phantom, far
Receding as I sought its light.

Delusive maid! that star was thee—
A shining orb for fools to love;
A brilliant thing of vanity,
That never more this heart can move.

And so it is—it may be well—
That we have thus been cast apart;
I'll breathe to thee my last farewell,
If thou wilt give me back my heart!

A Scene on one of the Alleghenies,

AT DAY-BREAK.

Bold mountain throne! pitched by Almighty hands
High as the course of clouds; most proudly thou
Art pinnacled in ether, awful, grand,
Majestic, everlasting and sublime!
I stand upon thy top in ecstacy
And awe commingled, while I see around

Me, lifting up their pyramidic crowns,
Thy fellow-summits, which beneath thee must
Forever dwell, less lofty than art thou;
And while I view the star-bespangled arch,
That soon a flood of light shall overwhelm,
And, too, thy timber tassels crimson o'er
With glorious golden beams; and to the east
And west, afar, unfurls pure grandeur to
My vision. Many centuries have swept
Away, like silent winds, to realms unknown,
Since thy unmouldering granite columns stood,
Impenetrable, to the first wild storm
That galloped o'er the western wilderness,
Or braved the fury of Euroclydon.

I've viewed thee often from the far-off west,
Like some great giant panoplied in clouds,
And softly mantled in unfading blue.
Again I've watched thy heaven-pillowed top
Until I saw the morning sun from back
Of thy stern breast slow roll his burning brow;
Then did I pant to tread thy woody crown,
And meditate above the bustling world.

Eternal pyramid of nature! Oft
Against thy rock-bound sides immutable
Have dashed the tempest's angry cavalcades,
Red with the rage of conflict, and in might
Tremendous, wearing often powers of black,

Tumultuous wrath. The mighty Thunderer
His shafts has rattled 'mong thy eldest pines,
And plunged them 'gainst thy ever-during ribs,
As if to penetrate thy massive depths
And rift thine iron bowels; while his fierce,
Red, horrid, snaky blazes coiled around
Thy cloud-scarfed head and scorched thy shaking locks.
But, what a different scene I now behold—
Delightful, holy picture to my eyes!
My senses swim in Fancy's dreaming sea,
Where real and imaginary things
Seem blended—penciled in celestial light;
My thought careers on wings of wondrous speed,
Back, tracing o'er the dim and fading Past,
Upon the fleeting Present perches, and
The Future's shady vista penetrates,
In which unfolds afar on beauteous fields
Unnumbered glories unapproachable.

As though it were from old Atlanta's breast,
In cloudless 'fulgence now Aurora mild
Her yellow fore-top pushes up through space
Nocturnalized, yet not with vapors strewn,
In which ten thousand thousand orblets glow,
Reflecting down to earth the smiles of Him
Whose power heaped bald Chimborazo up;
Crowned old Stromboli with eternal snow;
From dark Vesuvius draws intestine fires;
Spreads beauty on the ocean, land and sky,

And this stupendous pinnacle upreared;
Where the strong eagle would be proud to perch,
And rest his wings from soaring to the sun.

What strange extremes are blending in the east!
There light and darkness softly meet abreast,
As though contending for immensity;
But night retires from the advance of day—
Or, seemingly, she yields the mystic field,
And backward slowly moves her ebon pall
To cap the great Pacific, and enfold
In deeper slumber still the mighty west.

I now bethink me how, like yonder blush
That shuts the very stars aback from view,
The first bright morn of nature broke upon
A dark and pulseless world; when Phœbus rolled
His flaming chariot wheels along the broad,
Foundationless highway of space, traced out
For him to run by wise Omnipotence.

Fame's temple does this summit represent—
High, gorgeous, changeless, and immovable.
How few of all who've labored to ascend
Its rugged steeps, have reached Fame's genial top,
And with the power of genius and of thought
Enlinked their names with immortality,
And saw beneath them move a praising world!

Dread Alleghenies! endless chain of hills!
Pouring pure crystal torrents ever down
Thy vales, o'erhung with trees of deathless green,
And walled with ivy-covered battlements.
My heart is full of adoration when
I "look through nature up to nature's God!"
One of creation's orphans desolate
Am I, all solitary and alone—
(Not all alone, or solitary quite,)
Communion holding with the universe,
While here I stand upon this awful height
Of proud Columbia, basking in the beams
Of Sol, now heaving up his fiery face
That's blushed last night into nonentity!

The Lost Brothers.*

Oh, fated boys! how brief their day!
How early snatched from earth away!
  Adown, beneath the smothering tide,
Without a friendly arm to save,
  They sunk and perished side by side,
And found, alas! a "watery grave."

Whilst gaily bathing in the stream,
With minds transporting in the dream

* Two little brothers, who were drowned at Brownsville, Pa. July 11, 1851, while bathing in the Monongahela River.

Of childhood's purest love; when not
A shade of sorrow o'er them stole—
It was their hapless, mournful lot,
To sink beneath the water's roll.

Methinks I see them stretch their hands
For help, while struggling on the sands
That were to be their dying bed;
But ah! they gasp and reach in vain,
Until the vital spark is fled
That man can ne'er restore again.

My fancy weeps as o'er them now
With pity uncontrolled I bow,
And view them as two tender flowers
Just opening to the cloudless sky,
Then plucked by death's relentless powers,
And plunged beneath the flood—to die.

'Twas hard to give them up, 'tis true,
And bid them here a long adieu;
But then we hope they're now at rest
Beyond the starry dome above,
Reposing on the Saviour's breast,
And drinking from His sea of love.

Oh, parents! mourn them not, for they
Are gems that deck the world of day!
Rescued in childhood from the powers
Of sin and Satan, they have fled

To bloom among the cherub flowers
That o'er the fields of glory spread.

And, stricken brothers! now bereft,
Mourn not, although your side they've left;
For in a crystal stream above
They'll bask and bathe forevermore—
The stream of God's eternal love,
That rolls no wave nor has a shore!

When conflagrating flames conspire
To wrap the world in raging fire,
High o'er the melting blaze their souls
In deathless ecstacy shall dwell,—
While endless cycles onward roll
Their tongues will warble, "All is well!"

With golden harps and silvery wings,
Among the host that ever sings,
They'll fly and chant their melody,
Till heaven's bright dominions ring;
And there, to all eternity,
They'll praise their great Redeemer, King.

They're lost to us at present here,
But why for them should sorrow's tear
Be wept? because their bodies slumber?
Why not look up, and smiling, say,
"Lord, save us with thy ransomed number,
Where tears nor sorrows find their way!"

Religion and Gold.

Go search the depths of Ophir's mine,
And call Golconda's treasures thine,
And all their wealth and worth combine,
  Then, miser, hug it to thy heart;
But, ah! it cannot make thee blest,
Or buy thy soul a moment's rest,
Nor cleanse thy sin-polluted breast,
  Nor e'en a ray of joy impart.

Go search old Ocean's pearly deeps,
Or dig famed California's steeps,
Or rob Peru of all her heaps,
  And in thine arms grasp Chili's ore;
Then, at thy gorgéd coffers, kneel,
And there canst thou presume to feel
A smile of bliss *they* can reveal?
  No, not with all thy glittering store.

Go wash the gold-besprinkled sand
On wild Australia's distant strand;
Have India's wealth at thy command,
  And all the golden gods of Rome;
Then bow and worship what thou hast,
Or gather more and clutch it fast,
And with it all canst thou, at last,
  Expect to buy in heaven a home?

Ah! if thou dost, 'twill surely leave
Thee in eternal gloom, to grieve
That gold had power to deceive
And rob thy soul of endless rest.
This world hath not a charm but what
Will fade and wither, die and rot;
Then, mortals, struggle for it not,
Or it may curse you when possessed.

Oh! there's a priceless, glowing prize,
That all the wealth of earth outvies,
And buoys our hope beyond the skies,
Where avarice tortures not the soul;
RELIGION is its wholesome name;
And all our fears and all our shame
Do vanish, when its gentle flame
Within our bosoms has control.

'Tis free for all whose hearts, contrite,
Are humbled by the Gospel's light,
To bow and ask for it aright
From Him who turneth none away;
Then, worldling, give thy follies o'er,
And ope thy coffers and thy door,
And send the gospel to the poor;
Enjoy its blessings while *you* may.

Go! spread its glories to the world,
While Zion's banner is unfurled;

And let each bosom be empearled
With pure, expanding Christian love;
And let the heathen's clouded mind
Be 'lumined up—his soul refined;
And every one that now is blind
Behold a crown for him above.

Oh, Cheerfulness! forever buoy my mind
Above the gloom of fell despondency;
For raised by *this*, it leaves despair behind,
And plunged in *that*, 'tis fearful misery.

Stanzas,

TO AN ABSENT YOUNG LADY.

The sun is reclining afar in the west,
In dark-rising vapors enfolding his breast;
The song of the robin is heard on the hill,
And lowly beneath me is murmuring the rill;
The leaves are light-stirring upon the tall trees,
As softly floats through them the odorous breeze;
But still I am lonely, and so it must be—
For I only am happy, sweet maiden, with thee.

As shadows flit over the woodland and field,
And nature to darkness and slumber must yield,
There seems to be something I cannot explain

Steals into my bosom and floats on my brain;
It touches my soul with emotions sublime,
And seems to infuse itself into my rhyme—
'Tis highly enrapturing;—what can it be
That draws my attention so warmly to thee?

'Tis truly a pleasure to feel and to know
There's something to comfort our being below;
And woman can charm us, and cheer us, and bless,
And render us happy by magic caress.
She smiles away anguish, and sadness, and tears,
And lightens our burthen when sorrow appears;
Her voice, like an angel's, bids trouble depart,
And whispers a tempest of care from the heart!

The pinions of evening are widely unfurled,
And darkness is softly encircling the world;
The insects are humming around my retreat,
And the robins their carols sublimely repeat,—
All bidding good-bye to the sun that has fled
From the fields of bright azure to a vapory bed;
Along the dark valley the rill in its glee
Seems merrily singing, sweet maiden, of thee!

There's a pleasure in solitude, (found there alone,)
When the mantle of evening o'er nature is thrown,
Like the robe that enveloped fair Venus, whose charms
Arrested the traveler with pleasing alarms;
To the wild shady bower how oft do I steal,
Where only that pleasure celestial I feel.

In fond recollection, dear maiden, of thee,
Whose captive I am, nor desire to be free.

Bright Vesper is wreathing herself in a cloud,
Appearing as mournful as Hope in her shroud,
When her anchor is broken, and tempest and surge
'Neath Falsehood's black waters forever submerge
Her being and beauties;—distinctly I hear
The voice of a spirit breathe into mine ear,
"*Thy* hope shall ne'er perish;"—on Love's sunny sea
'Twill anchor forever, sweet maiden, with thee.

O'er Memory's ocean comes rolling anew
The feelings that 'rapt me when first to my view
Thy figure most graceful and lovely appeared,
Which since to my bosom is tenfold endeared
By virtue and modesty in it combined,
With a heart that is gentle, affectionate, kind;
And such is a treasure whose worth is untold—
A thousand times more to be valued than gold!

The heart that is loveless is dreary and dark
As Chillon's deep dungeon, where never a spark
From the altar of friendship could 'lumine the goal,
Nor a sound break the silence save Leman's mad roll!
The midnight of misery dwells in its core,
And the surges of torment lash round it and roar:
Hard, barren and sullen it gropes through the gloom,
And cares not the moment it drops in the tomb.

The heart that is filled with love's heavenly light,
Has sunshine abundant and never a night;
'Tis like the fair star that is placed in the sky,
Far over the tempests and clouds dwelling high;
A vapor may cross it a moment, but then
How soon it glows brighter and purer again—
So may it be ever my lot to reveal
Such love to thy vision as that which I feel.

The giddy may view me with scoff or with sneer,
And rail at the glitter of love's burning tear,
As from my soul's fountain, too strong for control,
It springs to my eye with a dance of my soul;
And Oh! in thy smiles there is joy for my heart,
That wins me to seek thee wherever thou art:
Where'er I may journey, where'er I may dwell,
I'll love and adore thee; so, dearest, farewell!

Monongalia.

I love the grassy beach to promenade
Of Monongalia's gently flowing tide,
Or sit me down, alone, beneath the shade
Of oak or elm that towers at its side;
And there behold the gorgeous steamer dart
Along its bosom, tossing madly wide
The foaming waves, as if she'd rift apart
Its depths,—the massive waters e'en divide.

And I have seen the storm across it sweep,
Each blast still fiercer than the one before,
As if *it* would in fury bare the deep,
And drive the churning waters all ashore;
The lowering clouds above it darkly scowl,
And forky blazes streak their faces o'er;
The dismal thunders burst and wildly howl,
Harsh mingling with the raging tempest's roar.

But when the tempest sleeps and all is still,
How calmly does it glide along its way,
Bearing the impress of the fertile hill,
And flowery banks, and trees that proudly sway
Their stately tops and leafy branches o'er
Its limpid bosom;—*there* I love to stray
At eventide along the verdant shore,
And meditate when vesper breezes play.

Yes, meditate on ages long since gone,
When all these hills and valleys did resound
With the red Indian's song and shout: not one
Is left the fearful tocsin now to sound,
Or through the darksome wilderness to scout;
Or, with a merciless and savage bound,
Leap in upon the doe and fawn; or route
And fell the buck and buffalo to the ground.

These hills that lift their fertile heads aloft,
Where now such beauty, wealth and grandeur glow,
I love; especially where zephyrs soft

Waft mildly o'er the waving corn, and go
Light whispering through the sugar groves, where birds
And insect haunt, that flying sweetly throw
Their music on my ear, which oft has stirred
My thoughts to soar, when faintly drooping low.

Beloved river! here thou flowest on
Adown thy channel in proud majesty,—
Hast flowed for many ages past and gone,—
Shall flow for generations yet to be.
If earth were searched from centre to each pole,
Another were not found more fair than thee;
So rich thy borders and so smooth thy roll!
Thou art the stream, the glorious stream for me!

The hills their mighty treasures here unfold;
More to be prized, more worthy to be sought,
Are they than California's mines of gold,
Where all the world seems verging to a spot:
Yes, here are peace and pleasure with thy wealth,
Bestowing riches never to be bought
Of solid minds by yellow dust; and health
Lights myriad cheeks, by gold nor silver got.

Red Battle* once did stamp his bloody heel
In fury at thy side, and fiercely yell;
And hundreds at his blasting touch did reel,
And fast before his iron bullets fell
As gallant warriors as ever bore

* Braddock's Defeat.

A sword or musket when the tocsin-bell
Did peal, "To arms!" And weltering in their gore,
They bade to battle, friend and foe, "Farewell."

Nor did our heroes falter on the field
'Mid storms of balls and arrows, and the rave
Of rabid Gauls and copper fiends, or yield
When wounded fell Britannia's chieftain brave!
And when the ground was strewn with gory dead,
And groaning, tossing, dying, then to save
Our threatened realm a mighty arm did spread
The flag of Liberty o'er land and wave.

Nor did Columbia's brave and valiant band
All perish ere that bloody fight was done,
But were conducted by a gallant hand
That struck for liberty—the fearless one,
Whose brilliant glories on that awful day
Broke through the gloom—it was bold freedom's sun
That dawned upon young America—
It was our noble father—WASHINGTON!

To a Young Lady.

Thou art the one
In whose celestial presence I can feel
The genial influence of love to steal

Into my breast, and run
Through every vein like living fire divine,
And round my soul its softening flames entwine.

I've felt before,
For other maids, affection's fervent blaze,
And with my harp have sung aloud their praise;
But, ah! it brought no more
Than frowning looks, and words that disapproved
The tribute of my heart that truly loved.

Thine eyes bespeak
The ardor of affection in thy breast,
Where I would lay my head and sweetly rest;
And on thy rosy cheek
How fondly would I print the holy seal
Of love's devotion, which for thee I feel.

Is love a dream?
No! it is real as the sun that rides
Through ether deeps,—or as the moon that glides
With soft and silvery beam
Around the arch nocturnal; and as clear
As crystal springs, or night's pellucid tear.

Who says 'tis all
A shadow—all a phantom—never felt
Its burning beauties through his bosom melt;
He might as justly call

The mighty sun a cold and feeble spark,
That glimmers in a sky forever dark.

What! say that love
Is but a speculation of the brain?
Ah, base assertion, foolish, worse than vain!
As well attempt to prove
That yonder stars that twinkle in the sky
Are only gems to please the gazer's eye.

Who cannot tell
How it infuses glory through the soul,
And chains grim anger 'neath its mild control?
Or who, that's felt its spell
Flung o'er his spirit in a golden glow,
That will not seek its deeper depths to know?

Love was the theme
Of ancient bards who struck their harps of gold,
Until their music down to us hath rolled;
Their pleasant tinglings seem
To be the honeyed voice of love that sings
While hovering o'er the soul on odory wings.

That look of thine,
Those charming smiles, and that angelic voice,
Have bliss for me that makes my heart rejoice;
And if this gift of mine
May meet thy approbation, then I'll be
Most happy, if thou wilt remember me.

A Prayer for the Penitent.

Great God! descend and roll
This burthen from my aching breast,
And quickly let my mourning soul
In thee find rest.

My course has been from thee
Since first the stage of life I trod;
But now unto thine arms I'd flee,
My Saviour, God.

The way of sin is hard,
And in it I no more will dwell,
Or I may reap a dread reward
In flames of hell!

I pour the tears of grief
And penitence, thy love to gain;
In thee, O! let me find relief
From every pain.

There is no peace on earth,
Unless it from thy presence flow;
For all the joys of human mirth
Are mixed with wo.

I turn my back on hell,
And from the wiles of Satan flee,

And all my wrongs and follies tell,
In prayer to thee.

Oh! blot my sins away;
Bid all my fears and shame depart,
And let thy love's reviving ray
Illume my heart.

My God, forgive, forgive!
Thy Son didst die on Calvary,
That I—unworthy I—might live
Eternally.

I know thou wilt not turn
My anxious soul away oppressed;
For thou hast said that "Those who mourn
Shall all be blessed!"

My pride is broken down;
And all my crimes I ask forgiven,
Because I want a starry crown
To wear in heaven.

By nature I am lost,—
Lone, wandering on life's troubled sea,
On whose wild waves I have been tossed
Away from thee.

The thunders o'er me roll,
And high the foaming billows swell,

But thou canst save my wrecking soul
From yawning hell.

Bestow the priceless pearl,
And make me rich while here I bow,
The beauties of thy love unfurl,
And save me now!

I long for thy embrace;
Oh, Saviour! take me in thine arms;
Reveal thy reconciléd face
In smiles and charms.

Thou'rt coming, Lord; I feel
My spirit drawing out to thee:
Thy dying blood my wounds wilt heal,
And set me free.

The Old Log Church.

Ye mouldering walls! how sacredly ye've stood,
While more than half a century has swept
Into eternity! The evening breeze
Steals through your crevices and fans my cheek,
Where I have stolen from the busy world
To live a while in stilly solitude,

And meditate on departed years.
The sun rolls down the western skies, and pours
His beams of glory through your shattered roof,
As though 'twere heaven smiling sweetly down
In memory of souls here born to God.

Oh, veteran temple! hands that reared thee up,
Ere thee have fallen 'neath the weight of age,
And many of them lie just there beside
Thee, wrapped in wakeless slumber in the ground;
But thou dost stand a holy monument,
Where Zion's thunders have proclaimed to scores
The Word of Life, by which their souls were saved
From everlasting sorrow, shame and death;
For many here have found a balm to heal
Their every wound, and draw their thoughts away
From things that perish—evil, carnal things,
And fix them fast on fadeless things above.

No splendid workmanship in thee is found,
Nor costly drapery adorns thy walls;
Not like the gaudy temples which have been
Erected in these modern days to be
The *gods* of worship; low idolatry,
To worship aught but God, the mighty One,
High throned above the skies eternally!
But thou wast framed when Christianity
Was young in Pennsylvania's western wilds,
And long hast sheltered 'neath thy homely roof,

From winter's storms, and summer's scorching suns,
The followers of the true and living God,
"Who hangs the Universe upon his arm,"
And "marks the sparrow's fall,"—hears sinners plead
When bowed in penitence; when steeped in wo,
When staggering 'neath their loads of guilt and shame,
And tortured with remorse,—He hears their cries,
And from the golden hills of heaven stoops,
And lifts them to the skies in point of love.

Time rolls away its mystic flight of years,
Sweeping the nations to oblivion down,
Of whose existence scarce a trace is left;
Of pride, wealth, wisdom, fame, worth, greatness, power,
Arms, commerce, war, peace, union, love,
No record tells, no tongue survives to speak;
But dim Forgetfulness o'ersweeps them as
They lie entombed in an eternal night!—
And thou art crumbling, venerable fane!
The tooth of Time is preying on the walls,
And soon, like every other work of man,
Shall perish in oblivion;—soon like those
Who shaped thy tottering form, and worshiped God
Within thy gates in days of other years,
Shalt thou be laid in ruin—nothingness.

I never pass thee but with solemn heart,
And deepest reverence. Surely thou hast been
The gate from sin's destructive ways to heaven;

The door from death to everlasting life.
Although destruction hath defaced thee much,
I love thee still; I love to sing of thee;
But thou mayest yet survive my song, and stand,
When he who sings thee now shall sleep in death!

The Death of Mrs. Caroline H. Hawkins.

A sister has bidden farewell
To friends and to relatives here,
And has gone, with her Saviour to dwell,
In a holier and happier sphere;
She died in the triumphs of faith,
With every transgression forgiven,
And while she was gasping in death,
She cried, "I am going to heaven.

"I long to depart from my pain,
My spirit's bright pinions to spread,
And go with my Jesus to reign,
Where my babe from my bosom has fled;
I soon shall rejoin it above,
And clasp it again to my heart,
In purer and holier love,
No more from each other to part.

"My loving companion, good bye!
I leave you a season to mourn;

In sadness and sorrow to sigh,
That I thus from thy bosom am torn.
Alone, 'neath the valley's damp clod
My body in slumber shall dwell;
But I'll meet you again with my God,
So, dearest companion, farewell!"

She lived in the fear of the Lord,
And she died with a soul full of love;
And now she has got her reward,
In the mansions of glory above.
Great God! what a comfort is this,
To know that our friends are at rest,
Where the streams of enjoyment and bliss
Eternally flow through the breast.

Around her she summoned her friends,
And entreated them all to prepare
To meet her where joy never ends,
Beyond this dark region of care;
Where sorrow and grief never roll
Their horrible curtains abroad,
To veil from the rapturous soul,
The beauties and glories of God.

Thou art dead, dearest sister, and gone
To shout hallelujah on high,
With the throng that surrounds the "white
throne,"

Far over yon blue, starry sky!
There may we all meet thee at last,
When our day of probation is o'er,
And feast on the heavenly repast
That is spread for the saints evermore.

No murmur shall break thy repose
In the "valley of death," lone and still,
Till the trumpet of Gabriel blows
The slumbering nations to thrill;
Then thou wilt arise from the tomb,
And with thee we'll all soar above,
Where our spirits forever shall bloom,
In the kingdom of glory and love!

To "Helen."

Methinks I hear
The "breathing" of thy harp's bright string,
Its gentle music softly fling
Upon my ear;
And as I list and hear it sing,
My heart within me seems to spring,
And hang upon its echoing,
So sweet and clear.

The "Muse's wand"
Hath touched thy "lyre" to minstrelsy,

"Whose thrilling notes" sound charmingly
Through all the land;
Thousands have heard them rolling free,
As pure, seraphic harmony,
Concerting most angelicly
At thy command.

Though dull the soul,
It *must* rejoice to hear the lay,
As from the skies it found its way,
At thy control:
Then persevere, nor let dismay
Its ebon sceptre o'er thee sway;
But tune thy harp—its numbers may
For ages roll!

I "drink" the strain
That comes so deep, so soft and light
In streams from out a mind so bright,
Where knowledge reigns,—
Where love is treasured up aright,
That superstition's meager spright
Cannot destroy, nor folly's blight,
Can ever stain.

I love the song,
Whose tones with deep affection glow,
And fill with rapture as they flow,
The listening throng:

Then strike thy lyre, and let it throw,
Its lovely accents high and low,—
Till laurels twine around thy brow,
The sound prolong.

Fame's top may be
Thy seat; and ravished millions gaze,
With looks of pleasure and amaze,
High up to thee,
Whose crown with glorious light shall blaze;
While future ages speak thy praise,
And nations dwell upon thy lays,
Exultingly.

Thy name may shine
Upon the roll that floats the sky,
Where evergreens around it fly,
And laurels twine:
Press on—the fount can never dry
From whence such strains are swelled on high:
Immortal fame, I wonder why,
May not be thine?

Sweet Flora has arrived from southern lands,
And smiled Boreas to the north again;
She brings bright wreaths of flowers in her hands,
To robe the trees and decorate the plain.

The Christian's Request.

Oh! let me go
From all below,
To range the fields of Paradise,
Where endless joy
Without alloy,
Shall be my lot above the skies;
Where myriad angels shout and sing
Eternal praises to their King,
And drink of love's reviving spring
That never dries.

I long to be
From sorrow free,
And bid this sinful world farewell,
Where thunders howl,
And demons prowl,
To drag the soul to ruin's cell,
To scorch amid sulphuric fire,
And roll in God's eternal ire,
And live with sin's polluted sire,
In flames of hell.

Oh, let my bark
Upon the dark
Tempestuous waves of Time's vast deep,
Be calmly stayed
In charnel bed,

That I may up to heaven leap.
Blow on ye winds—around me play
A little while—and then away,
On golden pinions let me stray,
And glory reap.

O, love divine
Around me shine,
And be my lamp by which to steer,
That I may moor
On Canaan's shore,
And weep no more a bitter tear.
Oh! Saviour 'lay the rolling waves,
And calm the storm that round me raves,
And if my vessel wreck to staves,
Oh! be thou near!

And be my shield
On battle-field,
And sword, that I may Satan fight;
And nerve my heart
To stand his dart,
And brave the fury of his might:
I hear the clanking of the chain,
With which his majesty would fain
Pinion me down in endless pain
And beamless night.

I humbly bow
And pray thee now,

That all my sins may be forgiven;
Oh! send a shower
Of gracious power,
And from me let all fear be driven;
That, when my body falls beneath
The life-destroying arm of death,
I, with my last departing breath,
May rise to heaven!

A Tribute

TO THE MEMORY OF MISS MARGARET L——,

Those cheeks that wore the rose's hue,
Have faded in a day;
Those friendly eyes so bright and blue,
Now slumber in the clay.

That merry voice that rang so clear
Is hushed for evermore;
Its tones shall ne'er salute my ear,
As oft in days of yore.

Ah! she is locked in Death's embrace,
In silence dark and deep,
And I, above her resting place,
Do humbly bow and weep.

When through the grassy meads we used
To sport in childish play,
With violets gay we were amused
The sunny, live-long day.

Along the green hill-side we oft
Have plucked the fragrant flower,
And listened to the music soft
Pour from the verdant bower.

But ah! she's passed the gloomy vale,—
To join the seraph band,—
Through which we, too, will have to sail,
At God's all-wise command.

Her soul has ta'en its happy flight
On angel's wings above,
To live in realms of heavenly light,
And shout redeeming love.

Beyond the star-bespangled sheet,
Upon the Saviour's breast,
There she has found a safe retreat,
To be forever blest.

O'er heaven's flowery plains she'll soar
On wings that never tire,
Where racking pains are felt no more—
In angel's bright attire.

And far the golden streets along,
  She'll trace the gilded scene,
And listen to the holy song
  Of cherubim, serene.

Though friends around her wept to see
  Her last expiring breath,
And knew her body soon must be
  Laid low by ruthless death;

Yet they could not arrest the blow
  That threatened o'er her head,
For God commanded Death to go,
  And cut life's brittle thread.

Her body lies beneath the clod—
  Enshrouded in the clay;
Her soul is with its Saviour, God,
  In fairer worlds of day!

With heaven's joyous hosts she'll shine
  Where peace is ever rife,
And sing the song of love divine,
  Around the tree of life.

There, from its boughs, she'll pluck and eat
  Celestial fruits of love,
And shout around the mercy seat,
  While endless ages move.

Beneath its shades, she'll there repose
In Jesus' smiles secure,
And drink the crystal stream that flows
Through heaven, forever pure.

If this be now her happy state,
She lives—redeemed from care;
And let us try before too late,
To meet her spirit there;

For we must die and bid adieu
To things that earthly are,
And give account for what we do,
At God's tribunal bar!

Oh! let us live, that when we die
Our hope in heaven may be,
And thence our happy spirits fly
From pain and sorrow free.

This world is all a desert tract
O'er which we blindly hie,
And seldom think our every act
Is registered on high.

Oh! why not ask to be forgiven
For all the wrongs we've done,
And meet this youthful soul in heaven
When life's short race is run?

A Mountain Storm.

I strayed alone among the mountains wild,
When evening spread her curtain o'er the world,
And all was beautiful, the air was mild,
The sky with twinkling glories was empearled,
And, viewed through twilight, hills and trees unfurled
A splendor I had ne'er beheld before;
Adown amongst them crystal torrents hurled
Unceasing streams of sparkling waters o'er
The ragged rocks;—there's something witching in their roar.

Held by the scene in meditative mood,
Deep midnight soon arrived; but, ah! it came
With rattling thunders—and the sky, and wood,
And torrents, all were lit with golden flame!
I trembled lest the Thunderer might aim
At me a glittering bolt, as by he rode
Upon the wildly rolling clouds—the same
In wrath and deathly power as when he strode
Along the Grecian storm, the trumpeter of God!

Mad storm! it came in fury sweeping on,
And dashed, and howled, and screamed from peak to peak,
As though 'twere full of wrangling fiends upon

The horrid blasts careering; every shriek
A double echo rang, and every streak
Of flame that curled along the clouds was red
With triple terror, racing down to wreak
Its vengeance on the hills, and round my head
Fling glaring hues of fire, and fill my soul with dread.

Although the scene was awful to behold,
Yet it was pleasing, too, to stand and see
The big black clouds in wild confusion rolled
Along the skies, like surges on the sea;
Anon a mass of fire they seemed to me,
All checkered o'er with snaky shafts, while far
Around, above, beneath, there seemed to be
Two furious earthquakes joined in deadly war,
So hideous was the roar, so terrible the jar!

Eternal God! how dreadful is thy might,
Displayed in tempests on the sea and land!
The clouds thou kindlest with electric light,
And hurl'st the howling thunders from thy hand!
The forests tremble, and the desert sand
Is madly whirled against the blackened skies;
The oceans heave and foam, and lash the strand,
And o'er their breasts, like mountains, billows rise;
Cities are crushed;—*Thou* fillest nature with surprise!

It may seem strange that I was there alone
At such a time, upon that fearful height;

But I had missed my way—the day was gone,
And there I had to pass the dismal night,
No roof above me but the skies, no light
But stars, and then the flashes of the storm;
No voice I heard but thunder, and the flight
Of hollow blasts that filled me with alarm;
But still, amid them all, there lurked for me a charm.

At length the storm was hushed. The stars again
Shone brightly down upon a world that lay
In glorious silence, for the thunder, wind, and rain,
And clouds, and lightning, all had passed away;
Then, on the eastern skies, fair morning's ray
Sublimely gleamed; the mountain bird awoke,
And sung his carol to the rising day,
As he flew gladly over pine and oak,
Or softly fluttered 'neath the monarchs' verdant cloak.

Adown the cliffs the turbid streamlets poured,
And swelled their melody upon the air,—
Wild music!—for they plunged and foamed and roared
From ledge to ledge, as if in wrath to tear
The solid rocks from their foundations; there
Was I, a wanderer in the mighty wood,
Encompassed round by decorations fair;
And thought, while on a precipice I stood,
'Here I could live, and wed my life with Solitude.'

A Song.

Alas! dear girl, we soon must part,
And bid to each a sad farewell;
And oh! how much it grieves my heart,
This feeble song will fail to tell.

That smile that sports upon thy cheek,
Has something magic in its play;
And those bright eyes of thine do speak
More than thy ruby lips can say.

Thou hast a heart both pure and true,
That gives no place to vile deceit;
And guardian angels amply strew
The flowers of pleasure at thy feet.

Oh, gentle girl! thy presence oft
Has made my flinty bosom thrill;
And, too, thy voice serene and soft,
Has wooed my spirit at its will.

Thou'rt happy now; and never may
A note of discord touch thine ear,
Nor sorrow, sadness, nor dismay,
E'er cause thine eye to drop a tear.

Thy God will take good care of thee,
If thou the path of duty tread,

And if thou ask it of him, he
Will pour his blessings on thy head.

And thou *hast* set thy face toward
A better world than this one is;
And at the end may thy reward
Be glory and eternal bliss.

'Tis nature's own untarnished light,
And art's sublimest beauties blent,
That makes thee pleasant to my sight,
And in thy presence feel content.

'Twere vanity for me to try
With skill like mine to paint love's worth,—
Fit hues alone are found on high,
Above the fading things of earth.

Spend all thy days in doing good,
And ne'er forget to watch and pray;
Then, when the clouds of darkness brood,
Thy God will drive them all away.

Soon we a prey to death will fall
And slumber 'neath the silent clod,
Till the last trumpet's voice shall call
Our bodies up to meet our God.

Then may we both to heaven ascend
O'er blissful fields of light to rove,

And there our happy voices blend
In songs of everlasting love.

Oh! could I speak what now I feel,
'Twould give my doubting spirit rest;
But sorrow o'er me seems to steal
And cloud the comforts of my breast.

Alas, dear girl! we now must part,
And bid to each a sad farewell;
And oh! how much it grieves my heart,
This feeble song has failed to tell.

Hymn—Love Divine.

'Twas love divine induced the Lord of light
To bid the upper world, awhile, farewell,
And come into this lower ground of night
To rescue man from endless death and hell.

'Twas love that sat upon his sinless brow
While burthened with the cross on Calvary;
And there, behold! 'twas love that made him bow
His head, and die upon the shameful tree.

'Twas love that made him burst the tomb and rise
Triumphant to his Father's throne on high:

And there he sits with bleeding wounds, and cries,
In tones of living love, for you and I.

'Tis love that lifts our thoughts beyond the sun,
And twinkling stars, and rolling orbs of heaven;
That humbles us before the Mighty One
To bend the knee and ask our sins forgiven.

'Tis love that warms and cheers the drooping heart,
And fits it for the spirit's fair abode;
That bids our cares and sorrows all depart,
And links our souls to glory and to God!

Almighty! thou who stillest the rolling waves,
And biddest the raging sea of life "be calm,"
Thy love impart to Satan's dying slaves,
And cleanse their souls with thine all-healing balm.

Oh! let the glorious gospel tidings spread
Triumphantly from pole to pole, till all
The fallen children of our federal Head
Shall hear and answer to the saving call.

Roll on the time when nations yet unborn
Shall bow beneath the sceptre of thy Word,
And from the wilderness of sin return
To celebrate the praises of their Lord.

Dark on the deep of every human heart
The seal of sin is set: and God alone,

By love divine, redemption can impart,
And whisper, "Peace! thy load of guilt is gone!"

Yes, thou the guilty burthen canst remove,
And speak the darkest darkness into day:
Then bless us with a portion of thy love,
And chase the least remains of sin away.

Eternal! Uncreated! Infinite!
With swelling bosoms would our lips exclaim,
All honor, glory, majesty and might
Be ever rendered to thy lofty name.

Unchanging God! when Gabriel's trump shall roll
Its blast omnific to the trembling world,
And from earth's centre far to either pole
The all-consuming fires shall be unfurled,

Oh! may we then exult above the blaze
And o'er the melting world shout victory,
Amid the multitudes that ever praise
Thy name, and render homage unto thee.

Oh! help us now to glorify thy name;
And may we ever feel that we are thine,
Supported by that animating flame—
The essence of thy glory—love divine!

Verses,

WRITTEN AT VISITING THE GRAVE OF A. G. W.
LATE OF ALLEGHENY COLLEGE.

Unclouded was the morning sky
That bent above thy head;
Thy sun of life that rose on high
Its glories round thee spread:
But thou wast struck just in thy prime,
By death's relentless hand,
And borne beyond the bounds of time
Into a spirit land.

Far from the happiness of home—
From parents loving, kind—
O'er hills and valleys thou didst roam
To cultivate thy mind.
The bloom of health was on thy cheek—
Thine eyes were bright and gay;
But, sad to think, they slumber now
Low in the silent clay.

Perhaps thy spirit from on high
Dost hover round me here,
Whilst o'er thy earthly pillow I
Do bow and drop a tear.
Oh! could I leave *my* house of clay
Renewed and forgiven,

How gladly would I soar away
To rest with thee in heaven!

The grass is verdant on the tomb
Where now thou art at rest,
And fragrant flowers round it bloom
In tints of beauty dressed.
The branches of the stately tree
Beside thy peaceful grave
In tones most sad and mournfully,
Now sighing, o'er thee wave.

The warbler perched upon the spray
Sends sweetest song abroad,
And upward looks, as if to say
Thy soul is with its God.
Yes, thou art gone to worlds above
Where death-knells never toll,
To bathe in seas of heavenly love
Thy unbespotted soul.

O'er fields of pure, eternal joy
Thou'lt spread thy pinions wide,
And drink fore'er without alloy
From love's sweet flowing tide.
Thou art from pain and sorrow free
In heaven's bright abode;
The angels are thy company—
Thy Father is thy God!

Spring and Childhood.

Gay little bird! well mayest thou rejoice
And chirp so merrily, for spring is here.
I love to listen to thy happy voice—
It seems my melancholy soul to cheer.

Yes, Spring has come again with pleasant breeze,
And warming sun, and animating showers;
And lovely blossoms decorate the trees;
And even the ground seems carpeted with flowers.

The peach and cherry, apple, plum and pear
Assume an aspect beauteous to behold;
And little birds are flitting everywhere
Among the trees that such rich charms unfold.

If I had wings like yonder little wren
That sits atop that stately cherry tree,
I'd dip them in the morning dew, and then
Would roam away the flowery world to see.

And now in thought I'm carried back again
To when I was a careless, prattling boy;
Oh! then I ne'er had felt the sting of pain,
But every breath was breathed in perfect joy.

I, with my merry play mates, skipped away
Through mead and thicket, field and shady grove;

And there from morn till night would sing and play,
While in our bosoms glowed untarnished love.

We pulled the wild rose and the violet
And wove them into chaplets large and neat,
Or on the ground beneath a tree would sit
And stories of our love to each repeat.

Sometimes we'd dance along the babbling brook
And watch the fishes in the waters play,
Or seek the shade, and with some pleasing book
While many long and happy hours away.

We'd chase the tiny squirrel to his home,
And laugh to see him dart into the ground,
Or up along the oaky hill would roam
And shout till vales beneath would e'en resound.

And oftentimes we'd seek the rocky steep
And gather on the mossy ledge, to see
The Autumn leaves go circling down the deep
Till lost among the laurel shrubbery.

That was my spring of life—my earthly heaven—
A ramble in the sun's celestial beam.
The joy was only for a moment given,
And now I wake to know it was a dream.

And so, alas! to manhood I am grown,
And my companions *all* have left my side;

And out upon the stream of life alone
I'm cast, to breast the dark and stormy tide.

A Song.

I'll think of thee when evening throws
Across the sky her shady vest,
And Venus in her beauty glows
Upon the bosom of the west.

A lone retreat I then will seek
Where stars shall twinkle o'er my head,
And softly down on nature's cheek
Their dewy tears in silence shed.

I there will muse in fond delight,
While rapture shall my soul entwine,
Upon the time when first my sight
Fell on a form so fair as thine!

That hour, with all its joyous scene,
Comes booming o'er my memory's sea;
And yet sometimes I almost ween
That I am far away with thee.

My heart's deep fountain to thee flows,
Dear maid, in streams that purely swell;—

My pleasures words can ne'er disclose,
And half my bliss tongue cannot tell.

My language fails,—'tis far too week,
And quite too thoughtless are my brains,
To pen it down, or try to speak
My love for thee, in fitting strains.

I strive to set it forth that thou
Mayest see that earnest is my guide;
But weakness stamps my pensive brow,
And with it I must e'en abide.

And every tie that nerves my soul
Shall stronger grow as time may flee;
And as the needle to the pole,
So true I'll ever prove to be!

The rocks shall leave the earth and take
A journey upward through the air,
Ere I a single vow will break
That's meant, dear girl, for thee to share.

The sun shall cease his light to lend
To earth from heaven's dome of blue,
And sparks no more will up ascend
When I will prove to be untrue!

The moon shall frown, and turn away
Her silvery face to smile no more;

And stars through space shall backward ride,
And hide on nature's farthest shore:

The deep shall gather in her waves
And roll them all in one sad groan;
And granite mountains wreck in staves,
And hills in bitter anguish moan:

The doves shall flutter through the wood
To sound their plaintive notes no more;
And through the depths of solitude
The tempests sweep with deafening roar—

All this shall be when I will deign
To stoop to break a single vow,
Or touch a chord to render pain,
Or draw a cloud o'er woman's brow!

No! sooner let this frame of mine
Sink 'neath the clods of some lone vale,
Or step across Columbia's line,
O'er Afric's burning sands to wail.

May angels guard thy bed by night
And tint with joy thy every dream,
And with the morning's golden light
May heaven's blessings on thee stream.

The Dedication of Mount Tabor Church.*

A lovely Sabbath morning dawned upon
The animating world, and from behind
The eastern hills that rear their lofty tops
In flushing beauty high o'er Monongalia's
Silvery waves, the sun majestic rose:
He never shone upon the earth more fair,
Or lit the skies more cloudless or serene.
Beasts, birds and men seemed waked from slumber sweet,
And rambled forth in perfect happiness,
To breathe the savory gale of new-born Spring.

The balmy air, as breath of innocence
When sweetly sleeping in a bed of flowers
And breathing soft through rosy tapestry,
Did gently float across the smiling hills,
And lowly whispered through the sylvan groves
Just putting on their vernal garniture;
And down along the shady vales it sighed
Most charmingly among the oaken bowers,
From whence the cheerful and melodious notes
Of merry warblers seemed to issue out,
Responsive to the music of the hills,
Where birds and breeze harmoniously did sing
Their morning hymns to the eternal God.

* A new church edifice erected near Cookstown, in Washington County, Pa. and dedicated May 10, 1851.

Nor they alone did seem devotional;
For man, as though reanimated at
The presence and the gladsome voice of Spring,
And by inspiring impulse to return
A grateful tribute to the Lord of Hosts,
Was seen toward Mount Tabor humbly march
To pay his vows to him who died for man,
And offer up devotion to his God.

Upon the lofty summit of the Mount,
Beside an efflorescent bordered grove,
Proudly o'erleaning Monongalia's free
And ever-lovely stream, and overlooking
Leagues of fertile tract—far on either side
Spread out in nature's ornamental dress—
A temple neatly wrought, by skillful hands
Erected, stood in showy loveliness.
Toward it, gathering in like joyous bees
At eventide returning from the fields,
Came hundreds up to hear the word of God.

The minister arose with brow serene,
And o'er that reverential audience glanced
With eye almost divine. Angels were there,
Hovering round his heaven-devoted soul
And filling it with oil and fire of truth,
That it might shed a light to every heart
And win the wandering sinner home to Christ;
And with admiring vision o'er that vast

Assemblage, silent all in humble awe,
Did draw a charm of deep solemnity.

O, blessed morning of the Lord! It stamped
A holy impress on each heart that will
Thereon remain through life indelible.
That was the avenue which opened up
From earth to heaven, through which the Saviour
smiled.

The scene was meet for angel's skill to paint
With the effulgent tints of paradise,
And not for puny man, whose hues are gloom,
His heart corrupt, his words unmeaning sounds,
And all his actions perfect vanity:
The harps and seraphines of glory, well
Attuned, could only sing its loveliness.

"*God is a Spirit; and who worship him,*
Must worship him in spirit and in truth,"
Did melt like heavenly incense on the ear,
And winged the soul to pure sublimity.
The mouth that spake it, spake for God:
It plead for rebel man to turn and live;
And warned of his doom—the pains of hell,
And horrors of the everlasting damned.

The thoughts of that vast multitude were blent
And borne away by eloquence divine,
To stars, and suns, and shining worlds that roll

Obedient circles round the throne of God;
Were brought again to view themselves—to read
Their own ungrateful yet adoring hearts,
And render praise to their Redeemer's name.
Oh, what an hour of glory! what a day
Of love, praise, reverence, beauty unexcelled!

'Twas there we felt our soul with angels blend,
While sounded loud the gospel trump abroad;
Where hymns and prayers, commingling, did ascend
Through Zion's portals to a triune God.

Long may Mount Tabor's sacred temple stand
A door to the triumphant church above;
Long may it prove a blessing to the land—
There with their Lord may thousands fall in love!

And oh! may every one who heard that morn
The gospel truth, pursue the narrow road;
May every one from death to life be born,
And *all* be saved in heaven with their God.

Oh, who would not, at such a moment, feel
His heart grow warm with adoration's blaze!
Oh, who would not, at such a moment, kneel
And lift his voice to God in fervent praise!

There is a beauty ne'er to be expressed,
Where meet the young, the middle-aged, the old,

With opportunity and being blest,
And with their Maker sweet communion hold.

Oh, blessed Church! may discord never roll
A jar within thy walls, but union move
Salvation's work along; and every soul
That worships there be filled with Jesus' love!

A Song.

Dearest maiden! mild and tender,
Lovely as the fairest flower;
Not the rose, in all its splendor,
Has such charms within its power.

How my bosom swells with gladness!
How my pulse begins to move!
For my soul is free from sadness—
Filled with healing draughts of love.

Once before such blissful feeling
Ruled the empire of my mind;
But, alas! I was but kneeling
At fell-disappointment's shrine.

She whom then my soul admired,
Loved, adored, and called my own,

Falsely from my arms retired,
Leaving me to sigh and moan.

Love again my breast is filling,
Softly melting through my heart,
And my soul is sweetly thrilling,
While my latent pulses start.

Love has lulled my heart's commotion,
Calmed my bosom's raging storm;
And, athwart my spirit's ocean,
Streams a light so pure and warm.

Thou art young and unassuming—
Unacquainted with the snares,
Which are laid to catch the blooming—
Often laid in tears and prayers.

To the flatterer give no heeding,
Strive the fickle to evade;
They would scoff to see thee bleeding
At the wounds which they had made.

Should the archer's poison arrow
Ever pierce thy tender breast,
Oh! I'll pity thee—for sorrow
Will forever drown thy rest.

Thou art sure a lovely creature,
Fair as seraphim above;

And I trace in every feature,
Thou canst feel the depths of love.

Oh! the chords of fond affection
Springing from that soul of thine,
Seem to twine in sweet connection
With this melting heart of mine.

Wilt thou spurn my adoration?
Wilt thou turn thy face from me?
Give me but thy approbation,
And I then will happy be.

This is but a feeble token
Of affection unto thee;
But in *love* it hath been spoken,
Then, for it, remember me:

Yes—remember me, though parted
We may be on life's bleak main;
Yet, if we but prove true-hearted,
Surely we shall meet again.

But, perhaps, thou *wilt* not love me,
Never cast a smile on me;
And thou mayest oft reprove me
For this pledge of love to thee.

I may never, never press thee
To my throbbing bosom more;

Never may my lips address thee,
As they oft have done before.

Let the world, with all its beauty,
Never lead thy heart astray
From the narrow path of duty,
Nor from "Wisdom's pleasant way."

If I never more should meet thee
While upon the earth I rove,
May my happy spirit greet thee,
In the courts of bliss above!

A Song.

Maiden, hear me! Is it madness
To divulge my feelings here?
No—'twill ease my heart of sadness,
While I drop for thee a tear.

Should I sigh for one who spurns me?
Should my bosom thus be grieved?
Should my soul, despairing, mourn thee,
When thou sayest thou art deceived?

Ah! beneath a load of anguish
I am bowed, both heart and mind,

And my troubled feelings languish
That I treated thee unkind.

Have I wronged thee? If I ever
Spoke a word to give thee pain,
Oh, forgive me! though we never,
Never more may meet again.

Have I wronged thee? If my action
Ever stung thy heart with wo,
Then it drives me to distraction,
For 'twas not intended so.

Nothing gave me greater pleasure,
Than to meet thy soft caress;
For it seemed to fill the measure
Of my earthly happiness.

On thy bosom gently beating,
I was wont to lay my head,
While the moments, sweetly fleeting,
Waked no thoughts of future dread.

When, with thee, the moments whiling,
Time did *swiftly* flow away;
When I saw thy bright lips smiling,
With thee long I wished to stay.

But we are unjustly parted;
Thou art happy, I am not;

Still, if thou art tender hearted,
Pity my unhappy lot.

I would not, dare not, deceive thee,
Though I had it in my power;
No! not for the world aggrieve thee,
To destroy thy peace one hour.

How my breast is wont to tremble
When my actions I review,
But it was not to dissemble,
That I done as I *did* do:

In a moment, when unguarded,
I, perhaps, did wound thy heart,
And for which I am discarded,
Spurned—and bade from thee, "depart!"

Though I am by thee forsaken,
Though I am despised by thee,
Yet my faith is still unshaken,
In thy worth and purity!

Not a fault could I discover,
Not a weakness in thee trace,
While I sat—a dreaming lover—
Folded in thy warm embrace.

Oh, how fleeting are our pleasures!
Like a vision—scarce our own;

Now we grasp their spectral treasures;
In a moment they are gone.

When I thought that joy's glad morning
Brightly dawned upon my sky,
Then an unexpected warning,
Omened sorrow's evening nigh.

Yes! the darkest clouds of sorrow,
That can gloom the mental view,
Thicken o'er me now—to-morrow,
May they wear a milder hue!

Friendship's golden chain is broken,
Ne'er our hearts to bind again;
So these words to thee are spoken,
With commingled grief and pain.

Were I but an infant, lying
On my tender mother's knee,
Then this scourge of grief and sighing,
Never had been known to me.

All is vain—more words are needless;
And my song is light as air;
All is vain—for thou art heedless
To my language of despair.

Think, oh! think not that I loved thee
More than to respect thee well;

If I had 'twould not have moved me
On such theme as this to dwell!

With an eye acute, discerning,
Woman's ways I closely view;
And it sets my bosom burning
For the ones I deem most true;—

Burning—not with lustful fire,
But affection's soothing flame;
And, with her I most admire,
If I can be, there I am.

On thy cheek is beauty glowing,
From thy lips comes melody;
From thy heart is goodness flowing,
In thy glance is witchery.

While my spirit, lowly kneeling,
Pours itself to thee in song,
Something o'er me strangely stealing,
Says thou wilt redress my wrong.

Yes; I claim the kindest blessing
Which thy goodness can bestow;
Wilt thou still, my claim suppressing,
Leave my heart despairing? No!

Deem not this an idle story,
Read it o'er and understand;

And to meet thy soul in glory,
Here's my heart and here's my hand.

Fare-thee-well! In this frail token,
Is not half I wished to tell;
But, since friendship's chain is broken,
Dearest maiden, fare-thee-well!

The Death of an Old Man.

I stood beside the gloomy charnel house,
That cold and damply opened to receive
A lifeless form of clay,—a tenement
That once had animation and a soul,
Which God, for judgment summoned to his bar:
It was a being who had borne the blasts
Of more than fore-score winters, and whose locks
The mystic frosts of age had silvered o'er.
The bloom of health once flushed his manly cheek,
And nerves elastic knit his sturdy frame.
He lived to see two generations swept
Away by Time's still onward rolling tide;
And in his early years traversed the wild,
Dense, pathless forests of the western world,
Where rang the panther's thrilling mid-night scream,
And savage shouts re-echoed 'mong the hills.

The storms of dark adversity he braved
With sternest fortitude; and in the calm
Profound of humble resignation met
Affliction's ruthless darts. Prosperity's
Effulgent beams illumined oft his path,
And made his home the central point of joy.
With honest bosom had he gathered round
Him comfortable affluence; and in
A moral and a fascinating mien,
Won many hearts to love and him esteem.
But Death, the ghastly, pallid messenger,
Dispatched from worlds invisible, stole in;
At one sad stroke, and cold, relentless grasp
Of icy arms, he froze his palsied frame.

Ah, there! within the coffin chill and stiff,
And dreamless, lifeless, and inanimate,
He lies, enfolded in his funeral pall—
The mournful habit that we all must wear.
He heeds us not, who stand around his bier,
And take the last, sad, solemn look upon
His pale remains; nor does he hear the sighs,
And sobs, and shrieks of kindred sorrowing,
Whose throbbing hearts are bursting nigh with grief;
Nor sees the bitter tears of the bereaved,
Who bend, in trembling anguish, o'er his clay,
Perhaps in silence sending up a prayer
To Him who called a father from their midst.
His winning voice is hushed in wakeless sleep,

That oft has charmed our ears to list the sweet
Accents and fluent words fall from his lips,—
His lips that now are sealed in gluey death.

And here! oh, solemn spot! among the dead,
Who sleep in noiseless solitude and calm
Repose, beneath these grassy mounds; whose flesh
Devouring worms, in riot, have consumed—
The yawning tomb its clayey jaws doth gape,
To gulp into its dark abode, this corse.
Ah, weeping group! who circle round its verge,
Bow o'er the sepulchre, and 'neath thee see
The coffin fit the yellow vault,—that is
An awful model of thy final home.

Hark, to the rumbling of the clods that hide
It from my sight forever! Here the hearts
Of orphans bleed with deeper agony,
And widows burning tears do flow afresh.
The chords that linked their hearts together, now
Are snapped asunder, and thrice vivid pains
Do seize with aching torment on their souls.

Eternal God! I shudder at the thought
That such a vault, ere long, must be *my* bed.
Must such a "lap of earth" my pillow be—
So dismal that a ray of yonder sun
Can never penetrate its hidden gloom?
Where I, alone, shall slumber till the trump

Of Gabriel peals the closing march of time
And wakes the earthy dead to meet their judge!
Almighty! in thy boundless plenitude
Of love, and in thy mercy infinite,
Prepare my soul for such an awful change,
That when my body falls a prey to death—
That when I "shuffle off this mortal coil"
And "bid this world of sin and wo adieu,"
The grave shall be a welcome screen from sin,
Whilst o'er immortal charms my soul shall soar.

Departed veteran! now I bid a long
Farewell to thee. The grave hath swallowed thee
Deep in its lone, tenebrious bounds, again
To crumble back to what thou wast before.
The flowers o'er thy pillow oft may bloom
And pour their odors on the passing breeze,
But thou shalt gently sleep and know it not.
The evening dews upon thy grave shall weep,
And vesper melody around thee float,
And stars above thee ever shine serene;
The pale cold moon gleam softly down, as o'er
The world she sails in queenly majesty;
The sun for ages over thy abode
His inextinguishable fires roll;
And eyes from other worlds look down upon
Thy silent dust; and plaintive zephyrs sigh,
And winds their doleful music sing, and howl
The thunders wildly through the lowering sky,

And lightnings flame black midnight's scowling brow:
But thou art wakeless, heedless to them all.
Again, with mourning heart and tearful eye,
I view thy grave and say, farewell, farewell!

To N——.

I hung a captive on thy charms
And saw a world of joy in thee,
While thou didst lean upon my arms,
And sweetly breathe thy love to me.

To Margaret.

Thy lover rests his head
From earthly strife and toil,
Where chilling Winter bleakly spreads
Its gloomy curtains o'er his bed,
That is beneath a northern soil.

How often have I stood
His peaceful grave beside,
In evening's genial solitude,
And dropped a tear in mournful mood
That such a worthy youth had died!

But ah! why did I weep?
Why was my spirit sore?
He only closed his eyes in sleep,
To let his soul exulting leap
O'er Jordan's waves to Canaan's shore.

God called him to his rest,
Where sin can never sting—
Where pain can never rack his breast;
But with the saints of glory blest,
Eternal anthems he will sing.

Although the golden chain
Of love entwined your souls,
You parted ne'er to meet again
On life's dark rolling, stormy main;
For he was wrecked on death's bleak shoal.

No tender mother's care
Could ward the shaft of death;
No father, brother, sister, there,
To offer up for him a prayer,
Or weep at his expiring breath.

No gentle lover's hand
Was there to close his eyes;
And though a stranger in the land,
His God sent down an angel band
To bear him company to the skies.

Methinks I see him lie
Upon his couch of pain,
With pallid cheek and tearful eye,
The whiles his bosom heaves a sigh
For one he ne'er shall meet again.

Oh, stricken one! I know
Thy breast shall ever mourn;
For who that loves can bear such blow
And not be plunged 'mid waves of wo,
To die heart-broken and forlorn.

Thy Andrew is in heaven;
Then, maiden, weep no more,
But ask thy God to be forgiven,
That when across life's sea *thou'rt* driven,
He'll hail thee on a brighter shore.

Mother, Home and Heaven.

There's not three other words so dear,
To worthy objects given,
That sounds so pleasant to the ear
As mother, home and heaven.

The infant on its mother's knee
Looks up with blissful smile,

And lisps *her* name most joyfully
Who dandles it the while.

The youth who sports his giddy round
Must often pause and say,
"My mother! oh, delightful sound—
She taught me how to pray."

We should forever while we live
That blessed name adore;
For 'tis the mother that can give
The mind its richest store.

Her early lessons stamp the soul
With thoughts that never die;
She teaches us our God t' extol,
Who lives above the sky.

She with her kind and tender hand
Makes soft the dying bed;
With cheering words at her command,
She lifts the drooping head.

When youth's bright day has passed away,
Our minds incline to roam,
And whereso'er our course may steer,
We *must* remember home.

Oh, home! it is the blessed spot
Where peace and comfort dwell:

Its joys are those that can't be bought,
Nor tongue its pleasures tell.

Around it floats the air of peace,
And smiles the sunny day,
It fills the soul with painless ease,
And drives distress away.

Love reigns supremely on its throne—
Hope beams within its breast;
Its joys to all are better known
Than they can be expressed.

Dark falsehood there must turn aside
For truth's unspotted glow;
Fierce anger, hatred, folly, pride,
Sink deep in depths below.

The soldier's mind oft takes its flight
To childhood's dreamy hours,
When round his home, in fond delight,
He cropped the blooming flowers.

And if he falls beneath the sword,
To welter in his gore,
His dying lips will speak these words—
"My home I'll see no more!"

The sailor on the watery deep,
Far, far away from shore,

When wailing storms around him sweep,
And howling thunders roar.

He turns his thoughts to mother, home,
And wishes he were there;
He'd never venture more to roam
'Mid dangers and despair.

Oh, Heaven! What a glorious theme
That sacred name imparts,
When down its soft effulgence beams
Into the waiting heart.

The pilgrim's eye while wandering here
Is fixed on things above;
He looks beyond this gloomy sphere
And claims high Heaven's love.

When death's cold withering arms embrace
The dying christian's frame,
And paleness settles on his face,
His trembling lips exclaim—

"That holy word has borne me on
Through troubles, trials, care;
And now my breath will soon be gone
And heaven's joys I'll share."

He passes through the gloomy vale
And crosses Jordan's tide,

While heavenly breezes waft his sail,
And angels are his guides.

On Canaan's shore he claps his hands
And shouts, "the war is o'er;
I've done my Master's whole commands—
I'm safe for evermore!"

A Prayer.

Oh, thou Infinite, Wise and Good,
Enthroned in majesty above!
Who gives me life, and health, and food,
I thank thee for thy tender love.

With pity now behold my wo
And raise me from despondency;
Thine arms of mercy round me throw
While here I bow in prayer to thee.

On thee I call, for thou canst hear
My faint petition at thy feet,
Where deep humility and fear
Urge me thy pardon to entreat.

Not fear of man nor earthly might,
But of thy holy wrath—of hell,

From which my soul would speed its flight
Beneath thy wings of love to dwell.

Oh! thou, alone, who canst upraise
The bended spirit, hear my plea;
Though others scoff, *I'll* seek thy face,
And worship and adore but thee!

'Tis not for fashion nor display—
'Tis not for pride nor gaudy show,
I would presume to kneel and pray
Thy mercies and thy love to know;

But for my sins that tower high—
The weight of crime which on me lies;
Because I fear in guilt to die,
And fall where I shall never rise.

Thou hast all power; thou canst work
And new-create my stony heart:
Destroy those fears that in it lurk,
And bid my anguish all depart.

The following dreadful circumstances occurred in the family of the Rev. A. G. ORSBORN, near Uniontown, Fayette County, Pa. in June, 1852:

Mr. and Mrs. O. had been absent some five days at a meeting, and returned home in the dusk of the evening. The children, on

hearing the buggy at some distance from the house, ran to meet them, when the warmest congratulations ensued. After more than ordinary exhibitions of love toward each other, on the part both of parents and children, they all returned to the house, where the children engaged in the most enrapturing feats of innocent play on the grassy yard in front of the door. The solemn shadows of night were now settling thickly down upon the world. They retired into the house, and, passing from room to room, their little hearts seemed overflowing with transports of enjoyment. But alas! death was then hovering near to blast their golden joys; for scarcely had an hour elapsed, when the father, on calling the family together for prayer, a quantity of ethereal oil by accident became ignited, and immediately exploded. Mr. O. and four of his children were instantly enveloped in angry flames. He was for a few moments stunned into insensibility; but on again recovering his senses, and finding himself on a blaze from head to foot, dragged himself across the floor and thence into the yard, where he rolled his body upon the dewy grass until the fire was extinguished; then, hearing the piteous screams of his burning children, sprang to the door, where he met his little son, who was blazing like a torch; he leaped into his father's arms, that were extended to receive him; and there the flames were likewise smothered upon him on that soft green sward, where, but a short time before, he had sported with such delight. Those of the family who had escaped unhurt, by this time had quenched the flames upon the other victims. Medical aid was speedily called to their relief. The lives of the elder two were saved; but the other two (a little boy and girl, the one seven and the other five years of age) in a few hours afterward expired, without a struggle or a groan. Mr. O. was not seriously burned.

Unfortunate family! torn in one sad moment from the brightest heights of earthly enjoyment, and plunged to the darkest depths of sorrow, misery and pain. Such a heart-rending scene but seldom occurs; and oh! that such were not recorded in the history of mankind. The above narrated circumstance called forth the following elegiac verses:

Elegy.

Alas! how often are we called to mourn
The sudden loss of friends—the death of those
Who bloom like vernal flowers in the morn
Of life and joy. When frowning Autumn blows
Its blasting breezes o'er the gentle rose,

It fades and withers in a single day.
How swiftly vanishes the smile that glows
So sweetly on its cheek! No arm can stay
The power that wildly wastes its charming life away.

The Lord direct my erring hand, and fill
My humble heart with love; and while I sweep
The strings of my dull harp, its discords still.
Awake its innate powers that silent sleep,
That I may pour, by numbers pure and deep,
(For such is worthy of my theme alone,)
Reviving influence to those that weep
The breach misfortune made. Oh, Holy One,
With wisdom 'lume my soul, that I may error shun!

Ye who would sneer at those who mourn, attend
The song of one whose bosom oft has bled
For suffering mortals, and whose hand would lend
Its aid to lift the lowest mourner's head.
Draw nigh and listen: have you tears to shed?
Your hearts, if they be not as ice or stone,
Must melt to tenderness; and if not dead,
Your breasts to sympathy: oh! look upon
This picture, while I strike a sympathetic tone.

Those little cherubs, oh! how full of bliss
Were they their parents' glad return to meet,
And share with rapture the accustomed kiss
That e're awaited them; and hear the sweet

Cadences of a mother's voice repeat
"Good children," with a wonted smile and tear;
And on their father's knees to find a seat,
Where they with mingled prattlings bless his ear,
Then list in turn some tale of love from him to hear.

But, ah! while they are dancing round their sire
With little hearts from thoughts of danger free,
Behold! the element of liquid fire
That moment bursts in flames most wrathfully,
And curls around them. Heaven! can it be
That they must perish ere that smile of love
Has left their cheeks? Alas! methinks I see
Them writhe and sink; their dove-like bosoms move
In dying beauty; then their spirits soar above.

The father, too, with flames is kindled o'er,
That threaten to destroy his body ere
They can be smothered. Happily, before
They pierce his vitals, in their wrath severe,
They are extinguished. God in mercy here
Preserves his precious life, and gives him power
To quench the flames that wrap his Campbell dear
In angry burnings. Wild, distracting hour!
What sorrows on that family sky begin to lower!

Four lovely children and their father dressed
In flames! I startle, and my blood runs cold!

Is there a human being in whose breast
Is pity living, even in fancy could behold
Such scene and tremble not? Despair untold!
One little boy (he died) ah! see him fly
To meet his father, whose fond arms enfold
His fiery form; he speaks with meaning eye,
And says in trembling tones, "Oh, papa! will I die?"

With shrieks of agony the others flew,
But knew not where they fled; for who, alas!
That's "burning like a torch" will think or do
As sober reason would! And so it was
Those two loved children were destined to pass,
Like flowers from our midst, in tender years.
And O, how horrible the death! It has
Been hard to yield them up; but still this cheers
Our hearts—*they are in heaven!* Ah, why our sighs
and tears?

Oh, God! I shudder when my thoughts return
And dwell upon the scenes of that dread night.
I see the angry blazes round them burn
And crisp their tender bodies by their might,
And scorch their golden curls that waved so
bright
And glossy in the breeze that wafted by,
When out they ran, with transports of delight,
To meet their parents, while the twilight sky
Bent o'er them, as it were, to kiss them ere they'd die.

Upon the grassy sward that eve they played
Together in a happy group—next day
Two of them in their shrouds enveloped laid,
Cold, pale and lifeless as the clay.
'Twas not in human skill or power to stay
The hand of death. Above the starry dome
Methinks I see them swiftly course their way,
Escorted by a band of angels home—
There o'er the flowery fields of brighter worlds to roam.

My harp strings scarce will echo to my touch,
As 'neath a leaden weight my spirit bends;
And O, how frail, how meaningless is such
A picture to the real scene, which blends
In one sad moment life and death, and rends
The sacred golden chords of health that chain
The family group together? Oh! it sends
A bitter arrow through my heart. My brain
Bewildered reels, to contemplate their parting pain!

They have been summoned from a world of care,
Where sin and death seem raging evermore,
The comforts of a better land to share
And bathe in seas without a rock or shore;
Where cymbals, harps, and lutes eternal pour
Their music from the shining hills and bowers
That skirt the throne of God. Their pains are o'er,

Their sufferings done; and satan's cruel powers
Can never blast them there—those deathless cherub
flowers!

Bereaved parents! though your loss is great
And seems too hard to bear, O, dry your tears,
And with an humble resignation wait
Until the pallid messenger appears
To send you home, above all toils and fears,
Where you shall hail your "little ones" again
In everlasting blessedness: your ears
Shall there forever hear *their* joyful strain,
With ransomed millions, roll through heaven's wide
domain.

The Lord has taken, in their early days,
Those guiltless ones to live o'er yonder sky
Through all eternity; where songs of praise
To him swell everlasting melody.
Oh! I could weep the tear of sympathy
For those bereft, if that could bring relief;
But ah! in death's cold arms their bodies lie,
While friends for their departure bend in grief
Above their dust and mourn:—Ah! life at length is
brief!

The Atheist.

"*There is no God*," the atheist exclaims!
Ah, fool! who made yon flaming sun, and sent
Him rolling in his glory round the skies?
Who arched that clear cerulean dome above
Thy head—elastic, boundless, beautiful?
Who made the moon that nightly walks her path
Of azure o'er the vaulted canopy,
And sprinkled boundless space with glittering stars?
Who marked the fiery comet's course among
The orbs of heaven, and wheels him thundering on,
From age to age, through groups of shining worlds?
Who sends the howling tempest, dashing forth
With black destruction in its horrid front,
Wild desolation hurling from his hands?
Who meteors tosses through immensity,
And twirls the dazzling lightnings from the clouds?
Who opes the hoary mountain's hideous jaws
And pours from forth the rumbling depths of earth
An ocean-gush of fire against the skies?

Who framed thy agile form, so sensitive,
Thy sparkling eyes, so full of native fire;
Thy tender cheek, touched with the rose's tints,
And painted on thy lips the ruby's hues?
Thy sinewy hands, which, when exerted, can
Mow forests down, and build stairways to heaven;

Can tame the hissing lightnings, and reach down
And tear the heart-strings from thy mother earth?

From whence that mind insatiate of thine?
From whence that principle within thy heart,
That tells thee it will live forevermore?
Is Chance the mighty architect? and did
He build creation with such wondrous skill,
And breathe into thy nostrils breath of life?
Say, is it Chance that clothes the fields with grass—
Enrobes the forests in their beauteous green,
And lifts the gentle flowers from the earth?
That sends the fountains purling from the hills—
The rivers rolling in their majesty,
And walled the chiming oceans in with rocks?
That sends Niag'ra's waters thundering o'er
The awful precipice; whose voice has shook
Astonished millions as they heard and gazed?
Piled hill on hill till mountains lift their heads
Above the clouds, and lean them on the skies?

Ah! was it Chance that dropt that gem of truth—
The Bible, precious volume! from above;
That sacred Book that *must* reform the world?
If so perchance there is a God, whose Son
Was scourged and crucified on Calvary!
Perchance thou hast a soul that shall appear
Before a Judge, Creator, Cause of All,
And there, with all its vile deformity—
Its crime, its unbelief and wretchedness,

Beneath the vengeance of an angry God,
Be thrust away into eternal hell!

When thou art brought upon a bed of death,
Then light and truth from the eternal world
Will burst upon thy guilty soul, that thou
Art lost—forever lost, condemned and damned,
Because of unbelief within thy heart.
See Voltaire, Volney, Paine and Bolingbroke:
They died *convinced;* so many others have;
And while they writhed in death, they owned a God,
And heard hell's surges thunder 'neath their feet!
Dread, everlasting leap into the dark!
A plunge that ne'er shall cease, but ever down
Will tend, far into utter misery!
A flight from earth and all its lovely scenes,
From joys terrestrial, companions, friends;
From heaven, angels, God, and endless bliss,
To herd with hypocrites and murderers,
With thieves, and blasphemers, and liars, damned!
Oh! is there no reality in joy?
And is religion but an empty dream?
What makes the christian, in the jaws of death,
Shout hallelujah, but the love of God?
Who ever died in sin with praise upon
His tongue, nor from the ruthless monster shrunk?

Let nature speak:—The zephyrs whispering through
The groves at twilight's peaceful hour; the brooks
That wind along the vales; the crystal streams

That wash the mountain sides; the joyous birds
That flap the scented air from morn till even;
The rivers, oceans, sun, moon, stars, and clouds,
And thunders,—all proclaim a sovereign God,
But vaunting, unbelieving, skeptic man!
Oh, rebel worm! thy puny arm's too short
To pluck the great Jehovah from his throne;
So turn, repent, believe, and thou shalt live.

On the Death of a Young Lady.

Alas, she is no more! Her heart is cold
And pulseless,—lifeless as the yellow clay
In which it moulders,—we no more behold
Her graceful form, nor hear the melting lay
Pour from her lips, that charmed the soul away;
Those eyes, so full of love and joy, now sleep
To wake no more until that awful day,
When the Archangel's trumpet-voice shall sweep
Its mighty thunder-tones through nature's startled deep.

It must be sweet to die the Christian's death,
And say to earth and all its woes, Adieu!
To yield to God the prayer-incensed breath,
While heaven and all its glories heave in view;

Then doth the soul through every avenue
Of the dissolving body, haste to be
Eliberated, that it may pass through
The lonely vale of death, and swiftly flee,
With harp new-strung, to sing eternal victory.

Thus thou didst pass, fair maiden! in the bloom
Of youth and beauty, to a higher sphere,
Where Satan, sin, death, grief, nor sorrow's gloom
Have ever entered yet to wring a tear
From those that cluster there amid the clear
Effulgence beaming from Jehovah's face;
Yes, thou dost breathe the pleasant atmosphere,
Sweet with Elysian odors, and embrace
Ten thousand pleasures in that high and holy place.

The fairest flower that blooms must fade and die,
However sweet and full of loveliness;
So death will close and seal the brightest eye,
And paleness on the ruby lip impress:
Oh, lovely girl! thy every silken tress
Has been a home for worms, in that abode
Where thou wast laid in thy last earthly dress,
By many, who their gushing tears bestowed
Upon thy dust—thy spirit lives at home with God.

The words thou spakedst on thy dying bed—
"There's none but Jesus I desire to see"—
Forbid thy friends a *bitter* tear to shed,

But tell them they shall meet again with thee,
When they have crossed life's dark and stormy sea.
What cheering language, fated girl! thou'st given
To those that cherish still thy memory!
There is a chord, when earthly ties are riven,
To link our souls to those who've passed before to heaven.

Gone, fragile girl! and we are left behind,
To linger yet a season on the shore
Of time, where lashing wave and howling wind
Sweep ever with a wild, tumultuous roar.
Oh, that, like thee, *our* troubles here were o'er,
That we could course our journey to the skies,
And hail our happy friends who've passed before
To endless bliss, and claim the christian's prize—
A crown of stars—and feel that joy that never dies!

A Song.

Dearest girl! we now are parted,
Though we truly still are friends;
For I know thou art true hearted,
And with thine my spirit blends.

Think not that love's tie is broken;
No, it ne'er can sundered be,

For this is to thee a token,
That I'll e'er remember thee.

Oh! what hours of sacred pleasure,
I have spent with thee, dear maid!
Drank of joy's inspiring treasure,
Rested in its balmy shade.

First I saw thee where two lovers
At the nuptial altar met:
Oh, how oft my spirit hovers
'Mid that scene of beauty yet!

Oh, the walk we had together,
On that evening mild and fair!
Cloudless was the balmy weather;
Cloudless was our ramble there.

Far along the lane traversing,
Shaded in the twilight grey,
Fondly each to each conversing—
Thus the party roamed away.

Cynthia poured a silvery ocean
Softly from her azure throne;
And the stars, as in devotion,
Glittered through the ether dome;

And the breeze was sweetly freighted
With the early flowers' perfume;

And the scene me so elated,
That it banished, quite, all gloom.

Morpheus spread his wings of slumber
Softly o'er my happy brow:
Oh! the times are without number,
That I've thought of thee as now:

For, in lonely meditation,
As the Muse instructeth me,
All my thoughts have concentration,
And they're centered all in thee.

I, in silence, now am thinking;
Of our meetings do I dream;
Closer still my soul is linking
To thee, as I swell my theme.

Friendship still to thee I cherish,
And, though we may never meet,
Yet, until my memory perish,
Will my dream of thee be sweet.

Hope within my soul's embalming
Relics thou hast given me;
Love my troubled breast is calming,
As I meditate of thee!

Oft I walk in calm reflection
In the stilly shades of night,—

Then, in tender recollection,
Doth *my* soul with *thine* unite.

When the gentle breezes whisper,
And the stars do smile on thee,
View the mildly waning vesper,
View it and—*remember me!*

And, when thou, amongst the flowers
At the rosy morning stray,
Or, at even roam the bowers,
Think of me, though far away.

Every waft of memory bringeth
Some sweet thought, dear girl, of thee:
Yes, my memory to thee clingeth
With undying constancy.

As the hours away are stealing—
Ah! how speedily they flit—
Some fond thought of thee revealing,
Whispers, I shall meet thee yet.

Though a cloud did once come o'er us,
Dimming our affections bright,
Yet behind, and not before us,
It has vanished from our sight.

Not a shade is now between us;
Not a wave on love's pure deep;

As the angels first had seen us,
So they our affections keep.

Oh! I never will forget thee
While my Saviour lends me breath;
Glad that I on earth have met thee;
May I meet thee after death.

I must quit my song and leave thee;
Rest awhile my pensive brow;
But thy absence oft must grieve me,
As our parting grieves me now.

Thy remembrance long shall brighten,
E'en till hoary is my head;
Then it shall in beauty heighten;
Yea, until my dream is fled.

When thou art in prayer kneeling,
Oh! wilt thou remember me;
Ask the balm that is all-healing,
On this humble worm, and thee!

Be thy pleasure blighted, never—
Angels guard thee here below;
Be thy trust in God forever;
Seek alone *His* face to know.

Earthly joys are transitory,
Light and empty as the air;

Then why not aspire to glory,
Where eternal comforts are?

May thy Saviour ever charm thee
By the glories of his love;
May the wicked never harm thee
Till we meet in heaven above!

Could I in my arms enfold thee,
And with thee a moment dwell!
But I cannot now behold thee,
So must say to thee—farewell!

The Drunkard.

I saw him reeling from the grog-shop door,
With fiery eyes and red and bloated cheek;
He staggered like a vessel on the sea,
About to plunge beneath the rushing waves,
And sink forever in the gloomy deep;
His tongue was heavy, yet he cursed his God,
And muttered threatenings against his friends,
With thoughts of murder burning in his heart.
I turned away and would have shunned the sight,
But pity bade me look again: he fell,
And wallowed in the mire; and e'en the swine
That passed him by appeared to loathe his form,

And hasted from his presence in disgust.
Oh, miserable man! descend so low
As thus to be despised and loathed by beasts!

I paused and thought—Alas! that man should run
The *roughest* road to ruin, when the *smoothest* course
Is set with thorns and snares, and swept with storms
Of pains and difficulties; that where peace
And happiness are offered, if he choose;
Where length of days, where honor and renown,
Love, glory, greatness, wisdom, strength, applause,
Wealth, beauty, worthy friends, affection, all,
He can obtain, if Virtue's path he treads,
And fills the wise commands of nature's God;—
He rushes from them all o'er thorns and goads,
Adown the gloomy path of sin and shame,
To burn forever in Jehovah's wrath,
And plunge among the wailing damned in hell!
I start alarmed at such a thought, and cry
To the inebriate—Return, return!
Before thy everlasting doom is sealed,
And thou art merged in that long night of death,
Through which no beam of day shall ever gleam.

A drunkard is the meanest thing that lives—
No act too vile, no language too obscene,
No oath too black, nor thought too desperate,
For him to father as his bosom pet,
Or run with eagerness to perpetrate.
With passions fired by perdition's torch,

And seven devils dancing in his heart,
He'd stamp the laws of God beneath his feet,
Would dash aside the human code, and spill
The blood of innocence, unmortified.
Nothing above the burning pit of hell,
So near the pit, and fitted for its flames,
As drunken man. Not even fit is he
To herd with swine, much less his fellow-man.
His heart is ripe for ruin; and his soul
Transforms from likeness of divinity,
Into the fearful image of a fiend.
Among the howling damned in Erebus
He deepest sinks, embraced by endless death,
And tortured by the "worm that never dies;"
Tormented, goaded, cursed forevermore.

A Drunkard! who would so debase himself
As to be called a *drunkard?* who would sell
His soul to Satan for a life of wo,
And an inheritance in nether hell?
Are wretchedness, disgrace, and *double death*
To be prefered to honor, happiness,
A peaceful life on earth, and, most of all,
A home at last in heaven? Oh, truly not!
And yet the former, countless thousands choose.
A drunkard is the link 'twixt earth and hell;
A fleshly demon and a bloat of crime;
A murderer of pleasure and of time;
He gropes his way in darkness and in pain,
And mocks at innocence and virtue slain;

With foul contempt spurns christianity,
And yet the Saviour spilt his blood, that he
Might live forever in his arms of love,
In that bright world of happiness above!

Musings of a Sinner.

Oh! why my heart so cold and feelingless?
It once was warm with love's inspiring flame;
But I was wooed in paths of wickedness,
Until I cursed the great Redeemer's name:

I loved to linger in the house of God,
Where praise was given to the Lord on high;
And there my youthful head sincerely bowed,
While tears of penitence suffused my eye.

The gospel melted then my tender soul;
Its saving truths how fondly did I hear;
But now, alas! its warning thunders roll
With wakeless echoes on my slumb'rous ear:

Why is it thus? I would it were not so!
Is mercy's door forever on me barred?
And shall my grieving spirit never know
Religion's joys—the christian's great reward?

Christian's reward? O, yes! for in this world
'Tis like a lamp to guide his wandering way:
'Tis as a shield when scathing darts are hurled:
It opens to his eyes eternal day;—

Eternal day? Yes; that's his last reward,
When he has crossed the stream of Jordan o'er;
There, on the bosom of his blessed Lord,
His weary head will rest forevermore.

Lord, I believe thy sacred word divine,
And pray thee to bestir my latent heart;
Let thy awakening spirit it incline
To seek thy way, and from it ne'er depart.

If thou art, Lord, indeed the sinner's friend,
If thou canst set the slave from bondage free,
If thou dost answer prayer, O, wilt thou send
Thy pardoning grace to one so vile as me?

Thy "spirit shall not always strive with man,"
Then, ere it take its everlasting flight
From this cold breast of mine, once more again
I ask thee to bestow its living light.

From sin to sin I have been lured along,
By the great tempter of the human soul:
I've chased his phantoms, heard his syren song,
Until I'm bound beneath his dread control.

As 'gainst the rocks the rolling billows sweep,
So dark remorse for guilt has lashed my heart;
And as the thunders of the surging deep,
The voice of Heaven says, "from sin depart!"

And as the vapors darken o'er the sky,
Thus sorrow shrouds my bosom in dismay;
And as the sun is clouded from the eye,
So heaven hides from me its holy ray.

Eternal Spirt! draw aside the veil
That hides my Saviour from my streaming eyes;
Waft, waft this way a heaven-incensed gale,
And bear my drooping thoughts toward the skies.

This life's a dream of joy and sorrow:
We live to-day and die to-morrow.

Song of the truly Pious.

This house of clay must soon decay
And moulder in the tomb;
But trouble's storm can ne'er alarm
It in that silent gloom.

The monster, Death, may steal my breath,
And hush this stammering voice,

But I shall rise above the skies,
Forever to rejoice.

There, on the wing, I'll soar and sing
O'er flowery fields abroad,
And with delight in glory bright,
Behold my Saviour, God.

There ne'er again shall racking pain
Through this frail system dart,
Nor grief destroy my peace and joy,
Nor sin pollute my heart.

I there will string my harp and sing
Around my Jesus' feet,—
Will chant his praise in holy lays,
Along the golden street.

Oh, blessed thought! to have a lot
With the redeemed above;
There to adore, forevermore,
The God of truth and love!

Roll on that day when I can say
Farewell to every care,
And go to rest on Jesus' breast,
And breathe Elysian air.

Yes; I shall meet his presence sweet,
And lean upon his arms;

And ever free my eyes shall be
To view unfading charms.

I shall behold a throne of gold,
Where God, the Father reigns;
And with the throng will raise my song
To him in gladdest strains.

Oh! shed abroad, almighty God,
Within my heart *more* love;
And when I leave this world, receive
Me home to thee above.

Give me Solitude.

Oh! let me in solitude wander alone,
Where the voice of the populace never was heard,
Nor the lumining beams of the sun ever shone,
And list to the song of the wild mountain bird.

Among the tall cliffs where the green waving pine,
In the breath of the zephyrs majestic'ly sway,
And sweet-scented blossoms the ledges entwine,
There, musing, in silence I fondly would stray:

Or up where the ivy-clad rocks hang aloft,
And the thick tangled laurels of centuries grow,

In lone meditation I'd list to the soft
Mellow murmurs of rivulets dancing below:

On the moss-covered granite, there—there would I sit,
Beneath the green arches so loftily spread,
And watch the gay warblers in merriment flit,
And sing their love-sonnets high over my head.

Oh! there the bright Muses *my* song would inspire
To sing of the pleasures I'll witness no more;
And breathe in my bosom a heavenly fire,
As I'd rove on light pinions to seasons of yore.

How sweet is the memory of life's early dawn,
When streams of enjoyment refreshed my young soul!
But alas! like a vapor they've vanished and gone,
And sorrow's dark ocean seems o'er me to roll!

I glory to ramble in morning's gay hours,
'Mong roses and lilies all shining with dew,
And hear the pure music that rings from the bowers,
Of birds giving praise to their Maker, anew:

On pinions of rapture the soul must arise,
And higher and higher exultingly soar,
In night's stilly watches to view the broad skies,
By Almighty wisdom with worlds spangled o'er:

I love the reflection—extremely sublime—
How the "stars of the morning" their glad anthems
sung,
When, into mid vacuum, enveloped in time,
The earth by the hands of Jehovah was hung!

Adown in the valley, where once was my home,
Where nature has spread her soft carpets of green,
I there would return, and in solitude roam,
In sweet recollection of life's early scene:

'Twas there my young bosom first felt a love-thrill,
As with my companions I danced on the maze,
And heard iterating from hill o'er to hill,
The music of nature—enrapturing lays!

There, tenantless, stands the loved cot of my child-
hood,
Low down in the dale where the pure water glides,
That murmurs from out of the deep shady wildwood,
And willows stoop lowly and drink from its sides.

In transports of glory, when earth's multitude
Is silently slumbering on beds of repose,
I wander, all lonely, to vast solitude,
And feast on the beauties its hours disclose.

Oh! give to me solitude where I may view,
In unbroken stillness, the deep of my soul:

And call on my Saviour to frame it anew,
And reign in its temple with perfect control!

The Thunder Storm.

The sun his route diurnal had performed,
And o'er the western hill-tops dimly now
Was seen, himself imbedding, as it were,
Among the golden fringes of a cloud,
That had appearance of a mountain huge,
Toward the sky its black bulk rearing up.
Converging to a perfect calm, upon
The world a stillness rested: beasts were mute,
Nor birds did utter songs among the bowers.
All human creatures seemed to pause awhile,
As conscious of impending terror near.
This deep, untaciturnal silence, why?
Why airy minstrels cease your mellow notes?
Why hangs this awful stillness o'er the world?
Why every leaflet so profoundly still?
Is Nature dead, and you her funeral pall,
Slow spreading far around from north to south?
Or does she only hold her breath awhile,
To expirate a consternating gust?
Why dismal shadows limn the western skies?
Why roll those billowy columns up on high,

And tumble each o'er each in horrid rage?
An awful tumult lurks where yonder cloud
Uptowers tall, the heavens e'en to scour.
It seems as though a dreadful world of gloom
Were nurstled on the ebon lap of night,
Forth wheeling, all, upon the Tempest's car,
To dye the earth in black, indelible.
Like warring serpents how its edges writhe,
Commingling curl with convoluting curl;
And down among its pitchy banks, how peep
The horrid lightnings out! The thunders—hear
Them growling back amid the gloom, hoarse, deep,
And muttering far along the blackening mass!
Ah, what unearthly bass they roll, aback
Among the caverns of the murky heap!

Oh, what a solemn gown the earth puts on
To-night, whose pockets hold Jove's thunder-bolts!
Behold! around the selvage of the cloud,
Vast serrata gaps abruptly open wide,
As eager to emit an inward flood,
And saturate an agitating world.
See! how the steeds, excited, circle round
The fields, and prance and shake their flowing manes;
The cattle toss their heads erect and run
Bewildered as the thunders round them roll.
More horrid far than battle's fiercest rage,
When phalanxed cannons belch big noise and flame,
The thunders peal and lightnings flash around.

The gloomy monster, reeling onward, comes,
Huge bluff confronting bluff, then 'sunder tears,
And from its folds, enormous, torrents pours,
As if great Ocean had forsook her bed
To circumnavigate and wash the world.
Behold! the sturdy hills are bowed before
The devastating storm; and see! the oaks
Upon the ground in myriad splinters dashed:
The howling tempest fiercely tears them up,
And, tangling into overwhelming drifts,
They reel and thunder down the rugged slopes!

The light is swallowed up 'mong sable gloom,
That thickens deep as primal night; and now
'Tis dark as Egypt's smitten hills, and wild
As Death's cold fingers clutching round the heart,—
Save now and then a fiery shaft glows down
Among the pathless black, and roars aloud,
Till nature seems to tremble all around,
As though the ague clung her flouncing frame:
Ah! now they dart their ragged tongues through all
The air, and twirl along the canopy!
The vales are gorged with hideous noise, that rolls
And jowers back and forth from hill to hill,
And rumbles upward to the doleful clang
Of traverse blazers echoing on high:
Rock groans to rock, trunk howls to trunk, and fierce
The thunders roar, the glittering lightnings play,
Cloud rolls on rolling cloud, hill howls to hill.

Why this amazing elemental war?
Jehovah has unreined the winds, and let
The jangling storm-hounds loose: list, how they bark,
While roaming madly o'er the billowy skies
And rave among the weaving forests, wild!
God writes his power with a stream of fire
And rides in majesty upon the storm.
Destruction blooms in every thunderbolt,
And ruin marks the foot-steps of the blast:—

And still the wild thunder was heard to resound,
As though a huge mountain were hurled from its bed,
To crush down the hills with a ponderous bound,
And vent consternation as onward it sped.

The red lightnings flashed from their home in the clouds,
As if they would kindle the world in a glare;
And fiercer and fiercer the wind shrieked aloud,
Carousing and rushing, the forests to tear.

The waters are tossing and churning to foam,
And heaving big surges high up on the shore:
They loosen their rocks from their long solid home,
And tumble them down with a dash and a roar.

Ah! list to the creaks of the old tower walls
As they sway to and fro in the might of the gale;
Hark, hark! to the crashing—they totter—they fall,
While from them arises a piteous wail.

Aurora broke forth in the orient skies,
And lulled were the elements calmly to sleep;
But look at the tower—in ruin it lies,
And scores gather round it, in pity, to weep.

Down deep in the ruins, where arm cannot save,
A vast congregation lies mangled and crushed;
The thunders left, howling a dirge o'er their grave;
The wind shrieked a farewell, then sullenly hushed.

The Lover's Address to his Lady.

Most charming creature in the world!
In thee perfection hath unfurled
Her tints of beauty, grace, and love,
And formed thee gentle as the dove.

Thy soul its pureness from it throws,
As fragrance from the opening rose
Is wafted on the breeze's wings,
To sweeten all surrounding things.

Upon thy fair, angelic face
The brightest lines of love I trace;
And through thine orbs of violet blue
I glance—and see thy heart is true.

The lily in the morning's beams,
When dew of heaven on it gleams,
Is not so fair, dear girl, as thee,
Nor purer than thou seemest to be.

The rose, with all its fragrance crowned,
So sweet as thee, is nowhere found;
And stars that twinkle in the sky,
Are not the rivals of thine eye.

A single glance from thee, alone,
Will thrill the heart though hard as stone,
And softly touch its latent strings,
Till music back to thee it flings.

A word from thee will sweetly roll
In lovely accents o'er the soul,
And tune *its* chords to melody,
Till they re-echo back to thee.

Queen Cynthia robed in silvery light,
And seated on the throne of night,
Hath not so fair a face as thine—
Nor all the hosts that round her shine.

Thy beauteous lips upon them wear
A tinge more bright than rubies are;—
How can they speak a note of guile,
For on them sits an angel's smile?

A smile—I pause—my harp is still;
It fails to serve me at my will!
A smile! my heart begins to swell,
And pants with thee awhile to dwell.

A smile—O, harp, awake, awake!
I'll touch a chord that forth shall break
In loftier strains than bards of old,
E'er sounded on their harps of gold.

A smile—it fires my inmost soul,
And makes its centre as the goal
From whence emotions blest arise,—
A bliss that lives and never dies.

A smile—I start to see it move,
As emblematic of the love
Which thou dost cherish, sure, for me,
And which none other should but thee.

Aloft, on flowery wings I rove,
And dip my pen in fire of love
To write of thee, as fair a flower
As ever gemmed Columbia's bower.

O, Muse, descend! my song inspire,
And breathe upon my tingling lyre,
That I may sing of whom my soul
Must now and evermore extol.

I bow before thy presence fair,
And lift my heart in silent prayer
For guardian angels to descend
And both our souls together blend;

And then like doves our future hours
We'll spend 'mong amaranthine bowers,
And perfect love will be our theme
Till we must quit life's fleeting dream;

Then up on high where angels dwell
Our harps anew we'll touch and swell,
And bloom in peace forever there,
Where everlasting pleasures are.

A Tribute to the Monongahela River.

How long, bold river! hast thou rolled thy way
Among these hills that rise along thy shores
And open their rough bosoms to thy face?
Here nature high has reared her battlements
And laid her breast-works firmly at thy sides,
To wall thy waters in, and on them set
Her regiments of giant oaks. Here thou
Art cradled in the fertile vale, where swarms
Of happy beings move in joyous life,
And treasures seem abundant as thy sands.

Here thou hast tossed, and dashed, and rolled against
The rock-ribbed shores with stunning waves, and sung
Thy anthems to the sweeping winds, and heaved
Thy troubled bosom to the frowning clouds.
I've seen thee beat the rocks with surges mad;
And, too, I've seen thee send thy billows out
And drag the banks into thy fearful depths.
Thy breath has wet the verdant hills, and dewed
The foliage on thy ever lovely shores;
And thou hast flowed in majesty along,
When far away from thee the tempests slept,
Or bellowed fiercely over other realms.
When this proud land was all a wilderness
The tawny wild-man sported on thy breast,
And filled the vale with whoops of savage glee.
The wood then bloomed as nature spread it out;
Nor hand of art had ere disturbed a bough,
Or touched this vast domain with ax or spade;
And now a nation, unexcelled in strength,
Has made "the wilderness to bloom," and hung
The stars and stripes on every teeming hill;
Reared Freedom's glorious standard to the sun,
Till kings and tyrants, despots, demagogues,
From earth's remotest hill tops, wondering, gaze—
And soon must drop their chains and imitate.

Ere Providence had sent the giant, Art,
With sinewy arm to sweep the woods away;
Ere Agriculture drove her iron share

Through blest America's luxuriant soil,
The flowers smiled, uncropt, upon the hills,
And breathed their sweetness on the breeze in vain;
For dark, untutored minds could not enjoy
Perfume, but rather sought the field of war
To scent the blood of those they loved to slay.
But what a change a century has wrought!
Where once the Indian scouted through the wood
And hurled his arrow at the timid deer,
The yellow corn is waving on the plain;
And on thy lucid breast, fair river! where
The savage plied his homely oars, in bark
Canoe, and sailed at pleasure o'er thy waves
Away, or floated on thy surface calm,
The gallant steamer plows her onward course,
And from her prow sends foam and spray abroad
In angry whirls, as though she'd split thy depths
And chase the waves in fury up the hills,
Or dash them into mist against the rocks
That hold the steeps from tumbling into thee!

I love to see her cleave the flood, and toil,
And plunge, and urge along the surging tide,
And send a whistle, e'en so shrill abroad
That breaks the silence of surrounding miles—
To which the beasts and birds are shocked to list;
Even man's stout bosom thrills her voice to hear.
I love to stand upon thy beach when eve's
Dim shadows gather gently o'er the earth,
And hear the leaves come rustling from the oaks

And twit their mournful music as they fall,
Circling and slow, upon thy waveless breast.

When the pale moon, in silvery mantle dressed,
The eastern steeps of ether slowly climbs,
And pours a mellow flood of light across
The towering trees upon thy glassy face,
I feel constrained to ramble at thy side
And hold communion with the glorious scene—
With solitude, and, more than all, my God.
I love to walk thy pebbly beach in deep
And solemn meditation, when the winds
Are hushed, and all the world seems lulled to rest,
Save my own tread upon the moistened leaves
That withered at the frost's chill breath, and gaze
Upon thee, sacred water! for thou hast
A chain of holy mem'ries linked with thee!

A thousand years ago, these very hills,
At morn and even, shadowed thee as with
Protecting wings; and dimpled thy fair cheek
The zephyrs, as they sported from the shores,
Where they had wantonly the flowers fanned,
And with the herbage on thy borders played.
And o'er the great highway ethereal
Where tempests gallop in their fury forth,
Wild clouds have woven dismal webs of gloom,
Surcharged with mighty thunders ripe to roar
And split the very winds and darkness through
With hissing shafts that fairly scorched thy waves

With blasting heaps of golden glare and flame,
Piled in the blackness, threatening to pall
The trembling world as for a fiery tomb;—
All this, fair river! passed thy notice when
Thou wert but young on earth's sequestered lap.
The melody of thy bright waves is sweet:
It rises to the skies as paradigm
For chiming stars above to imitate.
How wild thy shores, and yet how beautiful!
Happy Columbia's sons who tread thy banks,
Or ride upon thy softly rolling tide!
And o'er thee, too, has rolled the cannon's boom,
Till trembled with alarm these lofty hills
Are hoarsely echoed back the horrid bass
In triple thunders on the murdering ranks:
Then *smoky* clouds curled o'er the gloomy cliffs,
And dismal shadows on thy bosom cast:
And thou didst flush with tides of human gore
That hissed profusely from most valiant hearts,
And gurgled down thy banks in smoking floods,
Or clotted in the skirting grove, thy blush
To still prolong, as 'shamed of actions such.
Then lion-hearted heroes, struggling, fell,
Upon whose flesh voracious vultures fed;
And greedy wolves gnawed at their mingled bones,
Then left them bleaching on the field of strife.

Time's locks are growing white with age, but thou,
Most lovely stream, art fair as when the stars

Of morning sung their anthems in the skies.
Unchanging ever roll thy onward course,
And dauntless front thy sister elements.
Though they may war, and drive, and howl in wild
Commotion to and fro, and growl and shriek
Unearthly sounds to thee, and to these bluffs,
Untarnished in thy splendor onward glide,
For thou dost wear unrivalled loveliness.
A gem thou art of Ocean, sparkling in
The happy heart of young America!
A mirror set in earth's broad bosom, for
The sun, and moon, and stars to peep into!
A stream that God has poured for centuries
From famed Virginia's hills, to gambol on
Forever in its majesty sublime!

To Harriet.

I have heard the zephyrs sighing
As they floated softly by,
When the shades of night were nighing—
Dimly spreading o'er the sky.

I have heard the turtle cooing,
And the happy mimic sing,
And the lark its song renewing,
As the morn-cloud wet its wing.

I have heard the tempest sweeping—
Howling o'er field and wood,
And have roamed where nature, sleeping,
Formed unbroken solitude.

I have heard the thunder breaking,
Heavy, harsh, tremendous, dread;
And have seen the lightnings streaking
All the arch above my head.

I have heard the torrent roaring
As it on in fury drove,
And have seen the water pouring
From the low'ring clouds above.

I have seen the cat'ract dashing,
Pitching o'er the rocky steep—
Plunging, raging, whirling, splashing,
Down amid the foaming deep.

I have seen the moon in splendor
Wading o'er the shades of night,
With a glance so mild and tender,
Streaming far her silver light.

I have gazed with deepest pleasure
At the starry hosts on high,
Twinkling in the boundless measure
Of the blue expanded sky.

I have rambled through the bowers,
When the birds with sonnets gay
Fluttered 'mong the opening flowers
At the rosy dawn of day.

Nature's works are truly splendid—
Day, night, forest, field and sky;
These, with all their beauty blended,
Now I view with mental eye:—

But there is a *gem* of nature
Fairer than all else I've seen,—
Angels' smiles in every feature—
Perfect grace in every mien.

And her voice is spirit-warming:—
Oh! I never can forget
When I listened to the charming,
Heavenly voice of —— Harriet.

A Song.

The shadows of evening, so gentle and still,
Were falling in dimness abroad o'er the earth,
And the birds in the valleys, the fields and the hills,
Had hushed for a season their sonnets of mirth;

And far in the regions of ether and blue,
Where cloud, neither vapor, had ventured to stray,
The stars in their glory came glittering through,
As if to enliven the exit of day.

Oh! pure was the rapture I felt at the hour,
And joyously sported my thoughts at the time,
While Vesper I viewed in her magical power,
And the Muse to my fancy limned colors sublime.

My bosom was glowing with joy at the scene
That op'd to my vision—most charming to see:
'Twas then in the beauty of nature serene
That I gazed at the loveliness—beauty of thee!

I glanced but a moment at thee, and I felt
A kindling of transport within my cold breast,
As though a kind angel descended to melt
And calm its high throbbings profoundly to rest.

Thy look was reviving, enchanting thy smile;
Thy beauty more lovely than I can portray.
With thee and thy comrades I parted awhile,
To join with the jovial, the happy and gay.

I met thee again, and again did we part,
Where the young and the handsome in merriment met;
And such the impression it made on my heart,
That I never—no, never, the scene can forget.

Peace, comfort and happiness surely were thine,
For thou hadst returned to thy friends from afar;
But deepening sadness and sorrow were mine,
Which seem all my happiness ever to mar.

May pleasure be with thee, and with thee success;
Be Virtue thy guardian and Wisdom's thy way.
When this world thou leavest, in seraphim's dress,
Thy soul shall inhabit the realms of day;

And there, on the plains of felicity bright,
By winds and temptations no more to be driven,
I'll meet thee, to view with ecstatic delight
The glories and charms of the scenery of heaven.

To J. S. L.

Our youthful years have, like a dream,
All passed away; and now we here
Are found on manhood's rolling stream,
Whose troubled waters we must steer.
But oft we turn and gaze
To those delightful days,
When all around was bright and clear,
Illumed by joy's pellucid beam.

We oft have leaped the green hill-side,
To catch the painted butterfly;

And rambled in our childish pride
By brooks that laughed as we passed by;
Then, blossoms round our feet
Seemed rising us to meet,
And op'd their bosoms to the sky,
And breathed their odors far and wide.

Oh! how we loved each sunny day
To angle in the waters bright,
And listen to the music gay,
Accordant with the gorgeous sight
That lay before our eyes,
Where gentle slopes did rise
All lovely, strewn with flowers light,
That beckoned us to roam away.

And, too, we loved the oaky hill,
To ramble in the cooling shade,
When everything was calm and still,
Save when our merry voices made
The woods around us ring,
And birds start on the wing
To find us on their rights invade,
And drive them from their nests at will.

And oft we used the meads to roam
Among the waving grass so tall;
And then at eve we'd hasten home
As though we heard a lover's call.
The moments then our own

Like mountain mists have flown:
As Autumn leaves we soon must fall,
And, as the evening, death will come.

To grief and sorrow we are born,
And as the flowers must we fade;
But ah! in life's bright sunny morn
We dream not of the evening shade.
The young *may* die, alas!
And wither as the grass;
The aged all *must* soon be laid
In death, by years of sorrow worn.

Our parting I must e'er deplore,
And drop full oft a bitter tear.
Perhaps on earth we'll meet no more,
Though to my heart I hold thee dear.
Time hurries swiftly on,
And life will soon be gone;
Then we must freight the mournful bier,
And pass from time's unhallowed shore.

Oh! let us never deign to rove
From truth, and pray to be forgiven;
That while "we live, and breathe, and move,"
Peace from our hearts may ne'er be driven:
And when we leave this world
Pure bliss shall be unfurled,
And we shall meet high up in heaven
To bask in God's eternal love!

An Evening in May.

One evening when the golden sun
  Was sinking in the west,
Proclaiming that his task was done
  And now he'd go to rest,
I stood upon a lovely plain,
  That spread its verdant arms
As if my roving mind to gain
  By holding out its charms.

Beside me flowed a silvery stream
  That seemed to dance and play,
While on it fell the last bright gleam
  Of Sol's departing ray.
It murmured softly on my ear,
  Commingling with the sighs
Of zephyrs whisp'ring mild and clear
  Beneath the cloudless skies.

The flowers smiled o'er all the ground
  And op'd their petals wide,
And richly sent their fragrance round
  Upon the breezy tide.
The warblers all had hushed their notes
  Till morn should light the east;
For not a sound came from their throats,
  On which my soul might feast.

Night's misty veil began to fall
  Upon the beauteous earth—
To wrap it in a shady pall
  Till rosy morning's birth.
Oh, how the soul, at such a time,
  Can sweetly meditate
While viewing scenes so grand, sublime,
  With purest joys elate!

I, musing, cast my eyes abroad
  O'er charms most richly fair,
And saw a maiden, who to God
  Was sending up a prayer:
'Twas where her tender lover lay
  In death's cold, damp embrace,
And she had come to kneel and pray
  Above his resting place.

She loved him when the rose's hue
  Glowed on his healthful brow,
And breathed to her, in words most true,
  A lover's faithful vow,
Though death with stern, relentless blow
  Their earthly ties had riven,
Yet she devoutly prayed to go
  And join his soul in heaven.

The Blasphemer.

Incarnate fiend! who dares to ope his mouth,
All putrid, ulcered, ugly, and deformed
By monstrous writhes to spew his vileness out,
And from his dev'lish tongue rolls horrid oaths
And bitter curses up to God, who sits
Enthroned in majesty divine, enough
To make all heaven weep and hell ashamed!

Transcendent fool! in folly doubly mad,
And gorged to hideous bloatedness with sin
Of most abominable character,
To think by dismal oaths of harming Him
Who, at a single touch, could crush a world,
Or at a glance could burn creation up!
The God who poises on his lofty arm
The multifarious orbs by him create;
And whose paternal eyes survey at once
All space infinite, whether orbed or void;
Who rolls the shining spheres around his throne,
And with his presence lights the universe.

Terrific worm! huge fleshly budget of
Infernal dregs! the Devil's trump, through which
He blows black blasphemies—hot, reeking from
The pitchy caverns of sulphuric hell!

The thunders of Almighty God, unchained,
In wrath shall scathe his unrepentant soul
That kindles fire-brands to set on flame
The evil passions of his brother's heart;
That hatches oaths, whose filthy seeds take root
And rankly grow in soil of other breasts.
Damnation's sooty vaults reverberate
With hollow howls of blasphemers accursed;
And every hideous wave that sweeps athwart
The storm-gloomed "lake of fire," hath myriad stings
To lash and pierce his soul in endless wo;
Where he shall sink still deeper, deeper down
The nether whirlpool of infernal night;
Where everlasting storms howl horrid war,
And thunders clash with thunders with'ring wrath.
Hair-hung o'er this the heedless blasphemer
Swings; 'twixt his soul and it, a breath alone
Is all that intervenes: O, heaven save
Him ere he drops to plow its burning waves!

Virtue immaculate him spurns, him loathes
As a foul visage from the sulphur pool,
Whom God abhors and devils brother call;
Whom guardian angels walk not with by day,
Nor court his pillow with their love by night,
To ward a foe or teach him pleasant dreams.
And love—the richest, sweetest flower that blooms
In all the boundless spirit universe,

Or decorates the bosom of our God,
Or 'dorns the casket of the human heart
And gives the soul immortal, sweet perfume
Of heaven's exhalation—glorious, pure,
More joy-bestowing than the gold of worlds—
Flees from his bosom as an exiled dove,
Lone, mourning as she leaves her native home
Where jargon harpies ghosted her away,
No more to nestle in the stormy clime
Of his dark, winter-ravaged bosom's waste;
And hate—the sable tyrant to all right,
And eldest progeny of Lucifer—
With knives and daggers "tipt with scathing fires,"
Prepared for ruin, massacre and blood,
Enters his heart, and through the windows of
His soul shoots deadly darts at passers-by.

Monster detestable! how labors he
To barrenize religion's holy soil,
And christianity adulterate
With poison from the molten bowl of hell!
His stony heart is black as blackest core
Of all discolored blackness! and so full
Of sin that if he were accountable
To the eternal Judge for all mankind,
And meet his God unpardoned, unforgiven,
His ghastly blasphemies would damn the world!

To J. B. W.

Alone in meditation
With cheerful heart and mind,
I'm taking recreation
Amid a scene sublime.

I've wandered through wild bowers
Low in the silent glen,
And wreathed the smiling flowers
Far from the haunts of men.

'Tis thus I love at even
The noisy world to flee,
Beneath the dome of heaven,
To meditate of thee.

The stars are brightly peeping
Down from the azure sky,
And dews are gently weeping
From evening's closing eye.

My heart is full of gladness,
And so to be it should;
For how can grief or sadness
Exist in solitude?

Oh! how my soul admires
This ever-loved retreat,

Where oft the Muse inspires
Me with her presence sweet.

I'm sitting in the shadow
Of evening's mystic veil;
And round me, o'er the meadow,
How soft the breezes steal!

The warblers now are closing
Their music on the hill;
But here where I'm reposing,
Melodious sings the rill.

And lone the zephyrs whisper
As mildly by they pass,
As though the wand of Vesper
Were swaying o'er the grass.

And now, beneath this willow,
A happy thought of thee
Sweeps like a golden billow
Across my memory!

How often have I met thee
In days gone fleeting by;
And ne'er will I forget thee
Until the day I die.

Forget thee! never, never,
Until I launch away

O'er Jordan's stream, forever
To live in brighter day.

The light of youth beams o'er us,
And pleasure sure 's our lot;
Yet scenes that lie before us
May be with trouble fraught.

Oh! is my spirit dreaming
Of moments spent with thee?
No! it is love that's beaming
Upon my soul's deep sea.

Yes, love hath us united
By an enduring chain:
Let others' love be blighted,
But ours no more be twain.

No! time cannot dissever
The link that binds *true friends;*
And our affections ever
In one shall sweetly blend!

Though we afar be parted
To meet again no more,
Yet will we prove true hearted,
Till life's short dream is o'er;

Then, where the angel's gather
Around the throne above,

We'll meet to praise our Father
In sweeter notes of love!

To W. H. H. Greer.

BY "J. B. W."

Hark! from whence those sonnets sweet,
So rich and so sublime,
Which in "the papers" oft we meet,
"Done neatly" into rhyme?

Ah! yes, 'tis yonder I descry
A form well known to me,
With thought full beaming from his eye,
Beneath that "ancient tree."

Well may the "zephyrs sport" around
That lovely willow glen,
Where never comes the troubled sound
Sent from the "haunts of men."

Thy notes are like the matin song
Of some kind geni bright,
Whose mission is amongst the throng,
To guide our steps aright.

Thy happy thoughts! they fill my soul
With love's enchanting spell;
They call to mind our pleasant stroll
Along that lonely dell.

Should clouds of sorrow cross the path
That leads to honors, fame,
Thou mayest not heed the storms of wrath,
For thou hast gained a name!

Thy harp has wak'd ten thousand souls
To joy and ecstacy;
And still its charming music rolls
In proud sublimity.

Thy heart is radiant with the fire
Of unassuming love:
Though veiled in clouds 'twill ne'er expire,
Like yon bright sun above.

Strike, strike thy harp! and teach mankind
The way of happiness;
For Heaven surely thee designed
Columbia's sons to bless.

May zephyrs ever fan thy brow,
And Flora perfume lend,
To cheer thy path as they do now,
Until thou reach the end!

To "J. B. W."

The western sky is tinged with gold,
That day's bright god reflects on high,
Though he behind the hills hath rolled
His flaming bosom from mine eye;
And evening's vast solemnity
Across the world again is flung;
And I have sought this "ancient tree,"
Where often I have set and sung;
Where zephyrs lisped their minstrelsy
Among the bows that o'er me hung;
And even now they steal along,
And sweetly chime their evening song.

How pleasant is this lone retreat
Where sounds discordant never roll;
Where nothing can my vision meet
But what is charming to my soul!
My spirit seems to leave its clay
To revel o'er the glorious scene
That dims amid the twilight gray,
And smiles beneath the sky serene;
Where glides the purling stream away,
And meads are laid with carpets green;
Where stars, from ether heights above,
Are peeping down with eyes of love!

Oh, solitude! how vastly deep
  Thy silence reigns around, above;
For Nature smiles and sinks to sleep,
  Like Beauty in the arms of Love!
Thou'rt full of bliss, as woman's eye
  That in a toneless language speaks;
And winning as the smiles that lie
  In magic witch'ry on her cheeks.
'Tis glorious now, for not a sigh
  From Nature's slumbering bosom breaks.
A poet's eye with such a view
Could feed on charms forever new.

And now, oh harp! thy sonnet turn,
  And roll thy numbers loud, sublime;
For in my bosom strangely burn
  The fires that prompt my muse to rhyme
Of one whose worth demands a theme
  Exalting, noble, lofty, bright;
Whose store of knowledge pours a stream
  Of sanguine riches from its height;
And cold I wield love's fairest beam,
  I'd paint his worth in deathless light.
('Tis not to flatter, scarce to praise,
My harp assumes such lofty lays.)

Though time his years may throw between
  Our parting and our meeting hour,
Yet, while my mem'ry lives serene

'Twill cling to thee with holy power.
Our hearts are linked by chords of gold,
That absence never can destroy;
And when my life away hath rolled
My pulse shall leap for thee with joy,
As full of bliss as when we strolled
Along that "lonely dell," *my boy.*
(I use that term to fill my rhyme,
And thereby lame the "big sublime.")

Since last I saw thy friendly face,
(The eve we took that "pleasant stroll,")
Thou'st taken to thy fond embrace
The "*missing rib*" to make thee whole.
At matrimony's holy shrine
I see thy lofty figure bend,
Where Hymen with that soul of thine
Another one did sweetly blend;
And oh! may blessings all divine
Bestrew thy journey till "the end;"
And o'er life's ocean mayest thou sail,
Untossed, untroubled by a gale!

May peace like rivers round thee flow,
And flow'ry scenes be thine to trace,
With not a sad'ning pain of wo
To line a furrow on thy face.
May not a cloud obscure the sun
That pours upon thee now its ray;

And may thy *union*, just begun,
Be strengthened as life flows away;
And when your course on earth is run,
Oh, may you both to worlds of day
Ascend to reign with God above,
And know the depths of *perfect love!*

Scene in a Grove.

Over the mountains, which, to eastward lay,
Came twilight; in a solemn shade the earth
It folded mildly: for the sun had now
Sunk gloriously adown the cloudless sky,
Through which all day he blazed his fiery torch,
And lit the numerous worlds that round him roll.
His brilliant beams, from heaven's arch of blue,
Had darkness clipped, and to the westward tossed
Them far, and with dim shadows filled their room.
A gentle zephyr stole across the fields,
And whispered forth a gladsome evening song,
Amid the leafy oaks that clustered round
A hallowed spot. O, glorious scene to view!
Bright tapers now illume the woods around;
Each leaf is sporting in the flickering light;
All nature seems to wear a smile serene,
And myriad stars seem clustering o'er the spot,
To gaze far down in rapture deep, sublime;

And e'en the azure heaven seems to bow
Its gem-decked face, and softly throw its arms
Of glory o'er the scene; and angels through
The open gates of Paradise descend,
And o'er the grove on silvery wings rejoice.
They strike their golden harps and swell glad notes
Of praise to God; notes, heard alone in heaven;
On lovely wings most pure, they nearer draw,
And downward hover low with interest vast
And gaze of hope, waiting the news to bear
From earth to heaven, that rebel sinners vile
Are flocking to the reeking cross of Christ.
From Zion's walls the gospel peals aloud,
And many icy bosoms penetrates,
Which, dead in sin, with agony intense
Begin to writhe, and lift a prayer to God;
Here those, who never supplication made,
Perhaps, or never voiced their miseries
To listening heaven, are bowed upon their knees,
And pouring floods of penitential grief
Up to the God who "loves the heart contrite."

The woods reëcho with the pleading voice—
"Repent, and be ye reconciled to God;"
"*For, of himself shall every man to God*
Render account, and to Him all confess!"
The deep-toned thunders of the Gospel truth,
From Zion's watchmen hurled, rolls o'er the deep
Of many souls in winning, awful sounds,—
Sŏuls putrified in sin, and withering

Beneath the frowns of an insulted God;
Distracted with remorse—as storm-tossed leaves
They tremble—kneel to ask the healing-balm,
That they may safely shun eternal death,
And 'scape the fangs of the undying worm.
Repentant cries go ringing through the grove,
From souls long stubborn in the gall of sin.
The pious pray that unbelief may flee
Away, and doubting pass from every mind,—
The pious—God's terrestrial lamps that gem
The moral world,—their ardent prayers are heard:
In many hearts the Spirit seems to move,
And chase the briny fountains gushing forth.
Loud calls for mercy fill the passing breeze;
On God strong faith lays hold, his promise claims,
Which drive their sins away and heals their wounds.

"Glory," now bursts from many labored lungs,
And leap they up and shout aloud for joy;
While unbelievers stand amazed and look,
And sneer to see their fellows praise the Lord.
Their callous, lean, distorted, barren souls
Dwell growling in their trembling huts of clay,
And fain would blast religion if they could,—
Religion! God's celestial, healing-balm,
When poured upon the sin-polluted heart
'Twill wash it clear of every guilty stain,
And cleanse it for eternal life above:—
Vain unbelievers—weakly, puny worms!
How heedlessly they travel down to hell,

But fail not to discharge their bitter spleen
At those who journey to the mount of God!
Their hearts are full of awful rottenness;
Dark, self-conceited, miserable, proud;
They boast their giant strides to Erebus,
Till Death, from off the crumbling edge of time,
Them hurls aghast, in fear and wild alarm,
O'er ruin's goady steeps, where spirits damned,
Howl hollowly and gnash their teeth with pain—
To mourn their dismal plunge in jaws of hell,
And dwell among its fires forevermore;
Where curling flames of Jove's dread wrath shall o'er
Them burn, and scorch and crisp their naked souls;
Where blazing fury wraps its millions up
In smothering, probing sheets of keen despair;
Where rumbling howls of bleak damnation's storms,
Harsh floating through the deep sulphuric pit,
Loud sounding as they roll—"Eternal Death!"—
And where the lightnings of Almighty flash,
The skeptic lost must wail infinite years.
Above, beneath, and all around the gulf
Thick blackness spreads and endless groans ascend.

Ye vaunting skeptics! turn your course and run
For life; to Mercy's outstretched arms, O, flee,
For hopeless ruin lurks about your feet,
And, at another stride, eternal night
May yawn and gulp you in; and fierce remorse
Shall gnaw your souls 'mong yelling fiends of wo!

Like those who here forsake their wicked ways
Do ye return and heaven shall be yours.
Here many fly from ruin's breaking verge,
And plant their feet on Christ, the rock of life.
The storms may howl and thunders madly roar;
Darkness may brood and lightnings through it hiss,
Secure they stand beneath the smiles of heaven,
And shout untouched though hell's artillery
Thunders its terrors at their joyous souls.

Oh, happy scene! too rich by far to be
Described by language weak as human is:
Too grand for finite minds to comprehend:
Too high a theme for mortal tongues to sing:
Angels alone can grasp it in their minds,
And swell its beauties on their golden lutes.
The whiles I sat and pondered o'er the scene,
Did muses fan my soul with flowery wings;
Breathed thoughts delightful to my busy brains;
Inspired my soul to sing this humble verse,
And twined a wreath of love around my heart!

Stanza.

I wish to have a home in heaven,
I wish to live with angels there,
I want these slavish fetters riven,

And joy instead of dark despair.
I wish to do the will of God,
And bend this stubborn will of mine;
To rise from neath this crushing load,
And hail the light of love divine.
Eternal truth! inspire my soul!
Almighty Father, set me free!
Do thou my life henceforth control,
And let it flow direct to thee!

When I am Gone.

When I shall sleep
Low in the silent clay,
Will any for my absence weep,
Or even sigh that I have passed away?
Or bow, and o'er my funeral heap,
In humble pity pray,
Sincere and deep?

A thought I crave
Of those I love sincere,
When passing by my lowly grave;
Or pause, and drop for me a feeling tear,
That sin had chained me as his slave;
Or plant a rose bush there,
O'er me to wave.

Or, when the tone
Of floating zephyrs' breath
Around my tomb is softly thrown,
Then let a sister come, and o'er me wreathe
The savory flowers;—there alone,
Sigh that the monster, Death,
My lamp hath blown.

My comrades dear
May pass the church-yard by
Where I am sleeping, when the clear
Night queen is circling round the azure sky,
And weep for me, as o'er my bier
They wept; but ah! shall I
Be worth a tear?

Let that fair maid,
Who with me used to stray
In sweet delight through evening's shade,
And listen to whispering breeze's lay,
Where unseen spirits round us played—
Come there, and kneeling, pray
Where I am laid:

There on the sod,
Beside my charnal mound,
She'll dream of me, who, 'neath the clod,
Again am mingling with my mother ground;
And there, with thoughts called from abroad,

She'll pour an incensed sound
In prayer to God!

Oh! I would lie
Beneath some willow tree,
And let its branches o'er me sigh,
And gently sing their lonely melody:
In peace I'd live, in peace would die,
And after death would be
Redeemed on high.

If I'm forgiven
Before I pass the vale
Where human barques must all be driven
Without escape, and through it smoothly sail,
I'll shout—my slavish chains are riven;
And then my Saviour hail
High up in heaven.

To H. B. D.

I listened to the thrilling tone thy harp was rolling free,
When thou wert musing all alone beneath that aged tree:
Its strain, like some seraphic lyre's fell on my mental ear,

And lit my soul with brighter fire, as of a holier sphere;
And wafted o'er my raptured thoughts, in purer, sweeter lays,
The scenes of pleasure, ne'er forgot, of childhood's happier days,
When I with my companions run in merriment, like thee,
To shelter from the burning sun beneath a "lone oak tree."

Its top was reared aloft in air, its branches widely spread,
And formed in stately grandeur there an arch above my head,
Where oft I sat the shade beneath, and heard the warblers sing,
As joyously I twined a wreath of flowers in the Spring.
With my companions at my side—whom I shall ne'er forget—
From it we climbed the green hill side and pulled the violet:
'Twas there I saw the brightest hours I e'er expect to see,
Among my comrades, birds, and flowers, about that "lone oak tree."

It braved the might of many a blast that laid its comrades low;

The woodman by it gently passed, nor struck the
felling blow;
But like a giant there it stood, defying e'en decay,
A stately relic of the wood that change had swept
away:
It saw "life's traverse" passing by like some wide
"flowing stream,"
And generations live and die in "pleasure's empty
dream."
Oh! there I love to ramble now in meditation free,
And sweetly muse beneath the bough of that "lone
oaken tree."
But where are those who sported there with me at
morn and even?
Launched out upon a sea of care, by troubles tost
and driven,
To flee like shadows o'er the waves that roll from time
to aye,
And some are sleeping in their graves,—like thine
have passed away:
But I am left, a lonely reed, to float upon the stream
That bears me on with awful speed from this terres-
trial dream:
But wheresoever I am cast, still dear the thought
shall be,
Of those bright hours that I have passed beneath that
"lone oak tree."

Thy verses, friend, for such thou art, although we
ne'er have met,

Have made an impress on my heart I never shall
forget,
For they as well befit my case as though the muses
told
Thee all about my native place, and how it to unfold.
I bid thee now a kind farewell; may happiness be
thine;
And when the Muses with thee dwell, remember me
and mine:
And so I leave thee loathly now, and this loved spot
to me,
For I've been musing 'neath the bough of *my dear*
"*lone oak tree.*"

To a Winter Wren.*

Thy warbling soft,
Gay little bird,
My soul has oft
To sweetest meditation stirred:
For thou hast sung
As charming notes
As ever rung
From minstrel throats.
I love thy presence here to see,
Although I oft must pity thee,

* Written on New Year's morn, 1851.

When chilling rain and snow
Come pelting from the gloomy sky,
And dismal breezes round thee sigh,
Or storms in fury blow.

Bleak Winter's blast
May howl and shriek,
And rumble past,
But still thou dost my window seek,
And sing as sweet
As though beneath
Thy little feet
A rosy wreath
Wert twined, and thou didst perch upon
Its fragrant folds, to hail the dawn—
The dawn of the new year;
For it last night was born on earth,
And thou, to celebrate its birth,
Dost chant thy praises here.

Thy tender form
Wilt perish there;
Come in and warm
Thyself, from 'mong the frosty air,
Beside the fire,
Lone shivering thing!
I'll tune *my* lyre,
And with thee sing;
And let the angry tempest blow,

And bow the trees and whirl the snow;—
Here thou canst with me sit
Secure, and at thy leisure sing;
Or through the room, on merry wing,
Canst at thy pleasure flit.

I do rejoice
Each morn, to hear
Thy gentle voice
Ring out so wild and sweetly clear.
Thou canst not heave
A single sigh,
Nor ever grieve,
Or fear to die:
Were I like thee I would be blest,
For sin could ne'er have pierced my breast,
And caused my soul to mourn;
If pure as thee, *then* could I sing,
And fly to heaven on golden wing—
Be thence by angels borne.

Oh! lonely Wren,
Come, with me stay;
Won't come? well then.
Go if thou wilt and roam away;
But thou again
Must come and sing
That lovely strain
For me, sweet thing!

Perhaps I'll never see thee more,
For winds that now around thee roar,
May chime thy dying knell;—
Thou'rt going? chirp good bye to me,
And in return I'll say to thee,
Farewell, dear Wren, farewell!

Carrier's Address—1851.

TO THE PATRONS OF THE "MONONGAHELA REPUBLICAN."

A happy New Year to you all!
Sad, merry, old, young, great and small;
Whate'er your names, whoe'er you be,
Come, list a moment now to me:—

You're all aware OLD FIFTY'S dead,
But happily just as he fled
His everlasting flight from earth,
He gave to FIFTY ONE his birth.

But though he's gone forevermore,
His records we have still in store,
Of love and murder, death and life,
Of war and carnage, peace and strife.

My lot has been from week to week,
Through sunshine and through tempests bleak,

To give you all the richest news
Upon this sheet, to suit your views.

'Tis filled with sparkling gems of thought,
And ideas most sublimely wrought,
Culled out to please the people's minds,
Though of such various castes and kinds.

The reason why these ideas shine,
They have been dug from wisdom's mine,
By brains that love to bless the age,
And stamped upon this glowing page.

Its field extends from pole to pole,
Where mountains rise and oceans roll;
Where forests spread and torrents roar,
And valleys teem with nature's store;

Where steamers plow the stormy main,
And battle fields are strewed with slain;
Where Arabs roam the burning sands,
And where the Alpine towers stand;

Where Afric's heathen millions plod,
And Chinese bow before their God;
Where northern winter ever reigns,
And blossoms robe the southern plains;

Where Oriental kingdom's rise,
And western summits kiss the skies;

Where comets ether regions rove,
And starry millions shine above;—

It tells of thrones and monarchy,
The onward march of liberty
That rides in all her glory forth,
From east to west, from south to north,—

Of her reception and her flight
From heathen nations steeped in night
Of moral darkness—tyranny—
Who glory in their slavery.

Ho! I'm the *boy* that gives you news,
And should it all not suit your views,
Don't get mad, and in a caper
Say that I shall "stop your paper;"

But step out doors—look round and view—
The world contains more folks than you,
And if you'll take a boy's advice,
You'll 'mong the crowd give all a slice.

About six months have rolled away,
Since news throughout America
Like mournful bursts of thunder spread,
A TAYLOR numbered with the dead!

That he who braved grim battle's storm,
And bent a nation 'neath his arm;

That rode through fields of reeking gore,
Nor quailed to hear the cannon's roar;

That conquered Mexique's prowling horde,
And bound her leaders at his word;
That sat upon a laureled seat,
While millions rallied at his feet;—

Whose name shall live while ages flee,
A champion of liberty;
Who wore the Victor's conquering wreath,
Had fallen in the jaws of Death!

Columbia bowed her head to mourn
When such a star was from her torn;
And well she might at such an hour,
For threatened UNION asked his power.

The north and south, like naughty boys,
Began to quarrel and make a noise,
That they would cut the Union band
That bound in one our happy land.

They pawed and scraped in Senate halls,
And spit at each their spleenish brawls:
Like angry serpents joined in fight,
Their tongues shot words of poisonous spite.

The Continent sent up the sound
From centre to her farthest bound,

That e'er another year revolved,
The north and south should be dissolved:

'Twas but a sharp, tumultuous blast
That raged awhile, but now is past,
And UNION with a three-fold chain
Binds north and south to each again.

Since *Fifty* his career began,
Our favorite "REPUBLICAN,"
Her ample pages has unfurled
Before a knowledge seeking world.

Of Oregon and Mexico
It tells us much, and then you know,
It speaks of California's store
Of that bewitching yellow ore;

How people leave their homes and wives,
And run the risk to lose their lives,
And thousands do; while some with wealth
In gold return—exchanged for health.

I've often thought it shameful—strange—
That mankind are so fond of "*change*,"
Or some, at least, who do refuse
To pay a cent to get the news:

But when they get a paltry dime,
They think it is a heinous crime,

Unless they put it in the chest,
To mould in company with the rest.

Well now, were I a little mouse,
I'd hunt their coffers through the house,
And 'fore the end of this 'ere winter,
There shouldn't be a needy printer;

I'd pay them all for what they've done,
And for another year to come,
And then, with all my heart—'tis true—
I'd pay the little Carriers, too.

Poor boys! we often have to go
Through rain and storm, through mud and snow,
With brimless hat without a crown,
And pack the papers all through town.

Come now, Patrons, ask your neighbor
Who may be without a paper,
To start the new year *a new man*,
By taking the "*Republican.*"

'Twill do them good—they may depend,
They'll never grudge what they may spend
For such a sheet—so, if you choose,
Help them to get the choicest news.

It is a Periodical
For man or woman, boy or "gal,"

Oh! then subscribe,—*we* nothing lack
To give you all your money back.

We know that all must now confess
Their strong supporter is the PRESS;
It shows how great improvements ride,
Rough-shod, o'er mountain, vale and tide,

On lightning's charger, tamed by Morse,
Or mounted on the iron horse,
The Hempfield Rail Road for his track,
Shall bear us soon upon his back

While many go abroad for health,
And others speculate for wealth;
While soldiers seek for landed bounty,
We "go it" strong for *the* "*New* County."

I have experience in the case,
And ask without a blushing face,
From you, my Patrons, if you're willing,
Who haven't "squared up," give a shilling.

I'd laugh to see my hollow purse,
(Which every day is getting worse,)
Contain two bits to rub together
While spreading news this muddy weather.

I thank you all for favors done,
And hope they've only just begun:

I wish you all much peace and joy,
But don't forget the—

CARRIER BOY.

A Song

Dash, dash away,
Thou merry stream!
And let thy crystal waters play,
And twinkle in the golden beam,
That falls among the trees, upon
Thy ripples, from the setting sun,
That now reclines his flaming breast
In glory on the azure west.

'Tis evening's hour,
And all the sky
Is cloudless; and this sylvan bower,
That hangs its beauties o'er me high,
Is vocal with the lisping breeze
That floats among the towering trees:
The rill and zephyr round me here,
Combine their notes to charm mine ear.

Within my heart
There is a string,
Not wakened by the hand of Art,
But Love can touch and bid it sing

A tribute to the distant maid,
To whom my thoughts so oft have strayed,
When night's dim shadows round me spread,
And myriad gems gleamed o'er my head.

A happy hour
With thee I passed.
One eve, when love's celestial power
Did seem to bind our spirits fast
In one, with that harmonious chain,
That absence ne'er can cut in twain:
Such moments are, indeed, but rare,
So free from anguish and despair.

Oh, none can tell,
How, on that eve,
I loathed to say to thee, 'Farewell,'
And for my destination leave:
Then filled my soul with sorrow's draught
Although my lips in friendship laughed;
Thou smiledst, too, when we did part,
But smiled, perhaps, to see me start!

When shall it be
That I will meet
Thy cheerful face, and spend with thee
Another hour so truly sweet?
It may not be until the day,
When death shall summon us away;

And then, upon a brighter shore,
We'll live and love forevermore!

To "G. C. S."

Has time across thee rolled some faithless billow?
Or have the fates thy path with sorrow spread?
Or hast thou hung thy harp upon the willow,
And is thy muse forever from thee fled?

I used to hear thy music sweetly flowing,
Like the æolian harp at evening hour,
When o'er its chords, so beautifully glowing,
The breeze is wafted by some magic power.

But now, since we by space are cast asunder,
I turn to hear thee, but I turn in vain;
And pause in deep anxiety, and wonder
If ever I shall hear thy song again.

Though three-score years are softly on thee pressing,
Thy heart with youthful vigor yet o'erflows;
And health thy agile form is still caressing,
As some fair maiden fondling with a rose.

Is there no charm to wake thee from thy slumbers,
That I another strain from thee may hear?

Or shall I list in vain for those pure numbers,
That once were so delightful to my ear?

Does not Minerva, with bright wings extended,
Upon thy spirit wise impressions stamp?
Or has she from old Homer's time descended,
To be *my* sole director and my lamp?

If this cold song thou hearest, let me know it
By those seraphic lays which thou canst send
In sweet response, thou patriarchal poet,
Once my antagonist, but now my friend!

Acrostic,

ON THE DEATH OF A LITTLE BOY NAMED WILLIAM LYNCH.

When the light of day had fled, and nature sunk to rest,
In solemn shades around were spread the night's dark, misty vest,
Lowly on the bed of death this little suff'rer lay
Listless of his parting breath that soon would pass away.
In death's cold arms his body fell, and life with him was o'er;
And friends around him bade farewell, to meet his smiles no more.
Morning had spread its wings across his brow, when lo!

Like some fair flower of the spring, he died at one sad blow.
Yet dear as was he to his friends, they could not stay death's hands,
Nor ward the power that swiftly sends the soul to other lands.
Celestial pleasures now are his, where pains are felt no more;
Housed in with God in worlds of bliss, to live forevermore!

Carrier's Address, 1852,

TO THE PATRONS OF THE "MONONGAHELA REPUBLICAN."

Ho, patrons and people! here's Moses* once more,
Right fresh from the fountain, his arms full of papers;
Just hand him a *dime* as he bows at your door,
And see if the "*devil*" don't cut you some capers.

I'm the herald of knowledge, the mail-sack of truth,
The liberal vender of news to you all,—
To the rich and the poor, to the aged and youth,
To the good and the wicked, the great and the small:

I gather the world, as it were, in my hand,
And on the "Republican" spread it like 'lasses;

* Moses Scott, (the carrier,) being an apprentice to the printing business, is called the "printer's devil."

I gather together from ocean and land
Bright gems, and inform you of whatever passes:

I tell you of massacres, spectres and pleas,
Of piracies, shipwrecks, of prodigies, plays;
And how Mrs. Partington sits at her ease,
And slanders her neighbors: just hear what she
says—

"Somewhere on the shore of the Monongahela,
Is printed a paper polluted with evil;
How can it be else, for its carrier, r'ally,
Is no more nor less than a full-blooded *devil?*"

I tell you of races, of maskings, of wars,
Of mummeries, jubilees, tricks, and of fun;
Of meteors, comets, of sun, moon and stars,
And of scamps who will shoulder a "*spare-rib*," and—
run.

I tell you of triumphs, of law-suits and treason,
Of embassies, sea fights, of trophies and thunder;
How men are bewitched and deprived of their reason
By coquettes, and smilers and bloomers—no wonder!

I tell you of robbery, revelling, cheating;
Of useful discoveries—where, when and why;
How men are enabled by drinking and eating,
And sleeping and working—to live till they die.

I tell you of sorrows and tragical matters;
Of villanies, honors, of murders and balls;
Of lawyers and doctors, of tailors and hatters,
Of courtships and weddings, of babies and *squalls*.

I tell you of wand'rers far back in the west,
'Mong Indians and wildcats, bears, buzzards and snakes;
Where people will venture and risk to be blest
With the mange and the horrors, the heaves and the shakes.

I tell you of sailors, of boatmen and boats,
Of battles with muskets, the sword and the lance;
Of men going crazy and cutting their throats
Because of the ladies appearing in—pants!

I tell you of pestilence, famine and dearth,
Of thieves by the sheriffs and constables caught;
Of rail cars and engines traversing the earth,
And of trips to the clouds by the æronaut.

I tell you of steamers that plunge through the ocean
'Mid darkness and billows, and seagulls and storms;
How the heart of the lover is put in commotion
By getting a "sack" from the "rose of his charms."

I tell you of mansions, of taverns and stores,
Of presidents, peasants, of preachers and printers;

Of editors taunted by loafers and bores;
Of bankrupts and brokers all broken to splinters.

I tell you of Holland, of Poland and Wales,
Of Lapland and Greenland, of Iceland and ice;
Of lizzards and sea serpents, oysters and whales,
Of elephants, catamounts, monkeys and mice.

I tell you of tyrants, and monarchs, and kings,
Of mountains and deserts, of kingdoms and thrones;
How much like a nightingale Jenny Lind sings,
And how to make dumplings, and puddings and pones.

I tell you of people who sacrifice health,
By scratching the gravel, like poor, hungry chickens,
In order to fatten their pockets with wealth,
To tire them down as they trudge to the "dickens."

I tell you of patents of all sorts and sizes—
Of patent quack doctors, their "cure-alls or kills;"
Of patent red noses, and patent black eyeses,
Of patent green dandies, and patent blue pills.

I tell you of famine and pestilence going
Like giants through nations, resistless and free;
Of terrible cholera fatally blowing
Its breath of contagion o'er land and o'er sea.

I tell you of circuses, theatres, schools,
Of chasing and racing, of gambling and blood;

Of people who turn to be wise men or fools,
And go to the "diggins" to *root* in the mud.

I tell you of Africa's poor wretched sons,
Who're toiling in bondage, in darkness and pains:
Hark! hear trampled millions loud utt'ring their groans,
And asking for freedom from slavery's chains!

I could *spin* you a mile of such curious stuff,
For there's lots of material stored in my head;
But, may be, already you've got quite enough,
So now for a glance at the living and dead.

O! heard ye last midnight the mournful knell tolling,
As *fifty-one* gasped and departed from earth?
Then heard ye the carols delightfully rolling,
Through nature's dominions, o'er *fifty-two's* birth?

Yes, Fifty-One folded his pinions and died;
The winds sung his requiem, sadly and lone;
The snow was his winding sheet, flung far and wide;
His grave is Eternity's realm unknown!

The world—every nation, and kindred and tongue—
Did witness his exit, nor plead for his stay;
And few were his mourners, but multitudes sung
The anthems of gladness to haste him away.

What deeds! O, what records he bore from the world,
Upon his broad pinions indelibly pressed!

What souls from his arms to perdition were hurled!
What souls on his bosom have gone to their rest!

The flag of our Union still floats in the breeze,
The banner of Freedom is waving on high;
The eagle of Liberty soars at his ease
O'er the hills of Columbia, and sports in her sky.

The patriot, Kossuth, has fled from his home,
Where tyrants and despots are cutting their pranks;
Across the wide ocean he's ventured to roam,
To meet a glad welcome in freedom's bright ranks.

All hail to his coming! the mighty and true!
Enwreath him with laurels, and pity his lot;
And pour him your honor, if to him it is due,
But render your tribute of shillings to Scott.

Adorn the old champion's locks with bouquets,
Encircle his brow with sweet chaplets of roses;
But while you are giving your tokens of praise,
O, think of the glory that's due unto Moses.

I'm not the same Moses who split the Red sea—
(The chap, you remember, that somebody found
Done up in some bulrushes)—listen to me—
But Moses who carries the newspapers round.

For plank roads and rail roads I've gone my full length,
Especially the rail road from Hempfield to Wheeling,

That is to be traveled by chargers of strength,
That go ripping, and plunging, and snorting, and
squealing.

You can ride them without any bridle or saddle,
Or rowels or switches, by night or by day;
You can ride them a-standing, or sit on a-straddle,
And dart like a thunder bolt swiftly away.

May the first locomotive that runs on the track,
(Of course, followed close by a long train of racers,)
Bear Tom* and his comrades aloft on its back,
'Mid the shouts and applaudits of ten thousand gazers.

The darkness of Winter—the depths of his coldness,
Have settled around us—with snow and with storms,
Yet we can be happy amid his bleak boldness,
While feasting upon the "Republican's" charms.

At present I'll bid you good bye for a time,
By wishing that pleasure may e'er be your lot;
And if it should happen you have a spare dime,
Please fork it right over to your most obedient and
humble servant,

MOSES SCOTT.

* Thomas M. T. M'Kennan, President of the Rail Road Company.

Verses,

ON THE DEATH OF ABRAHAM D. S——, AND MARY, HIS WIFE.

Oh, spirit! breathe into my soul
A radiant flame of love divine:
My feeble pen do thou control;
Infuse thy truth in every line,
That I, an humble worm, may shed
A comfort to the orphan's breast;
May pay a tribute to the dead,
Whose souls are in eternal rest,—
Where christians land
When life's turmoil is o'er,
And join the happy angel band,
To shout, and praise their God forevermore.

Disease, the fell destroyer, came,
That has its countless millions slain,
And seized upon their vital frame,
With fever and distracting pain.
They tried the learned physician's skill;
Alas! he could not ease their pangs,
For scorching fever wrap'd them still,
And pain yet deeper sunk his fangs.
So, all mankind
Must bear the smiting rod
Of sore affliction, but can find
For every wound a healing balm in God.

The arm of mortal failed to save;
For the pale messenger had come
To lay their bodies in the grave,
And send their deathless spirits home.
The mother first—so tender, kind—
Was wafted to the heavenly bourn,
And left her kindred here behind,
For her awhile to weep and mourn.
Ah yes! what tears
Of mingled grief and love,
We often shed around the biers
Of those we've lost, yet hope to meet above.

She joined the happy throng on high,
To live amid elysian charms;
And there she watched with anxious eye,
To hail her husband to her arms.
He went—exulting on the wing—
Triumphant to the realms above,
His partner there to meet and sing
The carols of eternal love.
And there along
The shining golden plains,
With tingling harps they'll sing the song
Of ceaseless bliss, where glory never wanes.

Oh, hapless orphans! ye have lost
A father, and a mother too,
Who were awhile by troubles tossed,

And then they bade them all adieu.
Their bodies now in silence sleep
Low in the dark and dismal tomb:
Their souls a glorious harvest reap
In beauty and immortal bloom.
Beyond the stars,
Far o'er the ether sea,
Where tempting Satan never mars
The christian's joys, they're housed eternally.

They have examples to you given,
Which, if you follow to the end,
Will lead you up from earth to heaven,
A blest eternity to spend.
Then bear the cross, and watch and pray,
Till you the "king of terrors" meet;
And then to bliss you'll soar away,
Your ransomed parents there to greet.
Oh, who would not,
In view of death, prepare
To die, and, in their happy lot
Above, with saints and angels claim a share.

Oh, let us live, my dear young friends,
So that we need not fear to die;
And when our pilgrim journey ends
On earth, we'll live beyond the sky;
And there, in purer songs we'll raise
Our voices with the blood-washed host,
Through all eternity to praise

The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!
Oh! Saviour, pour
Into our hearts thy love;
And when we leave time's gloomy shore,
Receive us *all*, to reign with Thee above!

Religion.

Religion! light within the soul—
The gift of Christ, the Father's Son,—
'Twill glow, undimed, while planets roll,
Unmoved, when worlds to ruin run.

When stars shall moulder in the skies,
And orbs forsake their shining spheres;
When suns shall cease to set and rise,
'Twill still survive eternal years.

When earth shall melt in general flame,
And oceans boil in wreathing fire,
Religion then will be the same—
The Saviour's gift, the saint's attire.

When all the elements shall blaze,
And thunders shake creation's wall;
When heaven's starry arch decays,
Religion will survive its fall.

And while eternity shall roll
  Its everlasting cycles on,
Religion, still within the soul
  Shall brighter glow than noon-day sun.

While God remains the source of love,
  Religion shall illume his throne;
Will light the world of bliss above,
  And happify the soul alone.

Oh, for its light, that I may tread
  The narrow path until I die;
Then I shall wear upon my head
  A crown of stars beyond the sky!

Religion! shine within my heart,
  For thou dost heavenly light unfold,
And dost a purer bliss impart
  Than worlds like this, if solid gold.

A Song

We met as friends,
And tasted of that bliss, and freely too,
  Which never, never ends,
With those whose hearts are always true.

I felt a thrill,
A *holy* thrill of joy, I truly think,
Of which my soul would fill
Itself, and never cease to drink,

When I with thee
Held happy conversation—long and sweet;—
'Twas then the thought to me
Was grand, that we did ever meet.

All other charms
Do vanish quite away, when I can seek,
And fold thee in my arms,
And print a kiss upon thy cheek!

We have begun
A course of sacred happiness, which may,
Before our race is run,
Bring deepest sorrow in our way;—

We'll hope that it
Will now, henceforth, and ever prove,
A glowing chord to knit
Our hearts in constancy and love!

My thoughts are thine,
For thou art worthy of them all, I know;
And in this humble line,
To thee love's tribute I bestow.

My pencil aye
Must fail to paint in colors fitly bright,
Thy most angelic way,
Which I admire with rapt delight.

Thy amber hair
Has beauty, so thy lively orbs of blue;
And in thy countenance fair
I plainly read thy heart—is true!

Thou wast, alas!
Once disappointed in thy love to one,
And vowed that life should pass,
To be deceived again by none;—

'Tis truly hard,
But then revive and chase away the spell,
All feelings such, discard,
And bid despondency farewell.

When friendship's tie
Is cut asunder, how it rends the heart,
But, ah! thy gentle eye
Once wept, when we as friends did part.

And may, oh! may
We ever meet and part the same, and be
More friendly while we stay
On earth, and friends eternally.

Remember Miss,
Wherever through the world thy path may wend,
The one who gives thee this,
Will prove a true and constant friend.

To a Swallow.

Gay chatterer! thou hast come again
Far through the balmy air,
To flit across the flowery plain,
And make thy warblings thrill,
In echoes wild and shrill,
O'er field and woody hill,—
I love to hear thy merry strain.

Go, roam upon thy airy wing,
In breezes mild and soft;
Thy twitterings o'er my spirit fling
A feeling fond for thee,
Whom now I scarce can see,
For thou dost swiftly flee
Away, thou happy, joyful thing!

Despair.

Ah! how the monster steals into the heart,
And like a canker-worm, feeds on the soul!
It bids contentment from the breast depart,
And pleasure for *its* gloom away to roll;
And then to desolation's dismal mart,
'Twould drag us down, and spurn fair hope's control.

It seeks, sometimes, the youthful lover's breast,
And bears his spirit down with mountain weight,
Till life becomes a burthen, and his rest
Seems fled forever; and the fearful grate
Of notes discordant taunt him: he was blest
In love's embrace; but ah! how changed his state.

The love he fondly cherished as his own,
Seems swallowed up with greed by fell despair;
And then he wishes he had never known
The object that had won his ardent care,
For bliss and happiness are from him gone,
And where are life's enjoyments? pleasure, where?

Dark fiend! it comes, and with a sable shroud
Throws gloom and sorrow on the path of life;
Our sky o'ershadows with a frowning cloud,
Till every hour is with contention rife;
While storms around us bellow out aloud,
With jars and discords, sadness, pain, and strife.

The Christian's bosom often feels its power,
In sinking manner, in his heart to dwell;
And O, how fearful is its ruling hour!
How soul-distracting! tongue can never tell
The horrors of its reign. Ah, fiend! I cower
At thy approach, for thou'rt a child of hell!

Despair was born—not in the glow of day—
But down among the ebon shades of night,
And then let loose, to hold a horrid sway
O'er every soul that's born to love and light:
It smothers hope, and peace it drives away,
And on affection puts a deathly blight.

Ah! how it hurries forth the bitter tear,
When love the tender heart for it must leave;
The spirit, then, is weighed with crowding fear;
And every breath the bosom seems to heave
A sigh, as though the hour was drawing near,
When death should strike, and there was no reprieve.

'Tis not alone of time, no, not at all,
But haunts the soul in spirit realms below,
And all around on hell's sulphurous wall,
In fiendish shapes, "DESPAIR" is seen to glow;
It fiercely rides on every blazing pall,
And shrieks to deep-damned souls—"Eternal wo!"

It binds them in the wrathful lake with chains
That clank upon their ears eternally,

Where unquenched flames, wild roaring, never wane,
Nor hope can whisper, "thou may'st yet be free:"
Again the monster yells in mocking strains,
"I AM DESPAIR—ETERNAL MISERY!"

Remembrances.

I love the stream,
Along whose grassy side,
I first began of life to dream,
And float along its smoothly rolling tide;
And well do I remember how I hied
To crop the blossoms at the gleam
Of morn—'twas then my pride
To meet its beam.

My memory
Now wings its happy flight
To that broad, verdant beechen tree
Where oft I gamboled in unmarred delight,
And whiled the flying hours from morn till night;
And now my comrades there I see,
As with my *real* sight
It used to be.

The songs I hear
Again among the sprays,

As oft they used my soul to cheer,
When sporting there in childhood's dreamy days,
And in the very height of pleasure's blaze;
But now I pause, with heart sincere,
And o'er my truant ways,
Do drop a tear.

Childhood is o'er;
And far from that loved spot—
Far from my native stream's green shore,
With charming scenes and blooming flowers fraught,
I've roamed away, and other regions sought:
Perhaps I'll ramble there no more,
As 'twas my blessed lot
In days of yore.

Few years have been,
And O, how swift they've fled,
Since, with my comrades on the green,
Beneath the cooling shade, where willows spread,
And poplars waved their branches o'er my head,—
I lived and loved with love serene;—
There heavenly beauties shed
Upon that scene.

So life will flee—
A dream of fading things,
A glance of nature's scenery,
A transient taste of joy and sorrow's springs,
An "inch of time"—a passing sigh. that brings

No echo on life's billowy sea:—
How soon the spirit wings
T'eternity!

A Beautiful Scene.

Lone midnight hangs in silence o'er the hills,
And fills the vales with solitude profound.
Pale Luna in her silvery mantle dressed,
Sinks solemnly adown the western skies,
Anon about with white edged vapors wreathed,
Which float in fleecy clusters on the breath
Of night, athwart the starry canopy;
And as I glance from this tall summit down
Along the vale that stretches either way,
Do I behold fair Monongalia's tide
Reposing 'neath cold Cynthia's gentle glance.

Her mellow beams fall softly o'er the hills
Upon the gliding waters of the stream;
Small ripples chase each other o'er its breast,
Like golden ringlets, dancing, as the breeze
Goes stealing forth in whispers mild, serene.

Nor does the wafting zephyr only sing
Its melody upon the rolling tide;

But breathes a melancholy music through
The naked boughs that sway above my head;
And plays along the ground about my feet,
Rustling the withered leaves, and tossing them
Among the sapless weeds, and scattered brush,
And fallen trunks, that overstrew the hill.

Is not such solitude desirable?
The world's asleep! the moon has hid her face!
The glorious heavens spangled o'er with stars,
Around me bend, and bid me happy be!
No wrangles of a thronging multitude
Disturb my ear; no—this is solitude.
Its soothing presence moves me e'en to tears.
Who would not love it? who would dare despise?
Oh! who would not its blessed calmness seek,
Where they the cares of life might cast aside,
Forget the sorrows that would mar the soul,
And spend an hour in meditation sweet,
With nature and their God communion hold?
My heart leaps lively, and I might forget
That I again must mingle with the world;
That grief again will gather on my soul,
And care and trouble cluster in my path.

This scene sublime I love to contemplate:
For here can I behold the sky serene,
Holding within its ether archery,
A countless multitude of glittering worlds.

It but a moment seems since I beheld
The Queen of night soft sailing round the arch,
With silvery vapors flounced, whose edges seemed
To melt, commingle, flow together—Oh!
What beauty even in a floating cloud!

And now does memory wing its flight again
To youth's bright, happy morn, and read each line
Of joy, as printed on the scroll of time:
And do I seem to live again the sweet
Fond dreams of childhood; and once more across
The flowing hills in truant pleasures roam;
And breathe the scented air that played among
My tossing locks and fanned my fevered brow.

Methinks I now sweet converse hold with those
Who then were my companions—those with whom
It seemed my heaven to be—who joyously
Beside me sported, gathering violets
And roses on the meads and grassy slopes,
And from the banks of purling rivulets,
That wound along the wide, sequestered vales.

Ah! this is but a dream, a fleeting thought
Of the eternal past! But here am I
In midnight's calm, high seated in a grove
Of leafless oaks, on a tall cliff, above
Fair Monongalia's tide—beloved stream!—
O'er which I lean with swelling heart and say:

Forever roll in peace thy mighty way;
And with me sing in rapturous lays of love,
The praise of God, who lives in Heaven above!

Stanzas.

WRITTEN IN A PUBLIC PLACE.

Ye trav'lers o'er this dreary earth,
Unto my verses lend an eye;
And in your scenes of giddy mirth,
Remember you are born to die.

All men are but as blades of grass:
They live and flourish for a spell,
But ah! how soon away they pass,
To live in heaven or in hell!

To die,—oh! what a thought it is!
It strikes a terror to the heart;
Yet pause and ponder—think of this,
That Death has got for each a dart.

We all should strictly try to do
Our duty while on earth we stay,
That when we bid life's toils adieu,
We'll go to worlds of fairer day.

Slavery,

The cursed principles of *Slavery*
In caverns of Perdition us'd to dwell;
Then up to earth they rose,
Religion's fiendish foes!
And labor now to murder *Liberty*,
And turn our *land of freedom* to a HELL!

A Song,

TO A TREACHEROUS YOUNG LADY.

(The following verses were written after listening to the narrative of a disappointed lover.)

I loved thee once with heart sincere,
For O, I thought thou lovedst me,
And never dreamed that rolling years
Could make the smallest change in thee

But ah! thy face is turned away;
The look of scorn is on thy brow;
The reason why—O, tell me, pray,
That thou hast broke thy solemn vow?

Thou canst not cast thine eyes above,
And see the twinkling stars on high,

Without remembering the love
Thou pledg'dst to me in days gone by.

My love was centred all in thee,
Whom I believed as angel fair,
But thou wert bent on falsity,
And bound to catch me in thy snare.

A sad'ning feeling seems to fill
This heart, this aching heart of mine,
Which once was lulled profoundly still
With sacred love for thee and thine.

If I had never seen thy face
I might be happy now, but oh!
The earth hath not for me a place,
But where I feel the sting of wo.

I'm like the lonely, mateless dove,
By the rude hunter's arrow torn,
And wounded, left the world to rove,—
In sorrow all my days to mourn.

I once was blithesome as the fawn
That gambols in the wild-wood bowers,
Or as the lamb that skips the lawn,
And breathes the sweet perfume of flowers;

Was happy as the lark that springs,
Exulting, from the morning dew,

And soars away and sweetly sings
While bathing in yon sea of blue.

But ah! I met thy winning face,
That wore a false, deceitful smile;
I clasped thee to my fond embrace,
And deeply loved thee for a while:

And, to enfold thy handsome form,
I asked no other joy beside,
For thou wert all my earthly charm,
And in thy *vows* I did confide:

But, to deceive, thy pledge was made—
To blight my spirit in its bloom:—
Can I forget thee, cruel maid,
That thou hast steeped my life in gloom?

I thought of thee through all the day;
Rejoiced with thee while others wept;
And when upon my couch I lay,
I dreamed of thee and sweetly slept.

Thou seem'dst to me a form divine,
An angel from the realms above;
And thought that thou wert truly mine,
For thee I loved with holy love.

Alas! the fatal deed was done,
The dream of bliss was o'er with me;

A life of sorrow then begun,
For I was sunk in misery.

Thy vain, delusive face was turned
Away, oh! fickle maiden, why?
Why was I from thy presence spurned,
In sorrow thus to droop—and die?

Oh! never strive again to win
That passion which our life exalts;
No—never do the fearful sin,
By being to another false.

But lay thy snares for *other* hearts,
If thou *wilt* still prove false again;
Go hurl thy vile, deceitful darts—
Beware—for thine may be the pain!

Go wreathe around another brow
The chaplet I had twined for thee;
Go breathe to him the solemn vow
That thou once falsely breathed to me!

If this thou ever deign'st to do,
Reflect, the day will come at last,
When thou such cruel deeds wilt rue,
And death thy soul forever blast.

Farewell now,—perhaps, for ever;
Thou *didst* all my peace destroy;

For they have got a father dear,
To point their souls to heaven above.

Perhaps at morn or stilly eve,
Her spirit may be hov'ring nigh,
And whispers—"Children do not grieve,
And husband dry your tearful eye.

"Mourn not for me, although my clay
Is shrouded in the dismal tomb,
But be prepared to come away,
With me in brighter worlds to bloom!

"The fruit of endless life I eat,
Which God has to the ransomed given,
And drink the crystal waters sweet,
That flows along the vales of heaven.

"O, come, dear children, to the home
Prepared for you in heaven above,
And there with me rejoicing roam
O'er scenes of beauty, light and love.

"And hasten, husband, to my arms,
That we may meet to part no more,
But dwell amid unfading charms,
And sing—'Our troubles all are o'er.'

"A golden harp I have to play,
A crown of glitt'ring stars I wear;

Am clothed in light of endless day,
And palms of victory I bear.

"I'll shout to meet you in the skies,
Yes, glory! glory! to my God!
High up where pleasure never dies,
We'll swell redemption's song abroad."

My stricken friend, thy locks are hoar,
And soon shall moulder in the grave;
A few more clouds shall pass thee o'er,
A few more tempests round thee rave:

A few more wars with Satan fight;
A few more troubles bear in life,
And then to upper realms of light
Thou'lt soar and join thy loving wife.

OBSCURE RETREAT, June, 1850.

Mr. Editor: When perusing the columns of the "Journal" a few days since, my eye fell upon a poetical effusion entitled "Poetasters," which I read with no inconsiderable degree of interest; from the fact of its having direct reference to a production previously issued from another Press in your city. The author of "Poetasters," ("Nehemiah,") must indeed be one of the mightiest *geniusses* of his age; and, to give the world a display of his "all-killin'" powers, he brandished his wondrous pen aloft, and struck his biggest lick at the young Poets, whose brilliant talents stamp unfading light upon the pages that emanate from the Presses of your far-famed city. And, feeling it a duty incumbent on me to say something in behalf of the Poets of Allegheny College, in order to encourage them on their way up the "Mountain," I pen the following lines for their benefit, and

For Mr. "Nehemiah" Himself.

Hark! what is that falls on my ear,
That sounds like beaten rusty wire?
I cannot tell, as sure's I'm here,
Unless 'tis Nehemiah's "lyre."

I list again—the awful blows
Are like the clash of many swords,—
Stop! hush! be still!—again it goes
Exactly like a-sawin' boards.

Great Cæsar what will be the *last*
Of such a *strain* but just begun?
I spose he'll give us all a blast
Well aimed from his alarming gun.

Could mortal bein's have believed
That *man* could sound so loud a note?
No! Ætna's crater never heaved
Such throes from out its burning throat!

It rolls and rumbles in the air,
Like woful peals of two-fold thunder;
But, thank the gods, it cannot tear
Aught else, except itself asunder!

Aloft! it rumbles louder still:
It almost sets my head a-reelin',—

Beneath! again, more wildly shrill
Just like a dyin' pig a-squealin'.

I fear another such a swell,
Without a band around him tight,
Will "bust his biler"—then farewell
To such a *shell* of talents bright.

Now, "Nehemiah," take advice,
And don't be seen at large a-runnin',
But act the part of little mice—
Stay close to home—be sly and cunnin'.

Go on my young poetic friends,
And keep your banner in the air;
The Muses court—and, may depend,
A wreath of laurels you shall wear:

Go on, I say, and never mind
The arrows of the envious *Jack*,
Who stealthily has been inclined
To spit at you his noxious slack.

Push on, Push on! and upward mount,
With stern and persevering will,
And you shall drink the crystal fount
That gushes forth from Science' hill

Push on, and struggle for its top,
Though very hard it seemeth now,

And you shall deathless flowers crop,
That cluster on its glowing brow.

Let "Nehemiah" hurl his darts,
And rant his loudest thunder-claps;
But show him you have dauntless hearts,
And quite as big as his, perhaps;

And let him fizz, and foam, and spit,
For he has run into a snare
Where he may get his fingers bit,
Much worse than he has been aware.

Farewell Lines to "Nehemiah."

Before we part, give ear to me,
You made the first intrusion,
And in your last there seems to be
A very strange conclusion.
You came into the battle-field,
As though to conquer all;
But then you were the first to yield,
And loud for quarters call;
So never more put on your shield
To face a cannon-ball.

Thy doleful case I do deplore—
That thou art hurt so bad

As not to fight a little more,
But, pray sir, "don't get mad:"
If some are "green" it may be seen
That others are quite yellow;
As pumpkins grow they make a show,
But still are very mellow;—
So take *this* hint and snuff and squint,
You pumpkin-headed fellow!

I know your name, from whence you came,
And many things about you;
And well I know this world below
The sun, could do without you;
You'd better mount a hobby-calf,
And start across creation
Where people are not civil half—
Beyond this moral nation;
Or jump aboard the telegraph,
And ride to desolation!

Such creatures ought to wear a gad,
And go to drivin' oxen,
Or else be set to "shootin' shad,"
And daily take a boxin'.
Who dares another's name invert,
Should pass through teasin'-fliers,
Or else be chased, without a ——— coat,
Through thistles, thorns and briers:
To dance, would be his just desert,
On red-hot pointed wires!

I bid you now a last farewell,
  In hope you may survive,
The nations all around to tell
  That you are still alive.
Long shall the winds that by you howl,
  Your worth abroad proclaim,
And beasts that through the forests prowl,
  Shall utter forth thy name;
And e'en the bat and hooting owl,
  Shall chant thy *mushroom* fame.

To J. J. A. R——, Poet.

Seize thy harp and roll its numbers
  Far along the stream of time;
Wake the nations from their slumbers,
  With its echoings sublime.

Thou hast thoughts too grand to crumble—
  Too sublime to die with thee;
Be not then so fearful, humble,
  Swell aloud thy minstrelsy.

Court the Muses at thy leisure;
  Let no care thy course retard;
Feast on nature's boundless treasure,
  Thine shall be a rich reward.

The Death of a Youth.*

He's gone! as bright a youth
As ever drew a breath;
Alas! it is the truth,
He met the monster, Death.

He's gone where angels dwell,
In brighter realms above,
Forevermore to swell
The heavenly song of love.

To earth he bade adieu—
To sorrow, pain and strife—
And up to glory flew—
To everlasting life.

Amid the ransomed throng,
He roams above the sky,
And sings his happy song
Where pleasures never die.

A blest eternity,
He'll spend without alloy,
And shout—"I now am free
In worlds of boundless joy."

* The Author's first production.

Through heaven's vast domain,
On angel's wings he'll soar;
And o'er its golden plains
Traverse forevermore.

His dying words were these:
"My dearest friends, good bye,
And try your God to please,
And meet me up on high.

"This world is nought but wo,
Where troubles reign supreme;
But when to heaven I go,
'Glory' shall be my theme.

"Weep not, weep not for me,
Though we must separate;
For in eternity
To greet you I will wait.

"My Saviour calls me home
To his eternal rest;
And there, oh, with me come,
And lean upon his breast!

"To death I now resign,
And kiss his smiting rod;—
Thy will be done, not mine,
My Father and my God.

"My convoy now is here,
See, how they throng my room:
Oh, parents, dry your tears—
Farewell! I'm going home!"

The "King of Terrors," Death,
His snowy pinions spread,
And with his icy breath,
Numbered him with the dead.

The God of heaven was pleased
To call him thus away,
Which soon his soul released,
From its dull house of clay.

Why do we mourn *our loss*,
When surely 'tis *his gain?*
He's now where none engross,—
Beyond the reach of pain.

We all must shortly die,
And be to judgment brought;
And oh! may we on high,
Participate his lot.

Beneath the cold, damp ground,
These tenements shall lie,
Till Gabriel's trump shall sound,
And echo through the sky;

Then let us all prepare,
This youth to meet above,
His happiness to share,
Where all is peace and love!

Despondency.

There is a heavy feeling sometimes falls
Upon our spirits; how, we cannot tell;
Then, like a pris'ner in his dungeon walls,
We live and almost deem existence hell.
Oh! it is dreadful in that state to dwell,
When hope's bright sun is set, and stars look not
With smiles upon our darkened souls, to quell
The sullen gloom that seems but to have brought
A night of sorrow, and a drag of dying thought.

Such seasons may be blessings, for 'tis then
We learn our nothingness, and feel the deep
Necessity of aid from Heaven, not *men*,
For they are but ephemeras that creep
Through labyrinths of mystery, asleep
To every interest except their own;
So when Despondency's dark shades o'ersweep
Our hearts, and thickly on our paths are strewn
The thorns of anguish, we must bear their ills alone.

A multitude of wrongs that we have done,
Like clouds come rolling over memory,
With fearful threatenings; the heart is lone
And dismal as a wreck upon the sea,
When midnight veils it, black as ebony;
And winds sweep madly o'er the frenzied wav.
The victim, then, of dread despondency
Should wake to feel there is no arm to save
Him, but Jehovah's, from eternal ruin's grave!

To "Venicia."

The golden tinglings of thy lyre,
Have waked my soul from dreamy sleep,
To wonder, meditate; admire
Their music rolling soft and deep,
Until my bosom, like a pyre,
Was flamed with an expanding fire,
That made my spirit upward leap.

The emanations of thy mind,
Are dazzling gems of lofty thought,
With love and imagery combined,
And ornamental fancy fraught;
They leave the grosser world behind,
And seek for purer bliss to find,
That's ever found when rightly sought.

If thou hast set thy mark on high,
  Then, soar and reach while you may,
For swiftly pass the moments by,
  And life is ended in a day,—
A breath, a tear, a smile, a sigh—
Then, like a flower we droop and die,
  And back to mother earth decay.

Within thy "heart's most secret core,"
  Oh! treasure knowledge, grave it there,
'Tis better than the shining ore,
  That buys us oft but robes of care:
There's nothing like an ample store
Of well refined, unerring lore,
  Of which, thou hast a goodly share.

The "flowers of FRIENDSHIP" soon decay,
  Although we nourish them with tears
And smiles—their glories pass away,
  And then the "hidden thorns" appear,
That on our paths so thickly lay,
That we are stung where'er we stray
  Upon despair's unhallowed bier.

A wounded heart must sigh and sing
  Its sorrows like the morning dove;
But ah! can that a comfort bring,
  Or plant anew the "bud of LOVE?"
No, no—this world hath not a spring

That can restore its withering,
Nor e'en the "wily thorn" remove.

I now enwrap in sorrow's fold,
This sympathizing heart of mine,
And turn with pity to behold
A cloak of thorns encircle thine,
From whence thy melting sonnet rolled,
That thus my ready muse controlled,
To sing to thee an humble line.

We find our "earthborn fancies" vain,
To wind from life's entangled warp,
A thread of joy:—no other strain
But sadness tingles from our harp,
When LOVE is wounded by the reign
Of cruel disappointment's pain—
The "thorn" that murders—ah, how sharp!

The "flower" that lured thee to the grave
Of youthful pleasure, was a snare,
Thy hapless overthrow to prove,
And shroud thy bosom in despair;
But if thou wouldst possess *true love*,
VENICIA, "look for flowers above,"
And thou shalt find abundance there.

The Old Church Yard.

Remorseless Time! Wave after wave,
That never cease to sweep
Their onward course in silence, have
O'erwhelmed and burried in the grave
The numbers that around me sleep
Beneath the soil,
From sorrow, strife and toil,
Destined to dark oblivion's deep.

How many tears have here been shed,
Upon this sacred sod!
How many sighs breathed for the dead,
That earth's lone caverns here imbed,
Under the cold and yellow clod!
Their souls are where?
Rolling in black despair,
Or housed high up in heaven with God!

Ah! here the aged have been laid,
Who, down life's beaten way,
Pursued their journey, till the shade
Of Death's gloom-pinions o'er them spread,
To slumber till the judgment day.
Insatiate tomb!
Thy dismal depths have room
That opes to gulph all living clay.

And here the young are sleeping, too,
In calmness most profound:
Oh! what a brief and fleeting view
They had of life, then bade adieu
To all its varied scenes around;
And fled from sin,
To live with cherubim,
Where love and peace and joy abound.

Oh, wayward mortals! pass not by
This holy, solemn spot,
Without reflecting you must die,
And lowly as these victims lie,
Who've shared the living's certain lot;
Oh! think before
Your dream of life is o'er,
And you are up to judgment brought.

Autumn has stole her annual round,
Chiming again her song
Of death, while scattering o'er the ground
The forest leaves; and in the sound
Of wailing winds the hills among,
She *preaches* death
To all that breathe the breath
Of life—to nature's countless throng.

Reflect aright, ah! deathless soul!
Upon thy destiny;

The grave is not *thy* future goal,
But where damnations' billows roll,
If unprepared, thou'rt doomed to flee;—
If saved by grace,
In Jesus' safe embrace,
Forevermore thy rest shall be.

They pass away.

Oh, childhood's days! they pass away,
Like music's voice upon the ear,
Or like a flower that blooms an hour,
Then dies, no more to re-appear.

The morning breeze sings through the trees,
And bears from out the cooling shade,
The songs of love, that cause to rove
The truant there with joyous tread.

His heart is light from morn till night
In skipping o'er the pleasant green:
To him the earth is full of mirth,—
Around him all one beauteous scene.

He wanders on, himself, alone,
Along the plain, or slope, or hill;
Or seeks the vales where scented gales
Float softly by the murm'ring rill.

To him the sun has just begun
To climb the broad blue arch above,
And cast around o'er sky and ground,
The fairest beams of light and love.

Then troubles come with mighty hum,
And deepest casts of sordid care
Crowd on his mind, that tend to bind
Him low in chains of fell despair!

The monster, Sin, with furious din,
Upon him comes with sinking sweep;
Its thunders roll across his soul,
And rumble o'er his heart's great deep!

Where'er he flies, the piercing eyes
Of God, his actions all can see;
But on he sails through calm and gales,
Nor can he stopped one moment be.

He seeks for rest to make him blest,
But ah! there is no resting here—
Then turns about and launches out
Upon a broad and boundless sphere.

The way of life is fraught with strife,
And disappointments, trials and pain;
But if we strive aright we'll live
With Christ, where joys forever reign.

A Song.

'Tis sweet to hear the merry birds
Sing in each leafy tree;
But sweeter far, those gentle words,
Which thou dost breathe to me.

'Tis sweet to view the stars above,
In modest glory shine;
But sweeter far to read the love,
Meant in that look of thine.

'Tis sweet to see the blossoms bright,
In forest, grove, or field;
But sweeter far the melting light,
In thy soft smile revealed.

'Tis sweet to see the sun recline
Upon his evening bed;
But sweeter, on that breast of thine,
To lean my weary head.

'Tis sweet to see the pale moon glide
Along the azure sky;
But sweeter still, at eventide,
To meet thy soft blue eye.

I've seen thy heart and read it through;
Deception lurks not there;

But than the gold of drossless hue,
  Its virtues shine more fair.

Nor birds, stars, blossoms, sun, moon, gold,
  Nor all the charms of art,
Such magic glories can unfold,
  As virtuous woman's heart.

The gold of Ophir has no weight
  When balanced with *true love:*
Without it, all the wise and great
  Are less than one poor dove!

I ask not to be loved by those—
  The fickle and the weak—
That change with every air that blows,
  And changes only seek;

But such I ask as thou canst give,
  Unblemished, bright, and true,—
With such, 'tis pleasure here to live,
  Without it—joy, adieu!

When thou art near me do I feel
  Thy virgin powers to bless;
For though in sorrows, thou canst heal
  Them all with thy caress.

Thy bosom is a reservoir
  Of love refined and rare;

And humbly kneeling at its door,
I drink true pleasure there.

'Twould grieve my soul to see thee weep,
If grief had thee distresst;
For trouble ne'er should move the deep
Of thine unsullied breast.

It grieves me, too, from thee to part,
With whom I love to dwell;
For oh! it always wounds my heart
To say that sad—Farewell!

Stanza.

My heart is full of poetry—
My brain is full of fancy;
But nothing in the world I see
So sweet as blue-eyed Nancy.

The Death of James R. W.

Oh, mourning mother! weep no more,
For James is richly blest;
His cares and troubles all are o'er,

And now on Canaan's flowery shore,
His weary soul's at rest.

Here, in this world, the cruel dart
Of death may give us pain;
And though we may be cast apart,
Why should it wound or grieve the heart?
For we can meet again.

Within the gloomy grave we all
Must soon be laid to sleep;
The rich and poor alike must fall
When the Almighty's voice shall call,
Though fiends around us weep.

Death had no terrors for his soul,
No dread the gloomly vale;
He saw old Jordan's billows roll,
Beyond, he viewed the heavenly goal,
And for it struck his sail.

Oh, father! lift thy streaming eyes,
And fix them fast above;
Thy son is ranging o'er the skies,
Where thou, if faithful, soon shall rise,
And join his song of love.

The God who heareth when we plead
His all-supporting grace,

Shall be thy aid in time of need;
And when thy soul from clay is freed,
'Twill soar to his embrace.

Oh, brothers! turn your thoughts away
From earth and earthly things,
To realms of everlasting day,
Where James in an unceasing lay,
The theme of glory sings.

And, sisters! heartless death has slain
A brother near and dear;
But though bereaved, do not complain,
Your loss is *his* eternal *gain*,
In the celestial sphere.

Companion of his bosom, oh!
In heaven put thy trust,
For soon, alas! the fatal blow,
May, with thy husband, lay thee low,
To mingle with the dust!

Yes, stricken one, prepare, prepare,
To meet his soul above,
Where sorrow, trouble, pain nor care,
Nor parting sighs nor tears are there,
For Heaven is full of love!

Taylor.

He's dead! The mighty Hero is no more!
That heart, that trembled not when even earth
Itself shook fearfully, as rank on rank
And swarm on furious swarm went rolling o'er
Its crouching bosom, sleeps the wakeless sleep.
The sound went weeping like the lightning's wing
O'er mountain, vale and stream, that he whose voice
To battle's thunders gave a double tone,
Lay cold and stiff in sterile death's embrace.
The penetrating sound each ear awakes,
And sends a thrill of sorrow through each breast.
And now what awful, death-like stillness reigns;
And from Atlanta's ebbing border stretched
Across to broad Pacific's flowing tide,
A veil of mourning hangs. A heavy cloud
Like night's dim shadow o'erwhelms the land,
And from it party thunders threatening roll.
Columbia, gathering in her wide-spread folds
And floating sails, comes forth with mournful tread,
And humbly bows around the patriot brave,
And bathes the icy corpse in bitter tears!

America! alas! you've lost a star,
As bright as ever gemed the hero sky:
Plucked suddenly from Constellation fair
At such a time, at crisis such, by death's

Strong grasp—enough to bend a nation's head,
And pour a flood of sorrow o'er the land.
Ye stricken sons of Freedom! mourn and weep,
For ye have lost a mighty leader now.
He dauntless led his bands of free-born sons
Right up to howling battle's horrid front,
And there, before its tempest-scowling gloom,
He raised his voice in ringing thunder-tones,
"On! on! my braves, the victory is ours!"

And when o'erwhelming numbers, and enraged,
His little band that never cowered, met,
And loudly rolled the dismal cannon peals
Down Mexique's gory vales, and wild'ring groans
Of dying victims rent the reeking air;
When sword and musket's clash and clangor cleft
The darkened sky, and leaden vollies poured
Showers of death among the bristling ranks;—
And when the solid wrathy multitude
Of Mexique's boasted troops came crowding on,
He shouted o'er the battle's furious din,
"But few we are, but victory is ours!"

He lead his fearless "few" through heat and cold,
Through fire and flood, o'er wintry mountain-tops,
And burning sands, and ravines wild and deep,
To fight for—*doubtful justice;*—but he stood
Unconquerable, matchless, unalarmed.
He labored hard in Freedom's glorious cause,

And conquered all that met him in his march,
Until the "King of Terrors" struck the blow—
The fatal blow that smote him to the dust.
Great giant Captain! when he fell 'twas like
The loftiest cedar of Libanus' brow,
By some mysterious providence, uptorn
And withered, fallen—*dead!* with none around
To reach its matchless growth, its wondrous height.
He fell—and as the cedar's crashing fall
Is heard wild sweeping through the wilderness—
So heard the world the noble Chieftain's fall;—
So heard the world!—and all began to mourn.

But, though he sleeps his last, long, wakeless sleep,
And moulders back into his mother earth,
His name shall live for centuries to come,
Approaching nigh the unexampled height,
Where stands, in golden characters serene,
Immortal, sacred, reverenced, sublime,
The name, the glorious name of WASHINGTON!
My heart thrills with a rapture wild and sweet,
To sing the name of him whose power chained
Proud Britain's savage, furious hounds of war,
Her tyrant king, of his dominion o'er
Our country, dispossessed, and set it free,—
Redeemed it from the yoke of tyranny;
But ah! I shudder when the gloomy thought
Comes wand'ring o'er my brain, that it is not
From bondage wholly free as then it was.

Tongues yet unborn will speak a TAYLOR'S praise:
A warrior bold, a hero conquerless,—
He went to battle with a fearless heart,
And fought—but not for fame—for liberty.
When bullets thickly hummed about his head,
And bayonets rattled round his sturdy breast,
And fiendish yells of cowering multitudes
Rung on his ear,—'twas then his country's love
Lit up his soul, and urged him on to meet
His foes and win the glorious victory.

Oh! stretch afar the sable mourning pall;
Hang mourning on the hoary Alpine peaks,
That kings may see and drop a sorrowing tear;
From every mountain-top let mourning stream,
And scarfs of black enwrap our country's hills;
For we have lost a mighty General,
A President, a hero, and a *man!*
He stemmed the blasts of many adverse winds,
And trod oftimes the vale of poverty;
Again the summit of prosperity
He arched, and plenty round him richly smiled.
His dying words how simple, yet how grand!
How beautiful! how grave! and how sublime!
"My duty I have strictly tried to do—
I am prepared to go and meet my Judge."
And thus he left the gloomy shore of Time,
Launched out his barque and sailed in peace to Heaven.

Hymn.

Oh, for a tongue to swell the praise
  Of him who died for me!
I'd magnify his boundless grace,
And chant the bliss of his embrace,
  In tones from anguish free.

'Twas even Christ, the Son of God,
  Who left the world above,
And traveled down the starry road
To shed for man his sacred blood,
  And fill the earth with love.

Though all unworthy of his care,
  Still yet for *me* he died,
That I might of his mercy share,
And not be lost in black despair,
  But in his love abide.

My sins have alienated me
  From his redeeming blood;
But still he calls,—"Return, and be
Unbound from Satan's chains,—be free,
  And walk the heavenly road.

"My lamp of love shall guide thy feet
  Through every scene of life;

And when the winds of trouble beat,
Thy every want I'll amply meet,
And calm the waves of strife.

"A crown of cruel thorns I wore,
Was scourged and spit upon;
A cross of rugged wood I bore,
And groaned and died—what could I more
Than that which I have done,

"To save mankind from Heaven's ire,
From ruin, death and hell?
Come sinners, all, to me aspire,
For God is a consuming fire,
Unless in me ye dwell!"

There is a Brighter World.

There is a world where all is bright,
Where beauty never fades;
Where, flaming with eternal light,
Its scenery opens on the sight,
Ne'er dimmed by evening shades.

The blossoms there forever bloom
Upon the shining hills;
And there is dug no dismal tomb;

Nor clouds o'ercast its skies with gloom;
Nor sin its pleasures kills.

There death his bow has never bent,
Nor twirled his darts severe;
The bosom there is never rent
With sorrow, grief nor discontent,
Nor lashed by guilty fear.

There life shall never, never end
On that celestial shore,
Nor passion's fiery waves contend:
In love unnumbered myriads blend
Their songs for evermore.

There lightnings never flash around,
Nor thunders ever roll;
But strains melodious there resound,
And harmony's in every sound,
And joy in every soul.

There crystal waters richly flow
In an unwasting flood;
And there the eyes of angels glow
With holy rapture as they bow
Before the throne of God.

The Saviour died that we might all
That happy land possess,
And sends his servants out to call

Each rebel man from Satan's thrall,
T' enjoy its loveliness.

How I would love, on Seraph's wing
To range that happy place!
There I would shout, there I would sing
The praises of my Saviour, King,
And bless him for his grace.

Along the stream of life I'd stray,
And gather flowers of love
That flourish there and ne'er decay;
Or, on light pinions, soar away
To an Elysian grove,

And through its solitudes would roam
In meditation sweet;
For oh! that is a glorious home,
Where cares and discords never come,
And pleasure is complete!

Morning.

Night wanes—the vapors round the mountains curled,
Melt into morn, and Light awakes the world.
Byron.

Hail cloudless morning! thou dost come again
In all the glories of thy Eden birth,

To stir and cheer a silent, slumb'ring world.
Sweet is thy blush upon the starry sky,
And thrice delightful are the golden hues
Thou scatterest over woodland, tide and field.
The oriental heavens now are touched
With amber tints that charm my soul away;
And from before them rolls the darkness back,
Or rather seems to melt and disappear,
As smoke before the breeze is lost to view.

Fair morn! how beautiful thy presence is!
Thy beams fall softly back o'er smiling earth,
As golden tresses o'er a maiden's cheek.
The moon grows pale and gathers home her rays
From space that kindles with a brighter glow:
She ruled the earth when thou, exulting morn!
Awoke the sleepers of another realm;
She ruled when through the forest stole the wolf,
The panther o'er the rocks and rugged hills,
And bruin in the vales; she fades away,
She shrouds her silv'ry cheek in blooming space,
And leans away toward the shadowy west.

The stars—those wondrous gems that deck the skies—
Those distant worlds that spangle earth's tall roof—
Now close themselves from view, nor deign to smile
Upon this stirring sphere. An hour ago
Innumerable multitudes shone forth
And glowed, and danced on ether-cushioned seats:
They now can sleep upon elastic beds,

Or softly lounge on *Sol's* upended beams;
Or turning, look away through other tracts
To fairer orbs that cluster on the verge
Of space's dismal bounds remote;—where may,
To all eternity in splendor roll
Infinite worlds, unknown to finite man
Who vainly tries to comprehend the skies—
To find what God has hidden from his eyes—
To grasp within his puny fist the spheres,
And check the onward sweeping tide of years,—
To tame the elements around him driven,
And breast the thunders of eternal Heaven!

Oh, hallowed morn! thou comest in thy grace,
And, stretching forth thy long, bright, fiery arms,
With hands of mystic, heavenly fuel full,
Dost kindle up the world with golden light—
Dost crowd the Universe with wondrous flame!
To meet thy coming, mighty ocean rolls
To eastern shore her pondrous tide of brine,
And swells her bass eternal at thy dawn.
The "rock-ribbed mountains" nod their heads
With verdant cedar-tresses richly graced,
Embrace and kiss thy far-extending beams.

Though morn the darkness backward drives before
Its coming in the east, yet, close around
It steals with noiseless tread, as though to haste
It on its march—to blast the light of day,
And smother e'en the radiance of the sun:

But ah! too fierce his beams; too bright his face;
Too noble his designs, to daunted be
By darkness' scowls, or beasts, or moon-eyed owls:
He sits the ruling god on morning's cheek;
Then proudly mounts the broad blue heavens up;
Illuminates the upper realms of space,
And radiates the verdant fields of earth.

Love's Influence.

Oh! love into the soul will steal,
And stamp in every avenue
An undecaying, deathless seal,
Whose brightness is—*forever true.*

It draws like chords of strongest make,
And causes us to laugh and weep;
It makes us happy while awake,
And happy in the arms of sleep.

It fills the heart with streams of joy,
And lights it with a zealous flame:
Oh! who its raptures dare destroy?
Or who that loves, to chide or blame?

The angels sport on silvery wings
Around the soul that truly loves,

And strike their wands upon its strings,
Till each bright chord with glory moves.

A Balm for my Heart.

When my bosom with sorrow is pressed,
When my spirit grows languid and faint,
When sooty despair is my guest,
To heaven I lift my complaint;
And my Saviour descends with a balm for my heart,
And says to my troubles and sorrows, "depart!"

Liberty—Slavery.

Oh, LIBERTY! what a delightful word!
How full of meaning! how it thrills the soul!
'Twas an inhabitant of heaven ere
Jehovah in his wisdom shaped a world;
And when the earth from everlasting night
Sprang forth in loveliness, a perfect sphere,
'Twas free to roll its silent circles round
The sun,—'twas free to sweep majestic through
The regions of illimitable space,
And praise the universal Architect.

Yea! earth was free! the genial atmosphere
That whispered through the groves of Paradise;
And every bird that clapped its buoyant wings
And voiced its music 'mong the blooming trees;
The fish that swam the seas and crystal streams;
The beasts that grazed upon a thousand hills;
And *Man*, the lord of all the earth—was free;—
And all that was, and is, and is to be,
Were formed for freedom, not for cruel chains,
But in untrammeled happiness to live,
As the Almighty made them at the first.
How sweet is liberty wherever found!
How full of music, full of joy the sound!

But man—my brother man—I blush to own
Him such—the haughty lordling tyrant, deigns
To bind in fetters what his God made free!
Eternal Justice! where's thy thunder-bolts?
Why have they not been hurled in vengeance down
To scathe the hearts of those who chains have forged
To clank upon and gall their fellow-men?
Eternal Mercy! spare the tyrant; spare
The proud oppressor, humble him; awake
Him to his duty indispensable,
That he may set the slave at liberty.
Eternal God! disarm him of his power,
And let the groaning captives *all* arise
From nature's darkness,—*more*,—from slavery's night,
That they may hail the glorious gospel light,
And thee embrace, whom, now, they are denied.

Oh, crushed, despised, neglected, bleeding race!
In Gilead there is yet a balm for you.
The day *will come*,—God, roll it soon around,—
When you shall be redeemed; when you no more
Shall toil and groan beneath the cruel lash;
When you shall see your captors tremble, fall,
And recognize you as their fellow-men;
When you shall meet the Saviour of the world,
And his salvation in your hearts embrace.
Salvation! speed thy blessings to the poor,
Benighted, groping sons of Afric's clime!
Behold, ye angels! Heaven all behold,
And then deliver from captivity,
Before they turn and spill the blood of those
Who now dominion o'er them wrongly hold.

Here, where the flag of liberty is hung
On every hill, and floats in every breeze;
Where every man a christian claims to be,
Or can, if he the title choose to claim,—
Except—ah! shall I say it?—in our land,
Just over there upon our southern plains—
Are *thirty-seven hundred thousand*, bound
Beneath oppression's clanking manacles;
And whose identity as *men*, has been
Almost extinguished by a heartless gang
Of—what? of men? of christians? No! ah, no!—
Of tyrants? Yes! who steal away the *rights*
That GOD has given to their fellow-men;

Yea, even more, who steal their fellows, too;
Who drag the husband from his weeping wife,
His children, home, and friends, and all he holds
Most dear on earth; from all that makes life sweet;
And from the mourning husband tear his wife,
Upon whose bosom hangs a prattling babe,
Its father's pride, its mother's greatest care;
Part brothers, sisters, fathers, mothers, friends,
And husbands, wives, and faithful lovers, all,
And to eternal bondage them consign.

Oh, Afric's injured, hapless, tortured sons!
For you I weep; for you my bosom bleeds;
I mourn for your misfortune, and would fain
Alleviate your sufferings if I could.
For you I sigh, for you I'll ever plead;
For you my prayers to Jacob's God shall rise;
Because the sacred light of liberty,
The bible, education, heaven, all,
That tends to cheer and happify the soul,
Seems barred, alas! forever from your sight.
Must you, in clanking chains drag out your lives,
And die at last beneath the tasker's lash,
Without a sympathizing tear? Oh, no!
Shall you, oh! trampled race! be left to grope
Your way to ruin, while around you throng
A multitude who say they're bound for heaven,
And yet are willing not that you should go,
Because your great Creator made you black?

Although your cheeks bear not the rose's bloom,
You have immortal souls, that shall not wear
A distinct color in another world.
Ah! who would say the soul that emanates
Direct from God, cannot return to Him
Acceptable, well-pleasing in His sight?
He who would say "*America is free*,"
Doth err—the term is wrong—'tis blasphemous,
'Tis false! 'tis false! Had I ten thousand tongues,
A voice as loud as thunder seven-fold,
And lungs of strength unfailing, I would send
The echo o'er my loved land; would pour
It in a strain of burning eloquence
On every ear; would shout it to the world;
Would thunder at the door of every heart
That beats on proud Columbia's sacred soil;
Would preach to *all* the everlasting truth,—

America, the boasted land of light
And gospel privilege, where each should find
A friend and helper in his fellow-man,
Owns, fosters, sanctions, fathers, institutes,
A species of oppression vile, of all
Most vile, inhuman and contemptible,
That ever cursed the earth since time began!
Oh, shame to such abominations, shame!
Because that God to Afric's sons has given
Submissive dispositions, humble hearts,
We'd make them *slaves!* Almighty God,
Destroy the institution; tyranny

Destroy; thy power, thy will make known on earth;
Awake some mighty storm and send it forth
In vengeance, terror, thunders and alarm,
Across our land, and drive the principle,
The cursed principle of SLAVERY,
Wild shrieking back into its native hell!

The Departed Companion.

I saw a tottering man of many years,
One evening wandering alone beneath
The verdent branches of a giant elm.
A gentle breeze around him softly moved,
And lightly shook the leaves above his head.
The sun's last beams of glory now withdrew
Their golden hues from off the waving sprays,
That rose from out the bosom of the tree;
And round him bloomed a multitude of flowers.
Poor man! his morn of life was gone, his noon
Had passed away, his evening shade had come.
His hoary head with palsy shook, and down
His furrowed cheek fell sorrow's bitter tears.

Ah! yes; he stood within the church-yard walls,
Where slept the peaceful dead; and round his feet
The yellow earth was scattered o'er the sod.
Upon his staff he leaned himself, and sighed;
For there that morn he saw the charnel-house

Extend its clayey jaws, and swallow down
The loved companion of his early life.
Whilst there he stood with downcast, streaming eyes,
And heart o'ershadowed by a cloud of grief,
These words he spake, unconscious he was heard:—

"Insatiate Death! thy ruthless hand hath laid
My Mary low forever; thou hast torn
My mate, my partner, comforter away;
The one who strewed my early path with flowers,
And down through life partook my griefs and cares,
My joys and sorrows, bliss, afflictions, ills:
Yea, thou, in one sad moment, snatched away
The pillow where my weary head reclined
For three-score years, and laid it in the dust.
And soon this palsied tenement of mine,
Shall side by side lie mouldering with hers.
'Twill be a welcome day, a happy hour,
When I shall go to dwell with her again."
Thus having said, his knees beneath him sank,
And, bending lowly o'er the yellow mound,
He breathed to God a deep and fervent prayer:—

"Great God! if 'tis thy will divine,
Pronounce the stern behest,
And let this longing soul of mine
Go home and be at rest.

"Oh! set me free from pain and strife—
From this dark, dreary waste,

And with the partner of my life
Undying comforts taste.

"There in a brighter world than this,
We'll meet to part no more;
There we shall dwell where Jesus is,
And sing our sorrows o'er."

To a School Mistress.

Miss Pedagoguess—please to pardon me
For calling thee
Such an unlucky, heartless name;
But, by the by, I cannot see
How thou canst blame,
When both thy titles are about the same:

Yes; pardon me, if, for a lack of wit,
I should commit
Some errors, which I truly may,
While here alone, I, musing sit,
At close of day,
And dream (as I suppose) the hours away.

I listen to the chiming of the breeze
Among the trees;
And think how pleasant to the ear,
Beside those mystic A, B, C's,

It is to hear
The *natural music* of our 'mundane sphere.'

In "*Hayti's*" cheerless, *dark* dominions, thou
Art stationed now,
Among a ragged urchin crew,
To "teach the young ideas how
To shoot"—I do
Not envy thee thy station—that is true!

'Tis no disgrace, at all, for thee to sway
A birchen spray
O'er such a little flock as thine,
And toil along from day to day,
With the design
To make their tender intellects to shine.

If any thy profession should despise,
They are not wise;
For there is scarce another *trade*
So honorable neath the skies:
By every grade
Should reverence to it e'er be strictly paid.

The patience of the "*man of Uz*" should be
Possessed by thee,
And *all* in thy vocation; all
Should strive in true sincerity,
To disenthral
The mind; to set it free from ignorance' *stall.*

Our *destinies* are one—for mine is thine,
Or thine is mine,
Just which you please—"both thee and me,"
Are taking passage in one *line*
Upon the sea,—
Our vessel's name is PEDAGOGUERY!

The sea is rough, but still I hope we yet
To port may get,
With both our jolly crews alive;—
Not much I know should I regret
To leave my *hive*,
But still to see it 'mid the waves survive.

Oh! that the muse my heart would more inspire
With rhyming fire,
I'd raise my strain a key or two;
But as it fills not my desire,
What can I do
More than to bid thee, friendly Miss, adieu?

The Lover to his Intended.

Thou art the dearest to my heart
Of all I've met on earth before:
This gives me pleasure: we'll ne'er part
Until our dream of life is o'er.

What pleasant moments we have spent,
Since first upon thy blooming breast
I laid my head and felt content
That it should there forever rest.

Yes—on thy breast of fairest mould,
With soul entranced, my cheek hath lain,
While time away in silence rolled,
Nor rolled its hours for us in vain,
For we were forming sacred ties,
To bind our hearts, for life, in one,
While angels bowed from yonder skies,
To witness what we spake and done.

In thine embrace—O, blest repose!
My throbbing heart e'er longs to be;
And in my arms thy form t'enclose,
Is perfect happiness for me.
Our vows are made in truth and love,
Our pledges to each other given,
That nature's strictest laws approve,
And which are sanctioned by all heaven.

Together we expect to dwell
In peace and harmony and joy:
May trouble's billows never swell,
Our calm of pleasure to destroy.
'Tis not in beauty's winning power
To draw my heart from thee away,

For deeper, every flying hour,
Grows my desire with thee to stay.

I look with feelings of delight
To that blest hour, when we shall stand
At Hymen's altar, glowing bright,
And be united heart and hand!
Then—then like doves together joined,
Our rolling years we'll sweetly spend,
With all our interests combined,
As ocean's mass of waters blend.

And since I feel that thou art mine,
My pilgrim thoughts have ceased to roam,
But with thy being seem to twine,
And in thy bosom dwell at home.
Thou art my guiding star of life,
To lead me through life's wilderness;
Though scenes of sorrow and of strife
Assail me, thou wilt cheer and bless.

And if in full prosperity
My steps by Providence are led,
A sharer of it thou shalt be,
Still pouring blessings on my head;
And if affliction cast me down,
Thy tender hand wilt raise me up;
Or, if misfortune on me frown,
Thou wilt make sweet its bitter cup.

While wandering all alone by day,
Or rambling in the stilly night,
To think of thee drives grief away,
And fills my bosom with delight;
And when upon my couch of rest
I lay my frame in sweet repose,
Blest thoughts of thee steal through my breast
As sleep's soft curtains round me close!

When mingling with society,
The smiles of others oft I meet,
But they are void of charms for me,—
Thy smiles alone are truly sweet;
And when I list thee breathe thy love,
In tones so soothing, mild and clear,
It falls like accents, from above,
Of angels whispering in mine ear.

My heart is thine forevermore:
'Tis full of fervent love for thee;
And when a few brief days are o'er,
Our vows shall then accomplished be.
We've pledged to each our heart and hand,
To journey down life's rugged way;
And O, may love's unsullied band
Still bind us closer every day,
Until we reach that happy land,
Where we shall part no more for aye!

A Song.

Forget me not where'er thou art,
When thou this token dost behold:
I'll keep *thy* memory in *my* heart,
As richer far than pearls or gold.

When morning spreads her wings of light
In grandeur o'er the broad, blue sky,
I'll send my thoughts in sweet delight,
To bring thy lovely image nigh.

When noon invites me to repose,
I'll seek the shade of some wild bower,
And think of thee, where softly blows
The fragrant breeze, and blooms the flower.

When silent eve draws on apace,
Oh, doubly sweet it then will be,
To seek some solitary place,
And think of nothing else, save thee.

And when still midnight darkly reigns
O'er earth's broad bosom, then I'll rove,
Forgetful of my griefs and pains,
But not forgetful of my love.

Say, is it vain to love? oh, no!
The angels love, then why not we?

Love makes our Eden here below;
It blends our hearts in unity.

The fool may call it folly's height,
And shun its holy influence,
While groping down through rayless night,
And proud at being void of sense.

When two young hearts each other love,
Who dare to censure or to blame?
Oh! who so base as to reprove,
Or try to quench the blissful flame?

The days are passing swiftly by,
But each one brings some new delight,
When I can see thy mild black eye,
Outvieing e'en the sapphire bright.

My stubborn spirit bows to thee,
Which, to another, scarce would kneel;
Nor can I deem myself quite free,
Nor quite my slavery conceal:

To be a captive at thy shrine,
Is pleasure, unadmixt with pain;
And who is once a slave of thine,
Ne'er wishes to be free again!

Not till my sun of life is set,
Not till my heart shall beat no more,

Will I regret the hour we met,
And felt awhile our sorrows o'er.

Though I may ride on ocean's tide,
Or roam Sahara's burning waste,
Yet still 'twill be a bliss for me,
To think upon thy virtues chaste.

And we must part—'tis Fate's decree—
Though it will wring our hearts with wo;
But I will e'er remember thee,
As swiftly down to death I go.

Jo ——

I worship not false beauty—no!
'Twere vanity to worship so;
Nor does my bosom deign to move
At any touch save that of love;
But when my soul devoted feels,
When virtue such as thine reveals
Itself to me—'tis then alone
I deem my heart is not a stone.

I now traverse the sunny land,
Where first I stretched my truant hand
To pluck the flowers from the hill,
And by the willow-curtained rill;

And while I think of childhood gay,
How swiftly it hath passed away,
My thoughts are wont to turn and flee
In streams of love away to thee!

While here I roam from place to place,
My early haunts I fondly trace,
And trace them both in mind and view,
But weep to bid them now adieu.
Perhaps I'll visit them no more,
Their sacred scenes to ramble o'er;
But soon I'll go to seek thy face,
And meet again thy warm embrace.

Oh, sweet reflection! blessed thought!
That e'er thy cheerful face I sought;
And on thy bosom found a rest,
That will forever make me blest.
Where'er I turn, where'er I roam
Through this fair region, once my home,
I meet with those whose smiles are dear,
But there's a void—*thou art not here!*

And now within the pleasant wood,
Where all is peace and solitude,
I sit me down to muse of thee,
Whose smiling face I long to see;
O, had I pinions now to soar
These woody hills and valleys o'er,

How soon would I again be blest,
To lean upon thy virgin breast!

"I would not give thy bosom pain,"
Where love's unsullied glories reign;
No! sooner that the azure sky
Should bear the sun and moon no more on high.
Sweet girl! I only ask thy smile,
Unmixt with falsity or guile,
To make me feel that in thine arms,
There is for me *a world of charms!*

Adown my cheek there steals a tear,
For I am sad and lonely here;
But when thy face again I see,
Then—then I'll cease to sigh for thee.
The notes of a poor turtle dove
Are softly floating through the grove,
Which deeper on my heart impress
The knowledge of my loneliness.

The summer breeze, from bough to bough,
Is stealing forth in whispers low;
So time steals on from day to day,
To haste my steps to thee away,
Where joys sublime shall fill my soul,
And from my heart this sadness roll:
There, in the blessedness of love,
Our plighted faith to each we'll prove.

Though ruthless pains distract my frame,
My heart—my heart is still the same,
For there's a deathless something there,
That burns in spite of fell despair.
Oh! that I could impart my mind,
And let my feelings, unconfined,
Flow forth, that thou might'st plainly see,
Their channel runs direct to thee.

Why should I thus myself express?
Thou canst not doubt my faithfulness,
For I have given thee my heart,
And both have vowed—"we'll never part:"
The rose shall lose its charming hue
Ere I will prove to be untrue;
For I, like yonder mourning dove,
"Will die—and know no second love!"

The Rescue.

Some months ago the Monongalia rose
Above all former swells; strange it may seem,
A "Doctor's office"—so the story goes—
Was witnessed "floating down the restless stream."

'Twas first discovered where the water ran
Among Virginia's hills, with furious force,

Sweeping to desolation the abodes of man,
And spreading wild destruction in its course.

"The ark moved on," upon the angry tide;
(Not piloted like Noah's ark that sat
Upon the 'shoreless deep,') no hand to guide
Its course was there, save one poor, "luckless cat!"

No doubt he thought, (if cats *do* think at all,)
That he was an unfortunate feline,
To journey thus in Esculapius' hall,
With nought but 'nasty drugs' on which to dine.

To be shut up in such a fearful place,
Would frighten man himself, where he could view
The *bottled poison* stare him in the face,
And turbid waves his palace dashing through.

"Poor fellow!" how he must have felt distrest,
(If cats *can* feel,) to be fixed as he was,
Without an arm his hurry to arrest,
And save him from destruction's gaping jaws.

Perhaps his kittenhood was gayly spent
In sporting with his maize-bred kin; but lo!
He witnessed now that destiny had sent
Him hurry scury—where—he didn't know.

By lucky chance the ark was shoreward borne,
And wrecked—but not submerged—amid a heap

Of anything you choose; there puss, forlorn,
Sent forth his cries for rescue from the deep.

And there was one among the lookers-on,
Whose heart was touched; he breasted "wind and wave;"
Pushed out upon the surging tide alone,
Determined, at his peril, puss to save,—

And so he did;—no doubt he left the place
A happy man for treating pussy kind:
And now, dear reader, if you view the case,
In it a useful moral you may find.

The Victims of the Storm.

A few years since, as a trading boat was passing down the Youghiogheny river, at a place called the "Big Falls," it was met by a storm, and wrecked against the rocks on the shore. There were three men on board who perished in the waves.

The rain in torrents thick and fast,
Came gushing from the cloud,
And onward swept the wailing blast,
Till forests 'neath it bowed;
And Youghiogheny's swelling tide,
Its billows rolled on high;
And dashed them out from side to side,
With shriek and hollow cry.

Ah! see them drive against yon wall
Of rocks, and fling their spray
Far up the hills where tempests wawl,
And deep toned thunders bray.

Behold the pines and poplars dash
Beneath the storm's fierce might:
It drags them up with furious crash,
And whirls them down the height!
Oh, dreadful storm! thy terrors fierce,
Would shake the stoutest heart:
Thy bolts descending seem to pierce
And rift the hills apart;
Upon thy black, terrific wings,
Rides forth the dreadful God,
And from His fist in anger flings
His glittering shafts abroad!

He speaks—the clanging thunders roll,
And leap from hill to hill;
He guides the storm at His control;
He smiles—and all is still.
Convolving arch! athwart thy dark,
Tumultuous vast I gaze:
How wild the thunders roar—oh, hark!
And red the lightnings blaze.
I tremble as a fearful sight
Breaks on my mental eye;
My soul starts up with wild affright,
Such horror to descry.

There—there I view a reeling boat,
Where foaming water raves;
Impossible that it may float
In safety o'er the waves.
Three men I see upon the deck,
Who gaze with wild despair;
Alas! they know their boat must wreck,
And they shall perish there.
The maddening tempest seems to mock
Their piteous, luckless state;—
See! how they plunge toward that rock,
To meet a horrid fate!

With all his strength each grasps an oar,
But 'tis of no avail:
The surges heave them to the shore;
Their cheeks are deadly pale.
She strikes the rock—O, heaven, save
Them from the sinking wreck!
There! o'er it rolls an angry wave,
And sweeps them off the deck.
Oh, God! stretch forth thy mighty arm,
Into the bubbling surge,
And help the victims of the storm,
Or they must now submerge!

They're gone!—Oh! see the heavens split
With ragged streaks of fire;
And seems the vault, with vengeance lit,
To stoop, and growl with ire:

Hoarse thunders roar and mutter o'er
The avalanching waves,
That heave and meet, and foam and beat,
Above the boatmen's graves:
Their dye was cast—they met the blast,
And sunk into thee deep:
The tide swept on, but they were gone,
To sleep the "wakeless sleep!"

The "Knob."

Beneath me far, with scene-admiring soul,
I gaze, and see
Bright MONONGALIA'S lucid waters roll,
Sublimely free;
There thousand thousand sunny wavelets raise
Their tuneful voices in a hymn of praise.

And far along the eastern range I view,
With vast delight,
The lofty mountains dressed in azure blue,
Serenely bright:
Deep in the heavens, tall, majestic, proud,
They lift their heads, and pierce the floating cloud!

The Death of a Young Girl.

Thou didst wither, fair maiden, and die,
At the terrible coming of death;
Now dim is thy once beaming eye,
And forever has fled thee thy breath.

Inanimate now is thy form,
Thy cheek has grown deathly and pale;
Thy bosom, once throbbing and warm,
Is as cold as the clods of the vale.

Gone, gone to the land of the blest,
Ere sorrow had made thee its prey;
Gone, gone to the heavenly rest,
O'er the fields of bright glory to stray!

I view thy freed spirit arise,
As spotless and pure as the dove,
And hasten away to the skies,
To dwell with the angels above.

Thy body must lie in the tomb,
While ages shall circle along;
Thy spirit in heaven will bloom,
With anthems of praise on its tongue.

Thou hast fled from the wiles and the snares
Of sin and temptation, to reign

Where sighing, afflictions, and cares,
Thou never shalt witness again.

Long life was not thine to possess,
For the breezes of spring had not passed,
Till autumn, that mystical guest,
Swept o'er thee its withering blast.

The verdure shall soon overspread
The hard, lowly pillow of clay,
Sweet maiden, where resteth thy head,
In premature blight and decay.

The grave, though a dark, gloomy place,
To the Christian's a welcome abode;
Though wrapped there in death's cold embrace,
The spirit is happy with God.

Dear girl! I will never forget
Thy countenance beaming with love,
Which *here* I so often have met—
But next I shall meet it *above*.

Thy youthful companions will mourn
Full oft, when they think thou art gone;—
Oh, death! thou hast ruthlessly torn
From amongst us an amiable one.

So we are all passing away—
Death's cypress will soon o'er us wave,

And lowly as thee we shall lay
In the narrow confines of the grave.

Thou hast fallen too early, alas!
So we utter a grievous farewell;
But soon to thy rest we shall pass,
Eternally with thee to dwell.

When our troubles and trials are o'er,
We'll soar to the regions above,
Where *we* shall the Saviour adore,
And drink from his *ocean of love!*

To the One whom it suits.

Light of mind and careless hearted,
Cold, unfeeling, loveless, weak;
Scarcely hast thy wife departed,
Till another thou dost seek.

She to whom thy pledge was given,
She, whose bosom glowed with love,
Left thine arms and soared to heaven,
There to meet her babe above.

In the dreary grave reposing,
Lies her wasting body low,

While her kindred dust is closing
Fast around her faded brow.

While her lovely form's decaying,
'Neath the damp and heavy clod,
Dost thou ever think of straying
To her lonely, dark abode?

Oh! I fear that thou hast broken
Pledges thou shouldst sacred keep;
And consigned *her* heart's pure token
To oblivion's darkling deep.

How canst thou, so soon returning
From her tomb, forget thy vow?
And to smiles exchange thy mourning,
And to joy thy sorrow—how?

When with hectic fever burning,
To her bed she beckoned thee,
Seeing thou wert sad and mourning,
Saying, "Oh, remember me!

"Husband, I must shortly leave thee,
(But to die I have no fear:)
And it seemeth much to grieve thee;
Yes, I read it in that tear.

"Wilt thou come where I am sleeping,
And above my place of rest,

In affection for me weeping,
'Balm my memory in thy breast."

Go, false one—go tell the story
Of thy love to others—go!
Though thy mate is now in glory,
Canst thou treat her memory so?

The Broken-Hearted Lover.

A broken-hearted lover thus relates
The anguish of his disappointed soul:—
"A score of years serenely rolled away
Like some broad stream unruffled by a breeze,
Or shadowed with a cloud: my barque was launched
Upon its sunny bosom; and I sailed
Along in rapture, gazing all around
At the rich splendor of the opening scene.
The glorious sun of happiness arose,
And o'er the waters poured its golden beams;
No vapor dimmed the upper fields of blue,
Nor sound discordant broke upon my ear;
I left the flowery shore with dancing heart,
And smoothly glided out upon the deep.

And all was calm and lovely as a babe
When sleeping in its watchful mother's arms,

Its little soul transporting in a dream
Of blessed innocence. A breeze arose,
And softly, gently, lightly stole along
The crystal waters, freighted with perfume,
And whispering an anthem in my ear,
Though pleasantly, yet, 'twas the harbinger
Of coming tempests—and I knew it not!

The songs of birds were swelling out upon
The fragrant air; and with their voices, mine
Was mingled; with them I was truly blest.
My heart was full of joy, and in my hands
Were wreaths of blooming flowers, which I copped
With gladness, dreaming not that they would fade
And die—fit emblems of myself! of joy!
Far out I gazed upon the spreading sea,
That seemed to have no bounds; but when I looked
It seemed my eyes were veiled mysteriously,
Which gave a shadow of uncertainty
To all before me—all behind was plain.
I then awoke, and it was but a dream.

How changed the scene! I startle at the change.
I looked and saw the sky was overcast
With gathering vapors, shadowing forth the storm.
The sun was of his former brilliance robbed,
And coursed his way in dimness through the mist.
Around my gliding vessel strangely played
The babbling ripples; then the breeze began
To sigh portentous; larger waves and fierce

Came rolling o'er the agitated deep
With threat'ning and alarming turbulence.
The clouds grew thicker and a fearful gloom
Seemed hanging round my barque! away—far off—
In distance dim, the dreadful thunderer
Began to beat the furious tempest-drum;
Almost was lost its echoes on my ear.
My vessel like an aspen, shook and rocked
Convulsively upon the lashing waves.
The storm arrived, and what a storm it was!
While heaven frowned, and warred the elements,
My heart was rifted by a thunder-bolt;
Torn, mangled, blasted, desolate, destroyed!

The world may sneer at such a tale as this,
And say that broken hearts there's none; but ah!
'Tis real, 'tis no idle, fickle dream.
I met a creature beautiful and fair,
Who won my heart; I loved her with a love
That seemed to make earth heaven. My soul is sick,
And so my story must be briefly told:
And while I tell it, sadly throbs my breast,
And every life-drop into ice congeals:

And she was false as fiend of Tartarus!
A demon in a wreath of roses dressed;
A scorpion hidden in a bed of flowers,
Alluring, but to wound with fatal sting;
An adder folded in a lily's leaves,
Waiting, with greed to fix its poison fangs

Deep, deep into my unsuspecting heart!
Whilst I reflect upon that fatal day,
What frantic wildness fastens on my brain!
When she forever gloomed my sun of joy,
I revelled once on wings of brightest hope,
And viewed the one I loved as born of heaven;
But ah! I met a look of foul contempt,
From eyes that seemed to sparkle once with love
Almost intense as angels: then I bade
Farewell to hope, to bliss and happiness,
And in despair expect to droop and die!"

The Woods.

Ye solitary woods! I love to muse
In your lone depths, where not a sound I hear
Of human being; I would gladly choose
Such solitude, than meet the scornful sneer
And scoffs of haughty man, and have my ear
Forever tortured with the clang of foes:
Yes, your secluse retreats are doubly dear,
Because I here can steal away from those
Who fain would do me wrong, and thus avoid their blows.

I here can listen to the wood-bird's song,
And 'mong the branches hear it clap its wings;

And in the cooling shade can tarry long,
Where strife no sound of discord ever brings
To mar the spirit, which so fondly clings
To pleasure with instinctive gravity;—
Alas! how often man mistakes the things
Most ruinous, for those he deems to be
Enhancers of his joys:—Man! blind, and yet can see!

Stanzas.

My heart desires not the praise,
The honor or renown of earth,
To cheer my spirit, or to raise
My thoughts to seek for fame or worth:

Praise but too often makes us vain,
And honor feeds aspiring pride;
Renown and fame are empty gain,
And mixt with bitterness beside.

Life is a bubble on the stream
Of time—and man's a floating barque;
The past is but a varied dream;
The future is uncertain, dark.

Then, while the present we possess,
While life, and health, and strength endure,

Each object that can truly bless,
We should endeavor to secure.

The present offers *now* to me
A *theme* on which I love to dwell;—
Here I can pour my thoughts to thee
From this wild, solitary dell:

I am alone—no mortal nigh
To mar my musings; and there floats
A fragrant zephyr softly by,
Bearing the robin's evening notes.

A streamlet winds the vale along,
And murmurs gently at my feet,
While round me springs a smiling throng,
That fills the breeze with odors sweet.

Yes, summer crowns each hill with flowers,
And with them stores each vale and grove,
Where we may while the speeding hours,
In thinking of the ones we love.

But pleasure's cup hath drops of gall!
For some of those we've loved most dear
Have answered fate's relentless call,
And fled from off this timely sphere.

But some remain who have a claim
To the affections of our heart;

But it shall be our destiny,
From *them*, too soon, alas! to part.

Oh! were it not for present bliss,
We could derive but little from
The past—since all must come to this:
The past is but oblivion's tomb.

The hopes of future pleasures keep
Us partly free from galling care,
And ward away the storms that sweep
The soul accustomed to despair.

Here, in this lonely heart of mine,
A thousand sorrows dark and dread,
Are brooding, like the black ensign
Of battle, o'er the fallen dead.

A bruised heart!—what words to me!
How big with meaning! full of grief!
Nor has this world a remedy
Efficient to afford relief;

For when that passion of the breast
Which we call *love*, receives a blight,
We are forever dispossesst
Of that which gives us true delight.

Such is, sometimes, the fate of those
Who form the strongest, dearest ties:

They quaff the cup of falsehood's woes,
And fall, alas!—no more to rise.

A loving heart! oh, sacred thing,
Where truth and virtue are combined!
What rapture does that sentence fling
Across the ocean of my mind!

Pray.

When thy soul in sorrow pineth,
When thy heart is sick with grief,
When on thorns thy head reclineth,
Then in Heaven seek relief.

When the gloomy clouds come o'er thee,
And the storm around thee blows,
Pray—and Heaven will restore thee
To the beauties of repose.

When the thunders o'er thee rattle,
When the lightnings round thee burn;
'Mid the elemental battle,
All thy thoughts to Heaven turn.

When temptations round thee gather,
Heed them not, but onward press,

Drawing nearer to thy Father,
Who will aid thee in distress.

When the wicked try to harm thee,
Shun, oh! shun the cruel snare;
Let no earthly power alarm thee,
Whilst thy heart can breathe a prayer.

God can hear the sinner pleading,
And can free the captive soul:
He can heal the heart that's bleeding;
He can make the leper whole.

A Song.

There is a thought that cannot perish,
Brightly painted on my soul;
Oh! how fondly I will cherish
It, while life's sweet moments roll;—

'Tis, that love once more is burning
Where dark ruin seemed to reign,
All my days of being, turning
Into nights of wo and pain.

Oft I looked a happy creature,
When in gay society;

But it seemed to be my nature,
Thus to hide my misery.

When I laughed 'twas like the breaking
Of the day-god through a cloud;
Or a fancied corpse awaking
From beneath its fun'ral shroud.

Though I sported with the merry,
Though I seemed to love a jest,
Yet there was a grief to bury
Every joy that thrilled my breast.

A Scene.

Another man and I one night,
Were rambling out in sweet delight,
Through open field and pleasant wood,
With no intention to "intrude."

We wandered up a hill, to where
We thought to take some wholesome air;
Upon its top there was a house,
Where all seemed quiet as a mouse.

Around it there were pailings set,
And there's a little gate to let

The neighbors through who want to go
To get them "mesmerized," you know.

The people there are clever folks
Who love their Bible and good jokes;
But then they keep a beast, as full
Of terror as a bedlam—anything.

I've always been afraid to call
To see the people there, at all,
For if I do I'm sure to feel
The gafts of "*puppy*" in my heel.

'Tis bad enough to hear his din,
But worse to have a bitten—boot:
If he were mine I'd hang the *dog*
As sure as "rollin' off a log!"

Ten furies flame from both his eyes,
That fill your bosom with surprise;
And when he comes you've got to "tree,"
Or else be bitten wofully.

I carry neither gun or knife
At any time to save my life,
But if I happen there again,
I'll wound that creature if I can.

We trudged along in happy state,
Until we came unto the gate,

And then the fearful beast began
A "bow-ow-wow," and at us ran.

I was so scared I did not know
Which way to look, or where to go;
I had a mind the beast to fight,
And then again thinks I, "he'll bite!"

Just then I saw a handsome Miss,
Who'd gone behind the house to—hiss
The ravenous beast upon us there,
And try *us gentlemen* to scare.

"Hiss! hiss!" says she, with all her might,
Then like a coward took to flight,
And through the kitchen quick she flew,
Nor stopped to bid us "how d'ye do?"

Nor did she seem at all to care
If we were eaten bones and—hair;
Oh, wretched girl! to leave us then,
To be devoured—*us gentlemen*.

The beast would snap, and then he'd grin,
All eager for a bite of—boot;
And not a soul came out to help
Us gentlemen to fight the whelp.

And such a wild, terrific noise!
It beat the giant battle's voice;

The beast without, inside the Miss,
Going through the kitchen, "hiss, hiss, hiss!"

She tumbled out at t'other door,
While all within did loudly roar,
For chairs were splintered in her track,
And doors slam-banging at her back.

She mashed the wood-pile in her train,
And wildly as a hurricane,
She flew o'er benches, boards and logs,
And wakened all the neighbors' dogs.

Such horrid clamor and uproar!
I never heard the like before;
It made me feel all over queer;
I thought my *end* perhaps was near.

On through the yard she swiftly leaped,
And round the corner at us peeped;
Her head looked like a *pork-u-pine*,
And, bless me! how her eyes did shine:

They minded me of two big holes
Burnt in a blanket, and the coals
That burnt them in, still sticking there,
Fanned by the breeze into a glare.

My comrade darted from my side,
To hunt a place in which to *hide*,

And left me there to stand or fly,
Or like a hero fight or die.

And then I thought I'd like to see
The beast bite her instead of me;
Then through the door I hasted in,
But heard him snapping at my—*boot.*

How scared I felt nobody knows,
And none did care, as I suppose;
I know I was as pale as death,
And almost dead for want of breath.

I'd like to know who would not feel
His blood run cold, his senses reel,
And trembling seize upon his breast.
To meet such a voracious beast.

An hour or two did pass away,
And then the Miss began to play,
(As merry girls are apt to do,)
And which they're nearly sure to rue:

She sauntered round in thoughtless mood,
(Not likely after any good,)
About the beast, still raving mad,
And lo! he bit her finger bad.

I pitied her a little, but,
Thinks I, 'no odds, 'twill soon heal shut;'

She tied it up, and then advised
The crowd to all get "*mesmerized:*"

So down we sat in cheerful plight
Around the candle, burning bright,
And Mr. A. said, with a smile,
"I'll put you all asleep awhile."

He tried his uttermost you see,
But couldn't "*metamorphose*" me,
Although I sat a long, long time,
And gazed upon his paltry *dime.*

That night with fear and bliss was fraught,
And ne'er by me will be forgot;
But happier far, could I have kept
The *dime* o'er which Clarinda *slept!*

'Twas her who got her finger snapped;
She didn't sleep but kind o' napped;
And all the rest were wide awake;
And then myself and neighbor Blake,
Concluded we would make a break.

The Celebration.*

My heart is full! my bosom swells with more
Than ordinary feelings of delight,
To be the witness of a scene so grand,
Where youth, and age, and beauty, all have met,
To pay devotion at their Country's shrine.
What can I say? or how express myself?
How grasp such overwhelming loveliness;
Its merits picture in their proper light?

'Tis not in finite skill or earthly power,
To paint the glories of so blest an hour;
Nor can *my* Muse, from thought's vast picture-sea,
Draw hues to paint the scene's sublimity.

All hail the day that gave Columbia birth
From dark Oppression to sweet Freedom's light!
Ten thousand thousand strains of melody
Go softly swimming through the sunny air;
And seems to burst a hallelujah from the earth,
And roll triumphantly away to heaven;
Day, dearly sacred to the hearts of all
That live, or shall exist, till time shall end!

We breathe, to-day, the "holy atmosphere"
Of blessed, priceless, blood-bought Liberty.

* At Millsborough, Pa. July 3d. 1852.

No regal sceptre, stained with heroes' gore,
Is swayed by hands tyrannical, across
The happy region of America;
No kingly banner floats athwart our skies,
As once it waved, in sable horridness,
From Maine to the Pacific's rock-bound shore!
The hand of RIGHT the sceptre dashed away,
And tore the hell-dyed banner from the skies;
Eternal JUSTICE bent his mighty bow,
And twirled his errless arrow keenly through
The bosom of infernal Despotism,
That stalked abroad in matchless ugliness
O'er this fair land of ours.

Hail, glorious day!
We deem thee sacred time; we keep thee such;
We celebrate thee as the period, when
Political redemption to us came;
Our history, as a nation, marks no day
So worthy of remembrance, so sublime.
Its deeds sent paleness to the gory cheek
Of the proud old despotic World, and made
Him quail: it shook his battle-loving heart,
And made him think of what had ne'er before
Entered his mind, that he should now repent.

These sun-bright hills that tower round me here—
Illumined by the cloudless noon-day god,
And Freedom's pure effulgence,—over whose
High-lifting tops the uncaged eagle soars,

And sweeps his golden pinions 'gainst the skies,
As free and vigorous as when he perched
His lofty form among the Stars and Stripes,
Unrolled before a wonder-stricken world,
Three quarters of a century ago,—
Have poured into this leafy sugar-grove
Vast torrents of exulting beings, proud
To celebrate the day that shook the world,

And mutely chained Britannia's prowling Bear
Fast in his dark, polluted, bloody lair,
From whence he'd issued with obnoxious breath,
And swept across our land a storm of death.

The cannon's mouth has ceased to thunder "War!"
And hurl its iron messengers of death
Among the champion ranks of Liberty.
To-day, from ocean o'er to ocean, rolls
The boom of cannons and of musketry,
Peal meeting peal from hill to verdant hill,
And every sound says "Glory!"
This blest hour
Uncounted thousands have together met,
To blend their feelings in a jubilee,
Throughout America. And *we*, with souls
E'en full of rapture, 'neath these verdant boughs,
Sing gladsome praises to Columbia's God!
I listen to the thrilling eloquence,
That flows in charming strains from patriots' tongues,

Sweet as the music of Æolean harps,
When wafts the balmy breeze among their chords;
And as I list, my heart expands with joy,
And tears, unsmotherable, flood my eyes.

Oh! where's the true American whose breast
Is not with zeal heroic filled to-day?
Or where the timid tyrant who would not,
Before such bright array, shrink back and flee
To hide his face in some wild mountain cave?
My bosom burns with Love's exalting flame,
For those who fought in other days to save
America; redeemed America!
They purchased Freedom with their precious lives,
And with their life-tide fertilized our soil;
The liberty *they* bought *we* now enjoy;
May God preserve it from despotic power!
And may our land, our consecrated land,
Forever be the wand'ring pilgrim's home;
The place where persecuted man may find
An undisturbed repose, a land of rest,
A land of harmony, and peace, and love:
Although a cloud of despotism now
Hangs darkling o'er the South—ah! fearful cloud!
Yet it shall soon, we trust, be blown away;
May Freedom ever be as infinite
As Phoebus' universal light; and oh!
May it, like Phoebus, circle round the earth,
Embracing all mankind in unity

And love—all in one blest fraternity.
May kings and monarchs all be swept away,
Their power become extinct throughout the earth,
And every throne be crumbled to the dust;—

Then shall the hallelujah swell from pole to pole,
"Thank God for what America has done!"
Ten thousand times ten thousand voices roll
From earth to Heaven the name of WASHINGTON!

The Path of Duty.

The heart beats lightly when we march the way
That Heaven designs our wand'ring feet to tread:
The path is straight; and one continual day
Upon it shines, and lights the traveler's head
With blessings out of number, such as wed
His soul to glory—to the world above;
His bosom knows no taunting fear, or dread
Of future misery or wo; but love
To God and man his heart to act alone can move.

There are no thorns in duty's shining road,
No snares upon it set to trap the feet;
And, he who walks it, bears no guilty load,
To make him weary; and, though he may meet

A thousand enemies, resolved to beat
Him from his course, yet, if he face them bold,
All Heaven will protect him; and a sweet
Communion with his Maker he can hold,
For such the Saviour in his bosom doth enfold.

The path of duty leads direct to Heaven,
So narrow—that we dare not step aside
To pluck a flower, or we may be driven
Headlong; for many, at a single stride,
To gratify their avarice or pride,
Have breathed the upas' fatal atmosphere,
And, in a moment, unexpected, died.
On either hand temptation lurketh near,
To win away the feeling, taste, smell, eye, or ear,

To wander from the path of duty, we
Expose ourselves to precipices, o'er
Whose dismal steeps our souls, perchance, may be
Sent howling into hell! there to deplore
Our folly and our madness evermore.
All who have fallen to that world of night,
Fell not from duty's line; nor fell before
Their guilt became a mountain, and their sight
Grew dim by sinning 'gainst the Lord of life and light.

The voice of Nature speaks in thunder-strains,
And tells us—"Of delusion, be aware;"
If we are led by Satan, sorrows, pains,

And shame, are ours; and torment, grief and care
Come crowding o'er our spirits, and despair
Gripes greedily our souls. Oh! who would run
From happiness down to wo, and tear
Himself right from the cross of Christ, and shun
The path of duty, in eternal hell to groan?

Immortal man! why actest thou so base
Toward thy Maker? why art thou so blind?
Is duty's path not pleasant? is disgrace
Connected with its walks? canst thou not find
In it substantial joys, a peace of mind
That makes thee dream of Heaven? Is not thy soul
Destined to live forever, unconfined
In glory, or beneath the dread control
Of an Almighty God, in endless pain to roll?

A Sinner saved from the jaws of Death.

I heard the angry breakers roar
On Jordan's stormy tide,
While standing on the gloomy shore,
I viewed the other side.

'Twas wild and fearful o'er the stream—
No friendly face was there;

And lost was hope's celestial beam,
In darkness and despair.

I thought that I alone must cross
The watery wilderness,
And o'er the hideous surges toss,
To torment and distress.

I called on God my life to spare,
Nor let me launch away;
He in his mercy heard my prayer,
And thus to me did say:—

"Come, child of sorrows, to my arms,
Thy sins are all forgiven,
And from the midst of these alarms,
Thou mayest escape to heaven.

"Thou didst rebel against me long,
And would not seek my face,
But thou forsakest *now* thy wrong,
So I impart my grace.

"I gave my well beloved Son
To die on Calvary:
Hast thou not heard his dying groan?
He spilt his blood for thee!

"That blood hath washed thy guilt away,
And cleansed thy filthy heart;

No more in paths forbidden stray,
No more from me depart."

The waves were calmed; the howling gale
Had in a moment died;
And then methought I'd like to sail
Across the rolling tide.

Within my soul, divinely bright,
Was glory shed abroad,—
Around me shone a heavenly light—
I leaped and praised my God.

I'll praise his holy name until
I pass from earth away,
And then on Zion's golden hill,
I'll dwell with him for aye!

There's beauty everywhere.

There's beauty, there's beauty all over the earth—
The river, the ocean, the field, and the grove,—
Though dressed in such splendor, what is it all worth,
To those in whose bosoms throbs no pulse of love?

There's beauty in morning, noon, evening and night,
The rivulets, flowers, the trees and the sky:

All nature is beautiful—full of delight,
But there's nothing more lovely than woman's bright eye.

Song of the Bridegroom.

To a maiden beloved, to-day,
My heart and my hand I have given;
With her it is heaven to stay,
From her it were hell to be riven.

We are bound with a chain—not of brass;
We have promised—to part not to-morrow;
We have loved, that life's season may pass
In pleasure—not weeping and sorrow.

Our pleasure has only begun,
Since this is the day we were married:
And deeper we'll blend into *one*,
As down to the grave we are hurried.

The Camp Meeting.*

What means this mighty mass of human life
Crowding into thy shady wilds, O, grove!
O'er which the burning sun in zenith hangs,
With yellow vapors wreathed anon; and veiled
At times in clouds dark-floating on the skies?
Methinks I hear a voice distinctly say:
"*They come to worship God!*" Already—hark!
Is that a band of angels in the air,
On lutes of gold concerting Zion's song?
Has heaven op'd its gates and sent a choir
Of harpers down from near the glowing throne
To chant a song of glory in these woods?
No—yonder are the choristers around
The pulpit grouped, pouring their hearts—
Though many—as it were but one, right up
To God! their faces look, methinks, almost
As bright and beautiful as angels' are.

The atmosphere is full of charming sounds,
And full of living loveliness, the grove.
Hark, hark! ye who afar-off stand or stray,
Come in to where this melody awakes,
And hear the choir of Israel chant a song,
'Devotional, to the eternal God,'

* Cookstown and Bellvernon camp meeting, Sept. 20, 1852.

In praise of whom this group of tents is pitched
In this deep wilderness of towering oaks.
The lisping babe within its mother's arms,
Seems touched with rapture; and the prattling child
Has something beaming in its dancing eye,
That speaks of joys cherubic o'er the skies;
The youth, with rosy cheeks and golden locks
Twined into glossy ringlets by the breeze
That whispers through this Paradisial grove,
Treads softly down the aisle with buoyant heart
And looks of exultation; he whose brow
Health's picture is, and in whose agile frame
The fulness of manhood appears, along
The far-extending avenues, o'erarched
With gently quivering verdure, comes to hear,
In fond entrancement, this sweet music more:

Ah! there he comes, the storm-bleached veteran!
His palsied figure moves with tottering pace,
Bending beneath his "three-score years and ten."
Old man, thy head has blossomed for the tomb;
The Reaper soon will come and cut thee down.
Thou treadest on the very verge of death,
Ere long to step into eternity,
And witness all its dread realities:
We all are marching down with thee to death.
Great, shocking truth! how faintly realized,
That all this vast assembly soon will pass
Like mountain mist before the blast away!

Integrity—A Burst.

Ah! sooner let the twinkling stars
  Forsake their homes on high,
And with the most terific jars,
  Go thundering through the sky:

Yea, sooner let the blazing sun
  Be blotted from my view,
No more his mighty course to run,
  Through yonder arch of blue:

Yea, sooner let the sea forget
  To roll her tides to shore;
This earthly ball to ruin fall,
  Nor man be heard of more:

Yea, sooner let this body sink,
  And moulder into dust,
Than I would for a moment think
  I'd e'er betray my trust.

And those who feel disposed may still
  Upon me palm their lies;
But I'll maintain my trust—I will,
  Till every button flies!

The Reformer.

Now farewell sin! I give you o'er,
To run your giddy rounds no more,
For, if I longer with you dwell,
I risk my soul to endless hell.

God's spirit long has tried to win
My wandering feet from paths of sin;
So here I yield my contrite heart,
And for his kingdom make a start.

Are not some angels hither come
To bear the joyful tidings home,
That I was lost, but now am found,
And for the courts of glory bound?

I wait to hear that "still, small voice,"
That shall inspire me to rejoice;
Thy love!—withhold it not, my Lord;
But speak it now—the pardoning word!

I supplicate a throne of grace;
In deep contrition seek thy face;
Oh, let my pleadings reach thine ear,
That thou in mercy mayest appear!

Great God! redeem my captive soul,
And from my breast this burthen roll,

That I may rise—from sin set free,
And pour a song of praise to thee.

So here's my heart; receive it, God,
And wash it in the Saviour's blood;
'Tis black with guilt and steeped in wo,
But thou canst make it white as snow.

Doctor 3——.

I know a man not far away,
  But will not tell his name,
Who has established in his day,
  An almost "deathless fame;"
So thinks the man himself, you know,
But other's don't believe it, though.

He is as full of windy talk
  As dogs are full of hair,
And shows the people by his walk,
  For them he doesn't care;
But hear his neighbors speak of *him*,
They say he is a perfect whim.

He makes pretensions, by the by,
To be a Doctor, too;
But those who take his "drugs" *must die*,—
  Now this is strictly true:

If ever he by chance would cure,
His charge would make the rich man poor.

His legs are nerved at any time,
To run with all his speed,
If there's a chance to make a dime,
As though he stood in need;
But then in need he doesn't stand,
Because he has a patch of land.

He is possessed of tricksome cunny,
That's very seldom caught;
And he has paid with others' money
For his poor hilly lot.
I don't suppose he ever *kills*,
Except when dealing out his pills.

Sometimes he makes a mighty blow
At subjects of debate,
To make the people think, you know,
He is somebody great;
But people seldom notice take
Of swells as he is wont to make.

Great little man, of vast conceit!
He holds his head aloft,
That's five feet four above his feet,
And as a pumpkin soft—
So soft, indeed, he lost his hair,
And now his calabash is bare.

I've seen a thing so tightly stuffed
With wind it had to "bust,"
And so with self-esteem *he's* puffed,
To soon explode he must:
Then, what a blast of wind there'll be,
When all that's in him is set free!

He justly ranks among the *things*
That make more noise than talk,—
I'll speak no names—but they have wings,
And waddle when they walk;
And when he gets into a crowd,
Like theirs his noise is long and loud.

He never liked to work, at best—
"'Tis stooping quite too low;"
And always wears his very best,
Wherever he may go:
You'd think it wonderful, indeed,
To see the creature take his "feed."

On Mongaluna's rolling tide
He keeps a little ferry;
And lives along its verdant side,
As singing lark as merry:
He takes somebody o'er each day,
And always laughs to get his pay.

However he is not so bad
In every shape and feature,

For he took pity on a lad,
They call an "urchin teacher,"
And took him in with him to board,
Which did the richest joys afford.

This Pedagogue is half a man,
Perhaps, a little more,
And does the very best he can,
To show the world he's more;
But people all can plainly see
He's not what he would like to be.

He's slender, tall, and just as straight
As any filthy weed,
And walks with most astounding gait,
To where he gets *his* feed;
And, when he feels in proper mood,
Can waste an awful sight of food.

Some people say he loves the "*dears*,"
But this is not the case,
For he has always met their sneers
Whene'er he met their face:—
A bachelor's will be his lot,
Unless by chance he soon is caught.

He has a head of fearful size,
And porcupinish hair,
And too enormous rolling eyes
With which he's apt to stare

At every thing that by him passes,
Especially the handsome lasses.

His legs are like unto a rail,
And straight as a gun barrel,
And never yet were known to fail
To run, when in a quarrel:
And he has two oblongish feet,
The bulk of which is seldom beat.

He, too, has got a "deathless fame"
For making doggerel rhyme;
But, ah! I fear his mind's too lame
To touch the "true sublime."
I'll have to quit, for reason why,
The Pedagogue is sitting by.

Remember the Captive.

Remember the captive! whoever ye are,
That can pour up your voices to heaven in prayer:
Unfortunate creature! how long must you dwell
In the merciless torments of a physical *hell?*

Remember the captive, who bleeds in his chains,
'Neath the lordling who scoffs at his groans and his pains,
As to labor unceasing he drives him along,
With a lash in his hand and a curse on his tongue.

Remember the captive, whose skies are all gloom,
And no place as welcome to him as the tomb,
Unless that his instinct may lead him to know
There's a heaven above him to which he may go.

Remember the captive, when after him bounds
A gang of his fellows, more brutal than hounds,
To carry him back to the fierce burning South,
With a yoke on his neck and a gag in his mouth!

Remember the captive, whose pleasures are crushed;
Whose pleadings for freedom forever are hushed;
Whose heart is a victim to hopeless despair,
And who dare not e'en whisper to heaven a prayer.

Remember the captive, whom tyrants have torn
From home and companions, with pitiless scorn,
And o'er the dark billows have forced him away,
To live in dishonor and die in dismay.

Remember the captive, who bursts from his chains,
And flies from the region where tyranny reigns,
To find—from his captors, whose hands are imbrued
In the blood of their fellows—a peaceful abode.

Remember the captive,—a matron or sire,—
Who sinks on a pallet of straw to expire,
With none to direct them or point them to God,
Or tell them there's pardon in Jesus' blood.

Remember the captive, when death o'er him steals,
And the blood in his bosom forever congeals;
Unenlightened he launches away o'er the deep,
Nor knows if to heaven or hell is his leap!

Oh, ye who have power! ye tyrants and knaves!
Who chain down your fellows as subjects and slaves,
Say, how can ye hope for the world of delight,
Since you have created a HELL by your might?

Has Heaven no thunders? has Justice no sword?
And shall not the captive, to freedom restored,
Yet live on a level with those by whose hands
He long has been thralled in tyrannical bands?

Has Mercy no balm for the heart-broken slave,
Whose life is *perdition* while out of the grave?
The Gospel no voice that shall reach them, ere long,
And raise from dishonor the down-trodden throng?

Oh, yes! there's a season fast rolling around,
When the Gospel shall reach them with hallowed sound;
And their song of redemption triumphantly rise,
Till it echo o'er Nature and roll to the skies.

I trust I shall hear it;—I hope that my voice
Shall assist the poor African then to rejoice;—
Oh, Saviour, descend on thy pinions of love,
And waft us ALL home to thy kingdom above!

My Native Place.

I sit again upon the grassy side
Of my dear native streamlet, where so oft
I used to watch the gently flowing tide,
And list enchanted to its murmurs soft.

And here's the sacred spot that gave me birth—
The very trees I used to play beneath;
Oh, dearest place to me upon the earth—
The place where first I drew my infant breath!

I now remember, how, in early years,
These gently rising slopes I gambolled o'er;
What lovely melody then charmed my ears,
From zephyrs' whispers to the tempest's roar!

Oh! could I live again those blessed hours,
This strange temerity I would not feel,
For now my spirit from the monster cowers,
Who soon these lips forevermore will seal.

I love to see.

I love to see
A tender child kneel down to pray
Beside its mother's knee,
And clasp its little hands and say,
"Father, who lives in Heaven above,
Come down and fill my heart with love;
Nor let my feet be led astray
By Satan, from the narrow way,
But watch and guide me every day,
That I thy faithful child may be,
Nor sin against thy grace;
Then in a bright eternity,
I'll meet thy smiling face."

To Dr. Z.

Oh! Dr. Z., it seems to me
That you are "*unco blurt*" sir,
To pour outright your fiery spite,
On one you cannot hurt, sir;
Do you suppose your spleenish blows,
In any wise can harm him;
Or that your heart can frame a dart,
Whose point can e'er alarm him?

You might have known to let alone
Your neighbor you had better:
His "chainless mind" you ne'er can bind,
With your sarcastic fetter:
I see you fain would forge a chain,
To thrall him in disgrace, sir;
But man there's none, beneath the sun,
That he's ashamed to face, sir.

A man of sense would not commence
To scandalize his neighbor
As you have done;—Ah, heartless one!—
What means your crazy caper?
Your mouth awry, and skanting eye,
(Of fiendish marks possesst, sir,)
And, too, your tongue with slander strung,
I bitterly detest, sir.

Of rank or birth, or innate worth,
I do not brag a bit, sir;
But yet I know, and here can show,
I have a *little* wit, sir:
A wit that spurns your surly turns,
With triumphing ambition:
A wit that shuns the spiteful ones,
Who own your disposition.

If you are wise take my advice,
And hold your slander in, sir,

Or you may rue that ever you,
Such gaming did begin, sir;
I will defend a bosom friend,
Or battle an offender,
Not with the sword or ranting word,
But the feather of a gander.

Since you have let your ire get
Beyond the moral laws, sir,
And strike at me so viciously,
Without a single cause, sir,
I'll use the right I have to fight,
By taking my own part, sir,
And boldly show to friend and foe,
That mine's no coward's heart, sir.

Sarah.

Alas! she died! My lovely Sarah left
My bosom as the morning sun arose;
I mourn that I am thus so soon bereft,
But she has soared to realms of blest repose.

Beauties of Nature.

All Nature wears a smile of living love,
From *ignes fatui* to stars above;
From crystal drops that gem Viola's face,
Up to the sun that lights infinite space;
From grains of sand up to the mighty mount,
From ocean to the softly purling fount;
From trees that cap the lofty hills around,
Down to the verdure scattered o'er the ground:
E'en man, the vilest worm of earth, 'tis true,
Is favored with some love and beauty, too;
But woman is the loveliest of all
That lives or moves upon this rolling ball.

Love.

O, for the power such mighty strains to roll,
As issued from immortal Homer's soul,
I'd chant my theme in eloquence sublime,
And pour its echoes through all coming time;
Or, had I Virgil's harp or Ossian's lyre,
My bosom kindled with celestial fire;—
Then, like Apollo, would I sound my song,
In notes melodious, to creation's throng!

My theme is LOVE! the noblest one that's sung
By finite man or hymned by angel's tongue:
It was the chief delight of bards of old,
To sing its beauties on their harps of gold;
In every country, nation, age and clime,
It has—and shall be voiced in strains sublime,
By those whose hearts are lighted by its fire,
And feel its magic burnings woo them higher.

The great Creator, throned all else above,
Creation's Builder! source of light and love!
O'er Eden's fields, where infant nature lay
Outstretched in beauties of unclouded day,
Poured from his presence an unbounded stream
Of glory, even dimming Phœbus' beams;
And there with happy man behold him move
And warm his heart with everlasting Love!

What is it makes our verdant earth still yet
Resemble ancient Eden? Every heart not set
On ruin's smouldering heap; not blasted, riven
By some fierce thunder-bolt of frowning heaven,
Not given o'er from genial tenderness
To icy coldness, stony callousness;
Gives back the answer as if from above,
So rife with joy and exultation—"Love!"

What makes the maiden to her suitor cling
With such unyielding grasp? What gives a wing

Of rapture to the Christian's soul, when Death
Is grappling at his heart, and steals his breath?
What causes that fond mother's lips to smile
When bending o'er her tender infant, while
It sleeps so sweetly? What, that harmless dove
To mourn so solemnly? 'Tis Love! 'Tis Love!

What shines the clouds of sorrow from the soul
As morning's rays the shades of darkness roll
From off earth's bosom? What, that brings a tear
Unbidden from the eye, when round the bier
Of some departed friend we stand? What sends
Our spirits, buoyant as the lark, to blend
With those from whom our fate has been to rove?
That principle of bliss celestial—Love!

What lifts the penitential sinner up
From grief and deep distress, and fills his cup
With streams of gladness? what that rolls away
His load of guilt, and pours eternal day
Right on his view, with all its sacred charms,
And folds him softly in his Saviour's arms?
What brought our great Redeemer from above,
To save a fallen world from hell, but LOVE?

To Time.

Time! thou most mysterious ocean,
Ever sweeping on thy waves;
Silent—yet with strong commotion
Surging millions to their graves!

Thou hast been for ages rolling
Like the restless briny deep;
None but God thy might controlling;
He alone has spanned thy sweep.

O'er the earth, like mystic waters,
Thou hast poured thy current wide,
Washing Adam's sons and daughters
'Neath the madness of thy tide!

Where is Eden? Where the power
Of the world before the flood?
Thou hast whelmed, as in an hour,
All who then earth's bosom trod.

Where is all the pomp and glory,
Once displayed in Greece and Rome?
Though they live in song and story,
Thou hast drowned them in the tomb.

Thrones have fallen, temples crumbled,
As thy billows passed them by;

Where's the mighty from them tumbled?
In forgetfulness they lie!

See! the thousands round us falling,
Sinking neath the sullen flood,
While the Gospel's voice is calling,
"Turn, ye rebels, unto God."

Time! thy waves will soon roll over
This enslaved, desponding heart;
But thy billows ne'er can cover
My immortal, deathless part!

Brownsville at sun-set.

Unbounded grandeur on my vision opes!
My soul involuntarily seems to leap
On airy pinions o'er the emerald slopes
And oak-crowned hills; and skim along the deep,
Green vale, where MONONGALIA'S waters sweep
In majesty eternal. Oh, the skies!
How beautifully blue. Along them creep
The fleecy cloudlets, fringed with golden dies,
Floating away to where yon mountain towers rise!

Dread Mountain! nature's everlasting throne!
Bounding my vision with thine azure breast,

Far stretching around the eastern horizon;
Still in thy primal habit thou art drest,
And ne'er have been disgraced by regal guest
Sceptred with tyranny. The sun that now
Is pillowing his head upon the West,
Yet flings his farewell beams along thy brow,
To which thou seemest in thy majesty to bow.

The scene! the scene! Where'er I turn my gaze,
A world of glory bursts upon my sight:
The fields are speckled o'er with herds, that graze
Upon the living verdure; and the flight
Of thousand minstrels singing in the bright
Pure atmosphere from hill to hill; and flowers
On trees and meadows, bathed in yellow light;
And children sporting through the groves and bowers,—
All—all declare that Spring is fraught with matchless powers.

I feel myself o'erwhelmed with this array
Of scenery magnificent, before
My vision spread: the smiles of closing day,
Like a vast sea of amber on it pour,—
A sea without an island or a shore!
But, of this scene, still yet a glorious part
Strikes me with rapture as I glance it o'er:
What lofty structures of the giant ART!
How rife with affluence, my lovely Country's mart!

Crowded against yon jasper-colored hill,
And on the river's margin, at its base,
A mighty mass of houses gleams in still
Yet awful grandeur, canopied by space,
And pillowed in the beautiful embrace
Of sun-lit hills. A league from it I stand
Upon a high and solitary place*
That seems to lift me near the clouds. My hand
Shrinks from the task to paint a spectacle so grand!

And yet, with all its grandeur, pomp and show,
Its tenants are but creatures of a day;
Erelong, the hoary monarch, TIME, will throw
His scythe athwart it, and in ruins lay
Its strongest structures—sternly sweep away
Its wealth and wisdom; for, where'er he treads,
He leaves the gloomy impress of decay:
He makes the earth his rendezvous; nor dreads
Her thrones to crumble, nor to bow her royal heads.

Voluptuous palaces! the night will soon
Envelope you, for darkness now descends;
But there! above the mountains rolls the moon
In all her virgin loveliness; and blends
Her sea of smiles with yonder sun that bends
His burning cheek behind the hills:—To dwell
'Mid such illimitable splendors, tends

* An elevated piece of land, on the premises of Mr. William Harrison, three miles west of Brownsville, Pa.

To elevate our pilgrim hearts, and swell
Our thoughts to Heaven; but, sweet scene, Farewell!
Farewell!

Verses,

WRITTEN ON A BLANK LEAF IN A "VOLUME OF ORIGINAL SERMONS."

Oh, Volume fair! I love to read thy shining pages o'er,
And while upon their truths I feed, my bosom pants for more:
Nor other source can yield a balm like that of gospel truth,—
It can the aged spirit calm, and cheer the heart of youth.

Eternal Love! illume my soul with beams of light divine,
And o'er its empire take control, and there forever shine.
I do not ask for length of days, for honor or applause,
But for a heart my God to praise, and tongue to plead his cause.

Go, blessed book! and teach mankind the road that leads to God;
Go, fertilize the barren mind, and spread thy light abroad

And oh, may those who read thy lines, have all their
sins forgiven.
That where the Sun of glory shines, their souls may
rest—in Heaven!

"Remember me—M. J. L."

Though far away from thee I stray,
O'er land or roaring sea,
Thy kind request will haunt my breast,
And cause me to—*remember thee!*

The roll of time or change of clime,
Can never change my heart;
But true to thee I'll ever be,
Though we be sundered far apart.

Though others claim affection's flame,
Though others may caress,
My memory will cling to thee,
Who art all love and loveliness.

I'll leave thee soon—pray, grant this boon—
The lover's sweet good bye;
And then we'll part with buoyant heart,
And cease to sorrow and to sigh.

Verses,

WRITTEN ON A BLANK LEAF IN A VOLUME OF "YOUNG'S NIGHT THOUGHTS."

"Night Thoughts"—effusions of a Young,
Than whom scarce greater ever sung!
Heaven, earth and hell, in thought embraced,
He, in this little volume, placed.

Immortal bard! minstrel of night!
Thy song is rich with noonday light:
No words have I to swell thy fame,
Or spread the brilliance of thy name.

The critic's searching eye can see
Nor fault nor shade of night in thee;
For thou hast left all dross behind,
And given us gold unmixt, refined.

Thy harp shall roll its notes sublime
On every shore, in every clime;
And millions yet unborn shall read
Thy great "Complaint" with joyous greed.

I love thy theme—I love to hear
Thy numbers rolling deep and clear;—
I, in thy "Consolation," find
A panacea for my mind.

To ——.

This tribute I to thee bestow,
Whom long I've loved with fervent heart;
But still it grieves my soul to know
That we must part.

When thou art far away, oh, then,
Remember me! When life is o'er,
In heaven we shall meet again,
To part no more.

Hope.

Hope seems to guide us o'er the main
Of life's tempestuous sea;
And leads us on that we may gain
A blest eternity:
Though we are tossed and tempest driven,
It clings unyieldingly to heaven.

Autumn.

Mysterious season! now,
Around us from the stormy north,
With hoary locks and frowning brow,
Thou'rt stealing forth.

The fields are turning sere,
And wear a pale and sickly hue;
And sadly falls upon my ear
Summer's adieu.

All nature feels thy power,
And droops before thy chilling breath:
The stately tree and tender flower
Seem nipped by death.

This is a solemn time,
For Summer's genial days are o'er:
The robin's song and mimic's chime,
Are heard no more.

And *we* will soon be gone;
The stealthy autumn of decay
Will wither all;—and every one
Shall pass away.

Where is pleasure found.

Where is pleasure found?
In the depths of solitude,
Where there comes no clashing sound;
In the leaf enameled wood:
There at evening let me stray
From the jarring throng away—
From the scenes of strife and care,
Sorrow, trouble, and despair;
For the world is full of these:
Only here I feel at ease.
Man may roam in search of rest,
O'er the ocean's liquid breast,
Where the boundless waters blue
Hide the distant land from view;
But the fears of wave and wind,
Cast a darkness o'er his mind;
Pleasure from his bosom flees
While he rides the stormy seas.
Every surge's bubbling wreath—
Every hissing wave,
Bears the spectral form of death;
Only hides a briny grave.

He may seek it in the crowd,
'Mong the haughty and the proud,
Or, where Bacchus' tempting bowl
Glows with poison for the soul:

To the field of battle gory,
He may haste, and claim its glory,
But, alas! it is not there,
Where the howlings of despair,
Clashing steel and slaughter's terror,
Only fill the heart with horror.
"Where," you ask, "then, is it found?"
When the family gathers round
On the sacred hearth; or when,
Fearless of our fellow-men,
We disrobe ourselves of care,
And to God in fervent prayer
Lift our hearts, and feel his love
Flowing from the world above:
Pleasure, then, of priceless worth
Makes a heaven of our earth.

Parted forever.

We are parted now forever,
Though I oft may see thy face;—
Such deceit as thine *must* sever
Every heart from thy embrace.

As a *friend* I once believed thee,
Honest-hearted, blameless, true;
But, alas! thou hast deceived me,
So, false one, adieu, adieu!

I love the Mountain's rugged steeps.

The vales, hills, groves and murmuring streams, I love,
The vernal songsters and the blushing flowers;
The whispering breeze, and mourning of the dove,
The warming sun, the clouds, and pleasant showers.

I love to climb the mountain's rugged steeps,
And stray among its wilderness of pines,
Or muse upon the rocks where softly weep
Eternal tears through blossom-sprinkled vines.

When spring, progenitor of joys terrene,
And resurrectioner of nature dead,
Visits its regions wild, no lovelier scene
Before the human vision God hath spread.

MAN.

Man is a wandering pilgrim in a world of lights and shadows, clouds, and calms, and storms!

The Earth is his mother, and worms are his companions. He is like a transitory meteor that rises from the dark horizen of Nature, hurries along for a moment through the skies of Time, then darts off into Eternity, and disappears forever from the cold and careless gaze of those that after him wing their speedy flight. Heaven throws open its pearly gates, through which he can view the splendors of its illimitable field of gold and amaranth, its valleys washed with crystal streams, and hills with fadeless flowers wreathed, and pours in rich profusion from its thrones and temples and altars, a universe of charms, to win him up to the scenes of everlasting beatification. Earth flings out her borrowed treasures, wonders and mysteries, to his eager grasp, to which he fain would cast eternal anchor, although he knows they will wither at his touch and die in a day; while the boon of immortal life and the harps of Heaven hang above him and within his reach. Hell, with all its living wrecks, and ghosts, and brazen walls, and thousand times ten thousand hissing surges rolling o'er its burning wastes, beneath him darkly yawns; yet, from out its sooty caverns swell the heavy thunders of the damned that tell him not to enter. He springs from dust into ephemeral existence, then passes away to *die or live forever.*

Man is an alien from God, a mystery to angels, a wonder to his brethren, and a stranger to himself. He is born in sorrow, agony and tears—goes laughing and mourning through a life of danger and uncertainty—and expires at last on the shore of Oblivion's sea, into which he is borne and buried forever beneath its waves. Once he was beautiful and happy as the angels of glory, and throned

in the image of his God; but how it freezes up the current of our heart while we think of his disobedience to the commands of his Maker beneath the Upas of the Garden, that has poisoned and leprosed the innumerable multitudes of his offspring! That fatal action cursed the world, and instantaneous palsy seized the realms of earth. It was there and then that Immortality shook hands with Death, and man became his trembling victim!

It may be said, that his pathway now leads over cold barren mountains, and through the shades of pestilential vales; where once it was paved with gold and emerald right up from Eden to the throne of God. At almost every step his vagrant feet are goaded with thorns; his path is fringed with scorpions and adders; the fierce blasts of winter shriek about him; and the leaden sound of mourning falls upon his ear. Yesterday we saw him crowned as a king and bearing a sceptre of royalty in his hand, and to-day we behold him dismantled of his power and begging for crumbs at the foot of the throne. Wherever he wanders through the world he is exposed to snares of Satan, and to the thick-flying arrows of Death.

Man is a being of wonderful construction. Sometimes he falls from the zenith of his glory and greatness, and seems to be dashed to pieces on the rocks of destruction; and then arises from the ruins of himself wrecked, apparently endowed with redoubled energy. What a multiform combination of attributes are displayed in his nature! How mighty is the genius of his mind! How lofty are the aspirations of his heart; and how nearly he assumes a superhuman power! He performs the most difficult operations with dexterity, and even struggles to accomplish impossibilities with a hope of success. Nature has laid but few insurmountable obstructions in his course.

He mows down forests seemingly with nearly the same ease and rapidity as he shaves from the fields their fleeces of grass; and, with his sinewy hands, he drags from the hoary mountains their iron bowels, and forges them into floating monsters to trip from one hemisphere to another. Behold him! how he rides like a gull upon the billow, and dashes among the ridges of the ocean! To follow him in the majesty of his power and the swiftness of his pro-

gress, he seems to step like a giant from island to island and from shore to shore, until he finds but little hindrance in circumambulating the globe, gathering its treasures in his hands and bringing them home to adorn his parlor, with the same agility that Hercules collected the flocks of Geryon, and emptied them into the folds of Eurystheus. By his genius he has constructed a vessel, in which he can mount up through the skies, and drive its silken prow along the waveless sea of ether,

> "As if it were his proud resolve to see,
> Betwixt him and dim earth, the zig-zag lightnings flee!"

"He sends down the iron arms of an engine, which, with harpy fangs, tear out the heart-strings of mother earth, and suck up her waters in their urns of reft rocks, with the tongue of a vampire and the hiss of a dragon!"

He has learned to tame the warring elements, and bottle up their furies; to mount the mettled steeds of modern art, that he has bridled with lightning, saddled with thunder, and shod with velocity, and ride races with his own thoughts across a continent; making the iron-ribbed mountains tremble and the far-stretching valleys reverberate, as over them he drives with fearful rapidity! And when he is safely and quietly palaced on a distant shore, the breath of his steeds may be traced as an ærial pathway back almost to the point from whence he started. He is borne across the globe with a velocity resembling that of a Comet, that thunders over the plains of space, while thought sweeps after on the wings of lightning, and yet lags behind in the chase, and loses itself in the starry wilderness of immensity! By means of an artificial instrument he can transport his vision till it approaches within a step of the planet Saturn, that "walks his far-sweeping rounds" through clustering hosts of worlds, and look upon his beautiful figure adorned with a girdle of eternal fire; or dwell beneath the tranquil sky of Jupiter, and watch his seven moons revolving around his dazzling sphere.

He can stand at the foot of the Alps, and bid the snaky lightning that plays around their summit descend and gently coil in the palm of his hand; can call it down from its native home among the black battalions of the storm, and send it racing around the world with

the silence and speed of thought. While he stands on the western shore of the Atlantic, he can make it subserve the purpose of a tongue, and hold a coloquy with his brother on the eastern coast of the Pacific. Beholding the gigantic march of his intellect, we yet expect to see him standing in the centre of America and holding confabulation with the inhabitants of Iceland, Asia Minor, or Pekin; or mounting, as it were on the wings of an eagle, and soaring to the distant bounds of earth in a day.

Yet, with all man's greatness, pride and power, we sometimes see him garbed in mourning, and spilling his tears over his own errors, or the wrongs and misfortunes of others. One moment his soul is lifted into sunshine and joy as if by the wings of magic, and the next some wandering thought brings home to his mind the recollection of a duty neglected, and it falls with more than the speed it ascended; while the demon, remorse, drives his gashing ploughshare through its soil, and despair around it flings his midnight mantle. The angry tooth of affliction pierces his vitals; he droops his stately head, utters a hollow groan, grapples a moment with death, who has come to chase the transient summer of life from his bosom and there stamp the chill of eternal winter—and dies! What is he when dead? A mindless lump of clay—a banquetting-house for worms. What was he when living? A being created "a little lower than the angels"—possessing a soul that has outlived its crumbling tabernacle—and is destined to survive "the wreck of matter and the crash of worlds!" *Where has it gone?* Ask of the gale that sung his requiem, or of the winds that moan through the forests or fan the mountain's marble brow: question the panting eagle that has perched himself upon the frowning cliff to rest his pinions after returning from his voyage to the sun; or, inquire of the sun himself, or of the golden stars that gem the crown of night: ask of the murmuring streams that sweep along the deep-dug channels of earth, or of the ocean that rolls her eternal bass to the bending heavens: interrogate the smiling morn, the blushing noon, or the sober eve as she droops her swarthy cheek behind the western hills:—and echo comes laboring home to your ears with the dolorous intelligence, "GONE!" Earth and its canopy could not contain it. Let vision trace it to its entrance through

the gates of eternity, and imagination will come crouching back, burthened with the appalling information, that *it is either saved in heaven or damned in hell!* Nature, revelation, and experience, have all heaved this glaring truth, mighty as the Chimborazian throne, before the eyes of the world, that death will shortly gather us all in his arms and carry us up to the judgment-bar, and yet we strain to overlook the fact, and dream we are immortal. Every wave of time bears some victim into the land of spirits: as it sweeps by us, a voice louder than the trumpet of Triton speaking from the billows of the stormy ocean, entreats us in the language of mercy, to disembrace the phantoms of earth, and lay hold on the promise of eternal life.

The bosom of man:—But we scarce dare enter that discordant realm to analyze its mysterious elements, without recoiling from its approach, as from the burst of a thousand thunders! How it looks like a burning chaos, wrecked, and tossed, and surging, as though an earthquake were throbbing in its centre, and its circumference lashed with the furies of an eternal midnight storm!

We leave untouched this warring world of passions, and only glance at that celestial beam, which, of all the various principles implanted in the heart of man by nature's God, alone remains in the seeming similitude of its author, and but partially perverted by the out-burst of heaven's vengeance beneath the tree of knowledge: We mean LOVE—the noblest principle that crowns the grandeur and glory of Jehovah, and highest dwells in the temple of the human soul.

Love burns in the sun, smiles in the moon, and twinkles in every star: is voiced by the tides of the rolling ocean, and mingles in the floating clouds: is felt in the wilds of solitude, and crowns the hills with a diadem of flowers: sighs in the breeze, whispers in the brook, sings in the gale, and thunders in the tempest. The whole expanse of nature is garnished with the brightness and beauties of living love. The love of God is as boundless as his creation, and as diffluent as the light of the meridian sun. It sent a Saviour down from the skies to redeem an alienated world from endless ruin.

Love has linked all the millions of mankind together who have

lived in harmony. Where it has not been cherished by its possessors and watered by the Fountain of Life, individuals, and communities, and nations, have seized the dagger, the sword or the cannon, and plunged forward with the wrath and fury of fiends, to tear out the hearts and spill the blood of their fellow-men.

We have entered upon an interminable field, over which thought might range till the wheels of nature would cease to roll, and the dome, and columns, and architraves of the Universe would crumble with age, without ever contracting a hindrance to its flight, or meeting a limit to the boundless expanse. How much like an angel is man in his proper sphere,—exhaling from his sainted spirit the fragrance of principles and desires that secure a blissful immortality, and take a deathless hold upon the throne of Jehovah! But how like a being from the regions of the damned, when he turns his passions loose upon the high-way of dissipation!

Ride back in imagination along the stream of Time and take Antiquity by the hand; walk with her amid the lofty pyramids of Egypt, and view its congregated halls sparkling with diamonds and glittering with gems and gold; perambulate the spacious temples of Greece, and gaze upon the harping hosts as they lift on high the Doric columns of the Roman Capitol; pore over her Sibylline Oracles, and converse with her kings, her peasants, and her beggars; or launch your thoughts away into the deep ocean of Futurity, and survey the countless multitudes who yet may throng the theatre of existence;—and you will see that Love was, and is, and is to be, the only golden union of hearts, and the glorious medium of communion between earth and heaven.

Man is a world within himself, and yet a brother to the worm he crushes beneath his foot. In him are typed the attributes of a God, and yet eternity were too short for him to create a single spear of grass. Now he kisses the dust in humility, and scarcely has he arisen from his knees ere he presumes to measure arms with Deity; and while he is charmed with the beauties of a dew-drop he curses the omnipotent Author of creation. The very elements that preserve his life, when disarranged, have power to destroy it. One day he would meet death with as little concern as he would a shadow, and the next he would stipulate to endure the labor of

Sisyphus, and even grasp the rock to roll it up to the mountain-summit, if he could live forever on the earth. He sustains the parching thirst, and the ravenous hunger of a Tantalus, while he gropes his way along the shore of Life's sweet ocean, where figs and olives bend with clustering stores about his head. Though he be possessed of the penetration of Cleobulus, and have his mind stored with the wisdom of Solon, he can be deceived by the glance of an eye, and learn a lesson of vital importance from the bee.

Man's greatest glory on earth is love, while he makes the phantom, gold, his god. Love is his proper sphere,—the essential element of his soul,—and is the richest boon that heaven has bequeathed to the pilgrims of earth; for, in the language of another, "LOVE IS THE RELIGION OF THE BIBLE!"

EVENING MEDITATIONS.

What a beautiful world! Every thing on which I look seems full of life, and all is harmony. The sun is sinking in his majesty behind the western hills, throwing a sea of fulgence over plain and mountain; and the lawn is richly laid with nature's carpet of green, sprinkled with flowers, and fanned by a fragrant breeze. Winter has returned to the regions of the snowy north. His howlings have died away, and the warmer airs of Spring are floating over the world. Glorious evening! The birds are sporting among the budding branches, filling the atmosphere with their enchanting music, and a mellow murmur comes swelling up from the valley, where a crystal stream winds through willow hedges.

How imagination expands at the grandeur of the scene before me, until I seem borne away from earth, to revel over the blue fields of space and range among the orbs of creation. And, indeed, how joyous would I feel this evening, had I wings like the sacred bird of liberty, that darts untiringly up through the realms of ether, and swoops at pleasure along the "upper deep,"—I then would

mount aloft and scan the charms of nature's glorious works. I would bathe my plumage in the empyreal vacuum, roam along the golden escutcheonry of the skies, and prolong my theme through the emblazoned halls of imaginary felicity. My thoughts would skim the fringe of universal fields, and flutter athwart the upper dome of human dreams.

But, surrounded with all this overwhelming grandeur, I pause in dreadful awe, and turn my wandering eyes away, still greater glories to behold. With retrospective gaze, I see Jehovah stoop from his throne eternal, arrayed in garb immaculate of living glory, bearing the attributes divine—Truth, Might, Benevolence, and Love—and in his self-existing power, hang the earth in darkling emptiness:—a black, chaotic bulk, dangling in the yawn of vacant space. Auspicious era! "*Let there be light*," came glowing forth from his creative lips; and an ocean of light, with a silent gush, burst through the primal darkness. As the armies of heaven leaned over the sapphire battlements of the New Jerusalem, they looked down with admiration upon the stupendous architecture of the Infinite Mind. An acclamation of gladness went swelling from tongue to tongue, until the everlasting hills of the celestial world were shaken as with the thunders of a myriad trumpets, and the city was filled with flowing symphonies from harps unnumbered. Another world was born, and a new field of rendezvous for the angels was spread out on the map of creation. At the command of its Author the virgin sphere began to roll its solemn march around its central orb; and Time, the great clock-work of omnipotent mechanism, commenced to number years. It was a fragment broken off from eternity, again to be restored to its original position at an appointed period. Its wheels may have nearly completed their requisite revolutions here; and the "mighty angel" may have the awful hammer drawn, to strike the ending blow, and swear that "time shall be no more!"

When Light burst into the eternally unilluminated void, methinks the great Artificer, encompassed by seraphimic legions, planted his foot upon the earth as the stool of his stupendous mechanism, and chained and riveted it in fraternal harmony with the numberless family of universal worlds. Then the "stars of morning" clustered

in the gallery of the second heavens, and over the new-created globe sung a hymn of adoration.

When the gray cloak of evening was first thrown around the happy world, and all things were made, did not Jehovah, with Adam and Eve, sit down to meditate, and hear gay Philomel warble in the blossomy bowers, and view the twinkling myriads bestudding the far up canopy of his unencompassed universe? When the earth was wheeling her mighty revolutions on the wondrous axle of the Almighty's framing, without a jar or clash mid circumvolving worlds, sweeping their awful flights through the territory of immensity, and the modest flush of morning tipped the orient mountain tops; when Eden's floral groves, tinctured with ambrosial perfumery new from the stores of glory, almost swam in the melody of the feathered multitudes; when the lark leaped from the festooned rose-beds, and shook his pinions aloft in the odor-mantled range that spanned the enameled garden; when the linnet, eddying in the savory atmosphere, perched atop the flowery spray that hung engemmed with the honey-dews of elysium; when the eagle, soaring aloft to fasten his eyes on the rising sun, brushed the yellow rays that streamed afar from east to west, with his triumphant wings; when all living creatures began to stir from their peaceful slumbers to shout a hallelujah of praise;—did not God arise from *His* repose, to behold the grandeur and magnificence of his new creation? Grasping in his mind the grand machinery, he blest it, and pronounced it "good." A perfect world, adorned with the drapery of Paradise, lay at his feet, and the heaven of heavens spread before his all-seeing vision. He then ascended to his magisterial throne, leaving an infinitessimal beam of his nature in the soul of man to radiate and exalt his intellect, and to win him to aspirations after purer scenes of enjoyment than this lower terra firma could impart.

Though heaven descended and kissed the earth; though God, the creator of all things, walked in person side by side with the immortal beings he had made; though the trees were laden with fruit, and the fields were overspread with a bounteous harvest; though the seasons rolled their rounds, and the sun performed his diurnal revolutions;—yet *Man*, the aspiring worm, with free voli-

tion, forfeited the favor of his God, and gloomed his moral sky with clouds of sin and bitter shame. Oh! that fall—it was so deep and terrible that it crushed from his soul the image of his Maker, put out the eyes of his intellect, and sent him groping his way through briers and thorns to the lonely sepulchre of mortality! That was a fearful plunge far into the whirlpool of ruin, where, with voluntary power, he bound himself with the clanking fetters of misery and wo.

When I contemplate what man was, when God fashioned him in his own likeness, and personally deputed him to act as "lord over all the earth," and then behold him fall, and incur the displeasure of heaven—incur the hereditary curse under which we now groan—I pause and tremble, filled with emotions that cannot be uttered. Dark are the sorrows that overshadow my heart, and deep are the sighs that heave my bosom. Where are the eyes that have not wept, or the soul that shudders not, in view of such a scene? Once happy man; but oh, how fallen, how polluted, how debased! What a frivolous temptation allured the Godlike monarch into a breach of duty! Ah! see the delusive serpent winding its venomous folds among the branches of the tree and decoying the sovereign of earth. How that reptile twines, at the present day, through every attribute of *our* souls, poisons every thought, and pierces us at last with his fatal sting—even the sting of death! The wickedness of man has made this world a wilderness, the next door to which is a stormy hell, inhabited by countless spirits damned. Oh, man! poor, ulcerated, groveling, dying creature—how he aspires to be great in his own power, and wise in borrowed wisdom! While he staggers beneath a mountain load of guilt, and is burthened with the awful manacles of the prison-house of rebellion, he sneers at the holy mandates of heaven and defies the unmuzzled thunders of Jove, who, by one breath from his eternal mouth, could blast the world, and drive the universe into non-existence!

Verses,

INSCRIBED TO ROBERT W. & ANNA M. JONES, ON THE DEATH OF THEIR LITTLE DAUGHTER OLEVIA.

How suddenly withered that beautiful flower
That bloomed on your bosoms so gay!
The autumn of death, in its mystical power,
Blew o'er it a breeze, and it drooped in an hour,
And passed from your presence away.

Though lovelier far than the rose in its bloom,
Though fostered by kindness and love,
'Twas cropped by the reaper and laid in the tomb,
Till the harvest of flowers are all gathered home
To the bosom of Jesus above.

You mourn for its death—for its absence you weep—
But why are your tears for it shed?
Wild winter may howl, and his storms o'er it sweep,
Its slumbers are quiet, and sweet is its sleep,
Though lonely and cold is its bed.

A little while longer, and close by its side
Your bodies in silence shall lie;
Your spirits shall hasten o'er Jordan's dark tide,
With a convoy of angels your vessel to guide,
And bear you away to the sky:

And there on the breast of the Saviour, in heaven,
With trials and sorrowing done,
Your cherub again to your arms shall be given,
And never more from you by death to be riven
While ages unceasing roll on!

That moment was grievous when round her ye drew,
To bid her a mournful farewell;
Ye parted!—but scarcely has fled your adieu,
Till again you shall meet her, your love to renew,
And with her eternally dwell!

HONOR.

The earth is a magnificent theatre, hung in the midst of an illimitable void, and rolled by the finger of God around a circuit of five hundred and seventy millions of miles, in the space of a single year. It is bounded on every side by a beautiful cerulean wall, where time has never struck his fang, nor storms its primal gloss defaced. It is roofed with a wonderful canopy of azure, adorned with a chandelier of suns and moons and stars, and girdled by a galaxy of eternal grandeur!

Men have been acting on its stage, and playing scenes in its mysterious drama, for six thousand years,—until one hundred and fifty generations have sunk beneath the surge of destiny, and found a common tomb in the bosom of earth. If we return to the fountain of human existence, and let our minds come floating back over the scroll of departed years; take a general survey of the world, and look upon the multitudes of mankind as they rose and sunk throughout its dominions, we shall see that each seems to have struggled with Achillian energy, to mount above all his predecessors and coadjutors, and claim the highest encomiums of his nation.

And thus it has been, that almost every man in the wide range of civilization has, and still does, aspire to eminence and honor. Man will risk his property, his happiness, and even sacrifice life itself, to attract the public attention, wear the laurel wreaths of renown, and have it said he has done a noble or a daring deed. Unnumbered thousands have toiled incessantly from their first

appearance in public life, until their heads were bowed with struggling and their faces withered with age, to have their names emblazoned high on the escutheonry of immortality; but, in an unexpected moment, they fell from their foundationless position, disappeared beyond the horizon of life, and were engulfed forever in the ocean of forgetfulness. Death has long swept over the world on wintry pinions, blighting the flowery prospects of the capricious; hearsing into eternity the whimsical aspirants to honor, and crushing their airy anticipations into nonentity,—not leaving an impression visible on all the broad records of time, that they ever had an existence in the world.

Some have thrown around their hearts a robe of steel, and burning with the fires of an awful ambition, rode rough shod through the regions of peace and harmony, startling the sleeper from his dreams and the yeoman from his toils, and crushing the life-spark from myriads of bosoms beneath their ruthless tread. And, as they hacked asunder the bleeding breasts of their victims, and onward dashed through tides of gore, their shouts, like trumpet-tones, were heard to roll the sound,—"Our names are to be inscribed on the banner of immortality; and though we pave our way with human skulls, and sail on floods of widows' tears, and are deafened with lovers' shrieks and orphans' cries, we cannot stop until our anticipations are throned in reality!" Deluded mortals! such honor, at best, is but a delirious dream—an *ignus fatuus* flickering in the atmosphere of contagion—an empty bubble floating on the wild waters of the ambitious brain. One breath from the lips of Justice can burst and obliterate it forever, leaving the silly dreamer bewildered on the strand of irrecoverable ruin. The summit of fame can be obtained. But he who climbs the height by bloody deeds, has only ascended it like Ægeus of old upon the lofty cliff, to take a fearful plunge into the deep below. He falls like a wounded bird from his imaginary fabric, and makes most piteous flutterings as he goes down unmourned into the abyss of oblivion. Oh, deceptible worm! to tamper thus with his soul's eternal interest; to try to set a bound to civilization, darken the light of religion, destroy morality, and violate virtue, in order to obtain the vacant appellation of—"An honorable man!" Give ear to the thunders

of fate, that mock at thy delirium, and shall keenly howl at thy everlasting destruction!

While millions, in this way, have been lost to the sight and remembrance of a literary and scientific world, others *have* immortalized their names by harnessing death to the chariot of war, and rushing over the habitable globe, determined to perpetrate a universal slaughter. In some instances they have acted as though the wild-fires of the Stygian furnace were let loose upon the magazines of their souls,—driving life, liberty, love and order, from the world, and strewing it over with death, tyranny, fear and confusion!

Look at Alexander the Great: after having grasped the world in his hands dripping with the blood of millions;—he, who had but to speak, and the nations of the earth trembled at the sound;—who, when he turned his eyes, the world witnessed their dazzling glance;—who bound in mute subjection at his feet the mighty and the lion-hearted who opposed him;—he who cut the throats of kings, and filched the coffers of principalities; tore the garland from victor's brow, and spurned a generation of starving orphans from the store-house of abundance;—he, who wrapped the earth in sheets of gore, and flung his bloody banner athwart the blushing skies:—knowing that he had not another world to conquer, and finding that he had widely missed the part of true honor, bowed his head in disappointment and wept a flood of tears.

See the sanguinary Cæsar, whose despotic ambition scattered consternation and death throughout the oriental hemisphere, and spread a moral epidemic almost as wide as the poles. The infectious immorality emanating from his fame-burning heart, infused vice, in all its degrees, throughout the century in which he lived. With such inhuman seconds and prompters as Crebonius Curio, Marcus Antonius, and Paulius Emilius, and a host of other debauchees, patricians, and dissipated outlaws, he traveled the road to immortality and imaginary honor; and while he sat aloft on the throne of his power, and cast his eyes around to the farthest horizon of his dominion, he beheld nothing but one promiscuous mass of ruin, misery, and disorder, crimsoned with the blood he had spilled. With such a life-guard as Clodius, who violated the Bona Dea—one of the most illustrious specimens of devildom—

he lounged on the thorny cushion of fame, and tossed his venomed daggers through many an innocent bosom, in order to gratify his insatiate ambition.

Behold the stern-browed Napoleon, at whose command kings were hurled from their thrones—cities vanished like vapors in the wild sweep of the hurricane—the magazines of nations thundered at his touch—empires lay prostrate at the brandish of his sword—nature's snow-enshrouded battlements, that loomed like insurmountable barriers to the vision, pillowing their heads on the stormy skies, acknowledged his matchless energy—and all mankind, turning with blanched cheeks and awe-struck gaze, seemed to yield for a season to the superiority of his genius. But see the giant captain withering down by the sultry blaze of his own ambition and the envy of the cruel mob that made him captive, and dying a lonely exile on the rocks of St. Helena, without the tear of love or pity to moisten his pillow, or the hand of a beautiful Josephine to wipe the death-damp from his pallid brow! Miserable man! Horrible monster, assassin, robber, butcher! where is the blood of the millions hurried by thee into another world? The lapse of centuries cannot erase the crimson stain from thy skirts; and we fear that everlasting ages shall roll across thy guilty spirit, while the vengeful lightnings of Almighty God shall never cease to blast it to eternal withering! But thou art gone, and the world now moves on as though thou hadst never been, except to look back with horror over the murderous works of thy hands.

Can *true honor* be ascribed to such characters as these? No! They lived tyrannical conquerors, and died worshiping at the gory shrine of ambition. Lawless generalissimoes! bribed by the king of darkness to ferment the earth with tumult, and leaven the lump of mankind with carnage, blood and ruin. Iniquitous captains and engineers! speeding onward the sooty war-car of hell, to scatter far and wide the fire-brands of Lucifer, kindle a flame of mutiny in every arena of society, and convert the world into one black amphitheatre of crime, devastation and death! If any good has ever accrued to man by the wars they produced and commanded, it was contrary to their motives; for honor was their importunity, and fame and immortal renown their end in view. What a long,

dark catalogue of sins must have been recorded against them in the book of God's remembrance!

Darkness hangs like a cloud of mourning over the years of their march among men. Kingdoms were trampled down and buried in a day, dynasties were palsied at their glance, and moral government chased from their contaminating presence. No tongue hath ever told the sorrows of their victims—no pen recorded their miseries—no eye beheld the extent of their sufferings—no ear withstood their groans,—nor hand relieved their wants. While these wholesale murderers stalked abroad, heaven looked on with frowns and blushes—earth raged, trembled, and mourned—hell more fiercely tossed its weltering waves of fire, and rolled a deeper groan among her cells! Fling back the curtain of hereditary partiality to war, look out with a clear vision upon the world, and tell us what it is that brings earth and hell so near as the raging hosts of a battle-field?

Whenever a man sets out in the world for the sole purpose of accumulating honors to himself, he almost invariably fails in the undertaking, and brings down upon his head the frowns of his fellowmen and the anathemas of heaven. He mounts the puny mole-hill of self-assurance, and, with a supercilious eye, looks down upon his brethren as creatures unworthy of his notice; and then, turning his glance upward, he descries the salubrious peak of immortality as a wedge towering deep into the heavens, clothed with laurels that wave and beckon him to ascend and revel in their fragrant umbrage. His bosom begins to burn for its imaginary glories. He starts with straining nerves and scrambles up the rugged bluff, until his heated fancy leads him enraptured away amid its visionery beauties: and then, how ambition bloats his soul to bursting nigh, while anxious pinions buoy him lightly fluttering on! But lo! when he thinks he is about to perch upon the pinnacle and blow an eternal peal from the unblown trumpet of victory, he loses his airy hold, and topples—tumbles down into the yawning gulf of oblivion.

How the youthful heart sometimes becomes enchanted and almost delirious at the plaudits of the populace, overleaps the line of rectitude, and finally dashes down to destruction! If the youths

of the present generation would only exert their talents in doing good; if they would but strive to act with strict morality, and let their only motives be the spreading and inculcation of truth and useful knowledge throughout the various spheres in which they act what a happy world of youths would we behold!—all mingling, together as the hymning waters of the ocean mingle, or as the rays of the sun combine to form an universal flame! But, instead of this heaven-approved employment, how many waste their golden years in giddy gyrations on the stage of existence! Oh, ye idle, thoughtless youths! why abandon the implements that heaven has awarded you to work for the good of your fellow-men and to secure eternal life to yourselves, and go drudging down to the realities of an awful future, with the sin of mis-spent time engraved upon your souls?

True honor, as we have already seen, is not obtained by deeds of rapine and slaughter, or in feats and excursions of imaginary bliss; but it is won in the dissemination of truth, the extension of morality, and the preservation of virtue. We have scores of sterling examples set before us in the world for imitation, which tower to our visions like mountains of gold. Shall we return to the ages of antiquity to find them? Shall we go to Epaminondas, Themistocles, Aristides, Leonidas, Thermopylæ or Sparta? No!—Thanks be to Heaven, we have examples worthy of imitation in our own beloved country. Greece and Rome had their heroes, philosophers and statesmen—their Demosthenes, Cicero, Socrates and Plato,—their Cæsar, Scipio, Æschines and Hannibal,—but we have a WASHINGTON, the brilliance of whose character outshines the most illustrious sons of antiquity, and stimulates the present age to imitate him, the model political redeemer of mankind from ignorance, superstition, and the yoke of bondage. He attained the summit of true honor, and waved the palm of victory over tyrants, despots and demagogues. And there, shining in his philanthropic triumph, like the unclouded sun in his glory, he cheered and energized the nation that rallied at his feet. In one hand he held out the principles of freedom to all mankind, and in the other the glowing torch of liberty, that burned—still burns—and must ever burn on, until it consumes the last vestige of despotism, and fires the world with Independence.

Tremendous marshal! Kings looked on him abashed, and tyrants trembled at his name. When he smiled, a nation rejoiced; when he wept, a people mourned; and when he called to arms, a continent sprang forth to obey. Thrice happy man! Around his noble brow were laurels wreathed and roses twined; and on his cheek the lovely daughters of America imprinted their fondest kisses, and wove into his silvery locks the sweetest flowers of their country's sunny hills. When death cut him down, like a towering monument he fell: a nation burst into tears, as the mournful tidings that he had fallen ran like electricity from ocean to ocean; and angels bore him aloft from earth to the bosom of his father, God. If he had but nodded his head at the request of a people, they would have almost unanimously placed upon it a crown, reared him on a throne, and pronounced him sovereign of his country; but that was not his aim; he labored for the well-being of his national family, and looked down upon them from his majestic height with all the tender emotions of parental love. His object was freedom—his labors philanthropic—his name is garlanded with the laurels of immortal honor!

We see men riding forth in the tempest of chance and uncertainty across the troubled ocean of existence, to festoon their names with empty honors, until they find themselves rocking on the last wave of life that is to heave them out upon the shoreless sea of eternity; and, as they are about to plunge into the awful expanse, they cast a despairing look back along their crooked course over the swelling surges of dissipation, and see they have been deluded, and that their names with themselves are dark with infamy, and must be forever erased from the records of time and action.

Let us do our duty in life, and thereby secure the approbation of God: consequently, the *true honor* of man will follow us till we die; and shall encircle our names in imperishable greenness down through the flight of years, and the onward roll of ages!

UNIVERSAL LOVE.

Love is the atmosphere of heaven, and the sun-light of earth. It is the crowning attribute of Jehovah, the theme of angels, and the glory of pilgrim man.

Love originated—or, it truly never had an origin,—for, Eternity bloomed with its intense effulgence in distance past beyond the farthest reach of thought. It is commensurate with the existence of God himself; for it glowed in his bosom and illumined the heaven of heavens, before illimitable space was spangled over with shining orbs and far-revolving worlds; or ere the blue dome of immensity echoed the music of exulting stars, and flushed afar with the genial fires of the infant sun.

Love is the element of Religion,—the perennial pathway to the bowers of the upper Eden—and the hallowed fruit that clusters in exhaustless profusion on the Tree of Life. The "pure river of water" that rolls its crystal floods through the wide-spreading lawns and amaranthine colonnades of heaven, is but a liquid tide of Love, forever gushing from beneath the dazzling throne of Omnipotence. Angels drink it with rapture, and hold adoring festivals at its very fountain-head! Its boundless beauties shone with ample lustre over the garden of Eden, when earth, with all her sporting swarms of new-made beings, was nourished and bathed in the copious down-pourings of a tributary of the crystal river of Elysium. It conducts the Christian through the "green pastures" and by the "still waters" of happiness in life, makes soft his dying pillow, and nerves his soul to brave old Jordan's rolling billows.

Love is a golden ocean of glory, whose softly swelling tides are impeded by no barrier, and whose pellucid ripples murmur not upon any shore, except the rocky waste of the human heart. The Bible is but a transcript of the laws of eternal love—a sparkling jewel from the treasury of God—a sun that has risen to irradiate the moral world and set no more forever—a translucent tear, dropped in pitying love from the eye of the Son of God—the "home-book of heaven, and the school-book of earth!"

Behold the towering summit of Mount Sinai enveloped in circling volumes of smoke, and crowned with threatening clouds of darkness! See it belted with racing streams of lightning, and trembling to its inner core with hurtling peals of thunder. A trumpet sends its thrilling voice down over the desert, and pours its echoes to the distant mountains that lean their heads on the cold, elastic bosom of ether. The firmament assumes a strange, unearthly hue; and the lofty trees on the far-reaching wilderness beneath, are tinged with wondrous glares of light, reflected from the fire-girdled mountain. The eagle, whose home is among the untrodden crags, utters a piercing scream of affright, and darts away for some secret ledge, remote on a distant peak; while the cattle, grazing upon the hills, start wildly up and rush in fury from the scene. The mountain smokes like a burning furnace, breathing black waves of vapor up to the lurid canopy; and, on this awful throne of nature, wrapped in frowning splendor, sits the King of kings! He beckons Moses up to his majestic seat. The children of Israel stand afar off, transfixed in dreadful silence amid their lightning-painted tents sprinkled over the wilderness. Hark! hear ye the mighty voice that speaks aloud above the rumbling thunders? "Thou shalt *love* the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself." What a declaration! What a command to the children of men! What a display of matchless power! Was there ever a more comprehensive sentence spoken in heaven or on earth? It bears with equal force on every human heart through all time. Justice, mercy and truth, are here commingled in the sweet embrace, and LOVE supremely crowns them all. Time, by the sway of his deathly scythe, can never clip its immortal bloom —man cannot becloud its broad halls of glory—hell can never adulterate its unblemished purity,—its *living purity*, that gives Religion a heart, and plants the flowers of eternal verdure in the vagrant soul of man.

Love hung out the star of Bethlehem, that guided the wise men of the east over the hills and plains of Judea, to where the Virgin Mary presented the infant Emmanuel to the gaze of a wondering world—Emmanuel, whose birth and sinless career rolled back the brooding darkness of a long and orbless moral night;—and love

constrained him to wear a crown of thorns and bear the burthensome cross up Calvary's rugged steeps. It prompted and cheered him as he submitted his tortured body to his scoffing executioners to be nailed to the tree, where he suffered the awful death that blushed the sun in darkness, and shattered the solid rocks asunder through nature's trembling bounds,—the death that burst the very tombs asunder, and resurrectionized the dead to living bloom. What hour so solemn, awful and sublime as that, when the blood of a Saviour was spilt to redeem a lost and ruined world? What Love like that of an expiring God? When I view him bowing his head, and hear him crying with a voice that shook creation, and spread a terrible silence throughout the courts of heaven, "*It is finished;*" when I try to grasp the overwhelming grandeur and astounding cruelties of that hour, my imagination droops its pinions, fancy shrinks appalled, and my heart, enravished at the moral glory of the scene, pours forth an involuntary gush of adoration. As he expired "men scoffed, hell howled, and the world above let fall a tear!" And though he was buried, he triumphed over the grave, and ascended to heaven, encompassed round about by a cloud of love and angels,—a cloud, the ineffable beauty of which, beamed with magnificent sublimity to the favored few who witnessed the scene.

The ebbings and flowings of Jehovah's shoreless sea of love softly wash the gold-enameled fields of celestial light, and sweep in beatific grandeur amid the "roll of orbs and the march of worlds!" Where suns and moons their shining circles run, and walk the stars along their glowing paths, the radiant sea has poured its living tides, till even blighted, beggared earth has felt its flow. There was a period when time was unborn from the womb of Eternity, —ere the "Spirit of God moved upon the waters," and when unbroken "darkness covered the face of the deep." The material world lay, like a stupendous heap of ruins, in the thick-clouded centre of sunless space. As yet, eternal night enwrapped the darkling sphere. Angels' pinions had never fanned the dismal void. "Heaven was everywhere, save in the far-off chaos, where matter warred with opposite and discordant principles, making jargon that might have been wafted on the ear of heaven in some

pause of song. God—the Jehovah—looked upon the ruinous space, planted his compass at the foot of the throne, and swept its unmeasured circle farther than thought had power to travel. The periphery lay like a faint line of light on the wasteful sea of matter!" He gathered up the massive chaos and rounded it into a magnificent globe peopled its elements with living creatures, let forth a gorgeous burst of sun-light upon its teeming hemispheres, and sent it circling away through trackless space,—a beauteous sister world,—among ten thousand glowing groups! Time was its swaddling band, and man its love-throned lord.

Love unfurled the Gospel banner over the domes and palaces of ancient Jerusalem, that soon shall float in splendid triumph over benighted millions, whose songs of emancipation from heathen darkness shall be wafted in clouds of incense up to the throne of Deity. What topic so full of delight? What subject so big with inspiration? What scene so abounding in beautiful pictures? I grasp one now. In comparison with it, earth, with all her unfolding decorations, shrinks into cold monotony. I gaze to the wide expanded regions of everlasting felicity. "Death's spectral chariot has never been seen on those sun-bright hills." I see unnumbered hosts in snow-white raiments marching over the flowery realms of glory. Their robes are lightly waving in the living breeze that floats from the shining heights that column the "crystal river," and through the streets of the "celestial city." How palpable and how sublime the picture! My soul is all on fire, as my vision drinks in the realities of a world, where every shade is banished by the fullness of an immortal existence! Whichever way I throw my eyes athwart the illimitable plains, and over the floral mountains, I behold innumerable millions who have been redeemed by Love Divine. Their harps and cymbals glitter in the dazzling light of the "Sun of Righteousness." Heaven is a boundless sea of melody, for they carol one eternal hymn of rapture—"*Hallelujah!* God is LOVE!"

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